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Sept. 12, 1959

THE NEW YORKER

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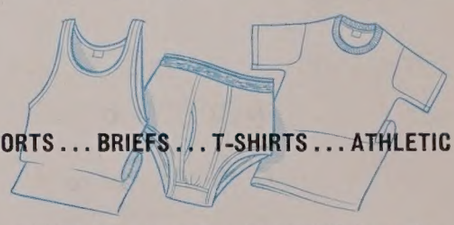

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Majority of One—Gertrude Berg and Cedric Hardwicke are the main reasons for seeing this well-meaning comedy by Leonard Spigelgass about the autumnal love of a Japanese widower for a Jewish matron. The performances transcend the play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Reopens Monday, Sept. 14, with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer again in the principal roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Raisin in the Sun—A solid, sunny, moving first play by a Negro dramatist, Lorraine Hansberry, about a Chicago tenement family that comes into money. Lloyd Richards has directed a first-rate cast, among whom Claudia McNeil, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee are salient. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Geraldine Page gives a lordly performance in this Tennessee Williams play about a dissipated actress whose kept man pays for a youthful error by agreeing to surrender his virility. Strident, fairly incredible stuff, with stout acting by Paul Newman and Sidney Blackmer. The hand on the throttle is that of Elia Kazan. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—J. B.: The Book of Job, modernized by Archibald MacLeish. The cast includes Christopher Plummer, Basil Rathbone, and James Daly. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45.)... **THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY:** A comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, that has to do with hearth and home in San Francisco. With Cyril Ritchard and Miss Skinner herself. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Jeffrey Lynn (who replaces Hal March on Thursday, Sept. 10) and Lee Grant serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG:** The brothel that is the scene of this play is full of high-minded people. In the cast are France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Billy Barnes Revue—A show, with music and lyrics by Mr. Barnes and sketches by Bob Rodgers, that originated in Los Angeles. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Destry Rides Again—Dolores Gray is not Marlene Dietrich, any more than Andy Griffith is James Stewart, and Harold Rome's score is hardly more helpful in dispelling memories of the Western movie on which this rowdy musical is based. The choreography, like the direction, is athletic and ingenuous; both are by Michael Kidd. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gypsy—The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, set to music by Jule Styne, with lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Arthur Laurents. All three have done a nearly flawless job, and so has Jerome Robbins, as director. Ethel Merman, as the stripper's mother, belts out the best songs, and Sandra Church makes the young Gypsy immensely touching. But don't expect too much of the second half. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Redhead—Gwen Verdon, lithe as a lizard and bright as a button, is the main attraction of this sagging musical, set in London fifty years ago. Her partner is Richard Kiley, her composer Albert Hague, and her lyricist Dorothy Fields. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Flower Drum Song: East meets West in a show composed by Rodgers and Hammerstein. It all happens in San Francisco, and among the members of the company are Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the success of this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Pamela Charles are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** An importation from France, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer. The revue includes such other types as Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Much Ado About Nothing—John Gielgud and Margaret Leighton in Shakespeare's comedy. Staged by Mr. Gielgud and presented by the Producers Theatre and the Cambridge Drama Festival for a seven-week engagement. Opens Thursday, Sept. 17. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Boy Friend—Ellen McCown and Jeanne Beauvais in a revival of the Sandy Wilson musical. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

An Enemy of the People—A revival of Arthur Miller's flatly vernacular adaptation of Ibsen's play about a scientist who is made to suffer for his adherence to the truth. The cast, which includes Joseph Warren, Earl Montgomery, Lois Holmes, and Al Sperduto, is more vigorous than inspired. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917, and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Kathleen Murray and Art Matthews. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Once Upon a Mattress—The old fairy tale about the princess who detected a pea through twenty soft mattresses, in a musical adaptation that has been garnished to modern taste with hints of incest and premarital pregnancy. The music, by Mary Rodgers, is witty and imaginative, and so are the lyrics of Marshall Barer, but the greatest asset of the performance is Carol Burnett, the toothy, brash, and bouncing princess. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Our Town—An impeccable revival of America's most lovable play, which deals with the people who live at "Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, the United States of America, Western Hemisphere, the Earth, the Solar System, the Universe, the Mind of God." Richard Dysart plays the Stage Manager, Jane McArthur is Emily, and Clinton Kimbrough is George; they receive excellent support from, among others, Dana Elcar and Helen Harrelson. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Shakuntala—James Symons in a fifth-century Indian drama. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:20 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Shaw Festival—"Buoyant Billions": Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Wednesdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Getting Married": Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ A triple bill (consisting of "Overruled," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," and "Passion, Poison and Petrifaction"): Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 2:30. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 10: "Souvenirs," "Square Dance," "The Seven Deadly Sins," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 11: "Swan Lake," "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 12: "Swan Lake," "Native Dancers," "Firebird," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 12: "Four Temperaments," "Medea," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 13: "Scotch Symphony," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 13: "Serenade," "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 15: "Four Temperaments," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Still Point," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 16: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), "The Seven Deadly Sins," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 17: "Divertimento," "Agon," "Still Point," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Souvenirs," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 19: "Swan Lake," "Jeux d'Enfants," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "Gounod Symphony," "Souvenirs," "Still Point," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 20.)

TAKARAZUKA DANCE THEATRE—An all-girl company of dancers, singers, actors, and musicians from Japan. Presented by Albert B. Gins for an engagement that starts Wednesday, Sept. 16, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-8161. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Ronnie Robertson, Cathy Machado, and Bobby Specht whirling through such numbers as "Babes in Toyland," "The Blue Danube," and "Aïda." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Mink-ranching right in the heart of this great big city. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—On Wednesday, Sept. 16, the Cotillion Room reopens in praise of Irving Berlin, whose songbag will be given a reading by Russell Nype (who has sung Berlin on Broadway), Betty Madigan, and Larry Douglas. One paean daily (at dinner), except Fridays and Saturdays, when a midnight paean is added. Music for dancing will come from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and from Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofer's haven. The wherewithal

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is the product of a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's. Renato Rossini, who can make a plain old guitar seem like an instrument of the immortals, ends his series of musicales on Saturday, Sept. 12.

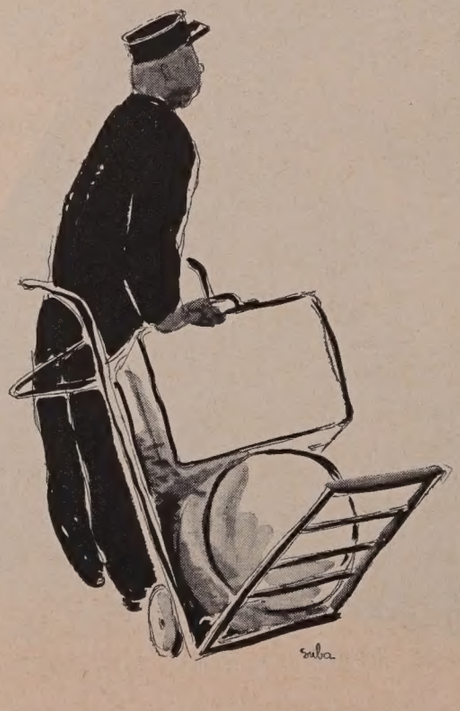
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens Friday, Sept. 11. Going irresistibly on with the dance will be Ted Straeter's virtuoso band and Mark Monte's merry posse of minstrels. The dinner and supper amusement will be Edith Adams, singer and conversationalist. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On Monday, Sept. 14, Leo LeFleur and his court musicians return to the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and to the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. . . . ¶ Unperturbed by all this to-do upstairs, the Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both landscaping and populace, will keep on presenting dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the giant Grill, Jimmy Palmer's orchestra and the Al Conte trio play for cautious dancers. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The sumptuous Maisonette, temporarily interrupting its sequence of I-don't-have-to-do-this-for-a-living girl singers, is embellishing dinner and supper with a minute revue thought up by Roger Price and Michael Brown for a cast that includes Michael Dominico, Ruth Price, Emmaline Henry, and Marty Ingels. Milt Shaw's band hovers, as always, in the background. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The Embassy Club will be open Monday, Sept. 14, for the benefit of the Judson Health Center and thereafter for the benefit of what's left of the town's diplomatic corps. Chauncey Gray's orchestra (what else?) and Lazaro Quintero's Cubans will do the score.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room reopens Thursday, Sept. 17. Gisele MacKenzie, who now and then seems to tire of helping rule the airwaves, will be the dinner and supper songbird. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band will devise the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Babai dance outfit breathes heavily in Peacock Alley from eight-thirty until one on weekdays, and from eight to midnight on Sundays. As of



Thursday, Sept. 17, Michael Zarin's orchestra will take on the job.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, part of the rooftree of Manhattan, offers cocktails, canapés, and modest drinking music at the summit level, and scenery far, far below. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): To the inmates, the world is flat, small, lined both sides with tables, walled with candy stripes, and flanked by a bar at one end and a piano at the other, and it's against the rules to leave it. After eight, the eminent Rack Godwin extracts cajoling counterpoint and humor from the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends being best friends night after night, and never tiring of the sport. The supervisor of all the gregariousness is Goldie Hawkins. He plays prancing piano from six to eight; Bob Printz plays from eight to ten; and double piano (by the aforesaid Professors) is generally the order of the evening thereafter. Classes daily except Sunday. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): As busy a Roman forum as you'll find in the Western world. Zing go the strings of a choir of violins ad infinitum. Closed Sundays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a spreading greenwood tree—the only one that has managed to live in captivity—Cy Walter, president emeritus of the pianists' guild, trips the light fantastic on his favorite piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . IN BOBOLI, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and decorative Florentine school of cooking. Munching-and-imbibing piano (all Florentine, too) by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Fridays and Saturdays, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten. The dance floor is modelled on a couple of rare old postage stamps. Closed Mondays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri IV and Walt Disney both slept here, and left their mark on the architecture. The major-domo is Norbert Faconi, the bland field marshal of walking, talking violinists. His music goes on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The shortest route to the Costa Brava. The prevailing air, arias, and cookery are as Iberian as can be. Closed Sundays. . . . LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): On the walls, a gallery of art for a lark's sake; on the podium (after ten), a piano soloist and a quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . MALMAISON, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): It's really what used to be Nino's Ten East, now wearing its new autumn clothes. Jules Kuti plays piano in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Such a stickler for form is this watering place that the tableside dialogue is still by Michael Arlen. At intervals from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, Udith Merims addresses the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . GATSBY'S, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): The piano run by Viviane Greene is poised between dining room and bar, between sweet summer breezes and barrel-house blues. Her running time is eight to two, her setting is satisfactorily ornamental. Closed Sundays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a de-luxe housing project, has Tom Legate at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . VIENNESE LANTERN, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): The girl balladiers on hand often mistake Nick Kenny for Francis Poulenc, but the other musicians keep to their Viennese schnitzel. Closed Mondays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4-9382): Twilight in a long-ago Budapest, when the thoughts of the strollers along the river turned lightly to dinner for two—wine, song, and music *compris*. The result is non-stop gaiety. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): A dryad named Blossom Dearie embellishes her soft-spoken but on-the-beat piano with *trompe-l'oreille* songs that rarely turn out to be what they started out being. Stuart Wheeler is her bassist. They begin midway through dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As of Saturday, Sept. 12, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, will again be in the charge of Anita Sheer, whose flamenco voice and guitar are completely convincing. No music Mondays.

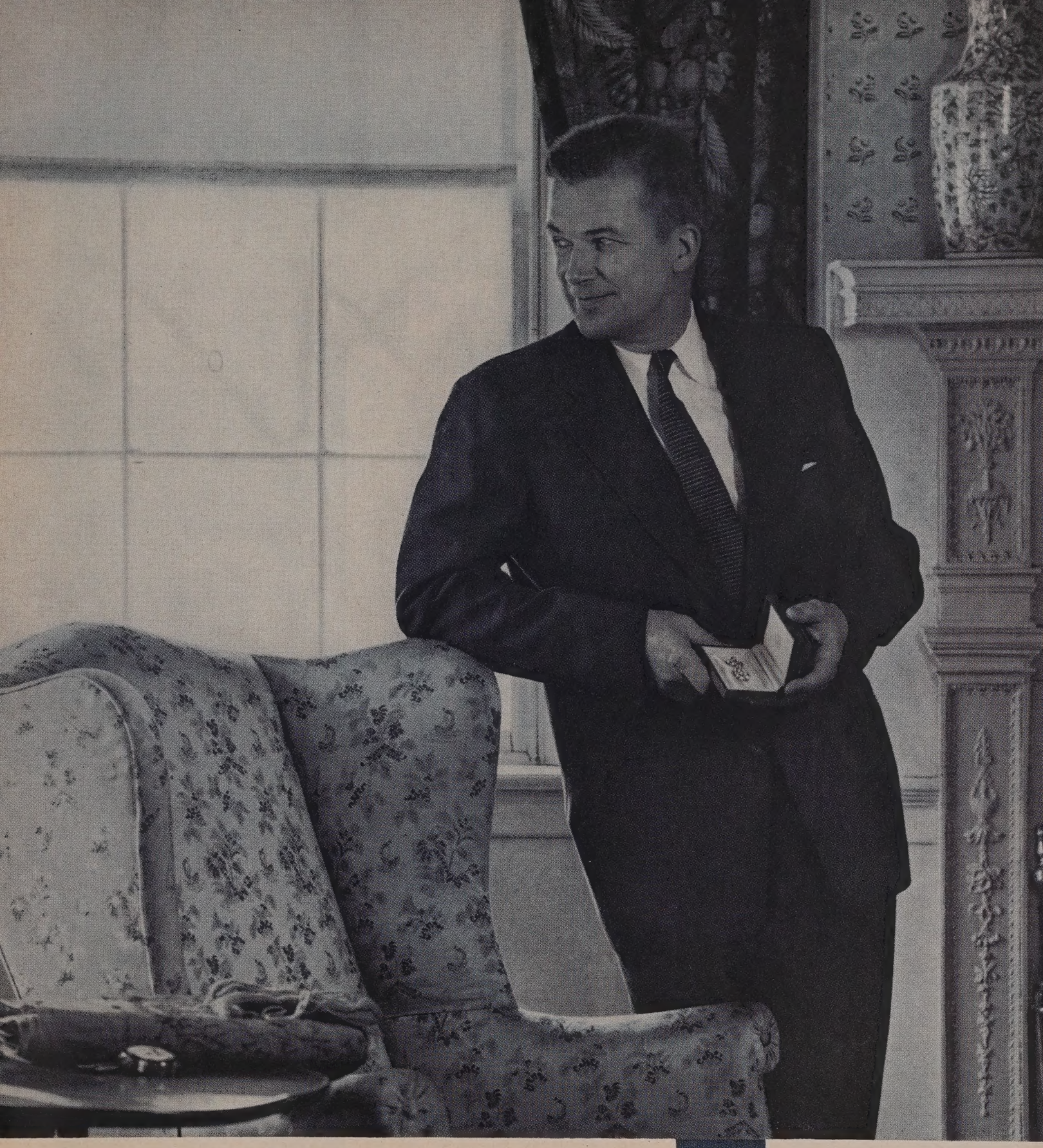
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A colosseum in which everyone is thrown to the girls—a fine, healthy lot clad chiefly in gym clothes. The most interesting part of the incidental small talk comes from Jack Carter, who doesn't fire until he sees the whites of the customers' eyes. The guests get the use of the floor from time to time. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): If every word of Joe E. Lewis's autobiography were true, he would have been dead and buried in 1910. He lives to tell the tale, not necessarily for children, twice a night. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Just reopened with a pair of jackanapes—Martha Davis and Spouse, who find life eminently worth living. The other cards in the deck are Phil Leeds, who has come to grief in many an odd fashion, and the team of Bud and Travis, singers of folk songs without tears. The setting is the joyous modernity of the Jimmy Lyons trio (his sidemen are Beverly Peer and Jim Raney) and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M. every night but Saturday and Monday, there's also a catch-as-catch-can chukker by the Lyons group. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): There's no point in separating the wheat from the chaff in the lyrics of Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, because their sort of chaff is the very best grade. They take their musical chairs around ten; the stirring sinfoniettas from the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman begin at eight-thirty. The bar of this elegant pavilion opens at five. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Gigi Durston, a stately young woman with an honorable soprano, starts singing around eleven. Sam Hamilton gets to his piano quite a bit earlier. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): What may or may not be the next generation of vocalists and jokesters going through elimination rounds a couple of times a night in the bar. On Tuesday, Sept. 15, a new show will arrive, but Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, the establishment's permanent party, will go right on playing piano. . . . **BAG ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The mock *chinoiserie* of this end-of-the-world fragment of the boisterous Midtown Café helps take the edge off the Orpheus-descending atmosphere. Tuesday through Saturday is the work week. Janice Mars, a very perceptive singer, is headmistress; Otis Clements' piano philosophizes in a rather different way. On Saturdays, Tony Schwartz adds his taken-from-life tape recordings, a beguiling collection of unwitting wit; on both Fridays and Saturdays, the monologues of George Brown dissect (with scalpel and without anesthetic) a number of people who would never be missed. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Don Adams, whose humor sometimes gets into the accusative case, departs on Thursday, Sept. 10; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, Milt Kamen, perhaps our most persuasive curbside philosopher, will be the main event. After that, who knows? Closed



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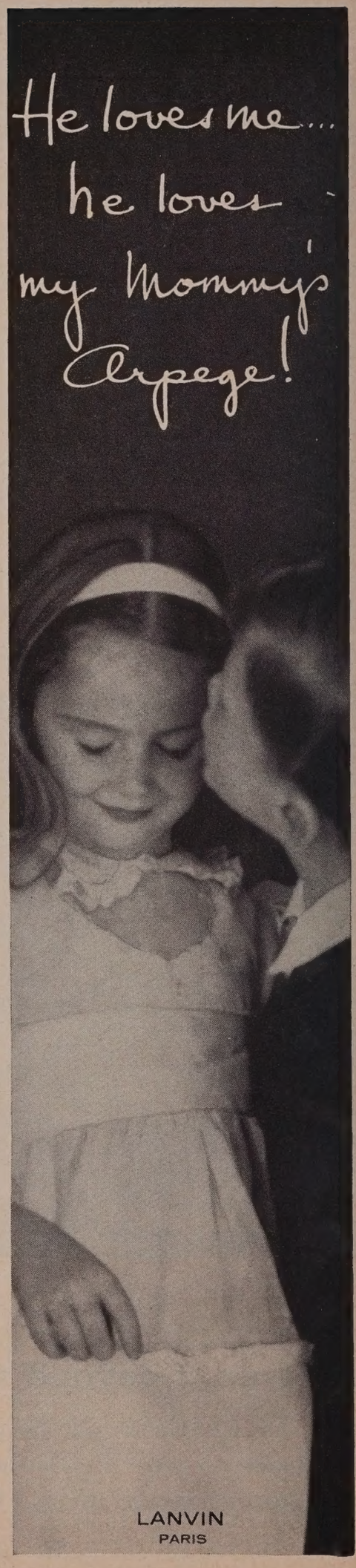
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): When the Latin lovers onstage aren't breathing their flaming last in one another's arms, the Latin diners have a Harvest Moon Ball of their own on the dance floor. Things get rolling around nine; Sundays, the sole operation is a Latin tea dance from three to eight. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Sylvia Syms, the battle hymn of the Republic, is the *dea ex machina* here, and her ditties make love, both requited and benighted, seem like a wonderfully brisk game of lacrosse. Her final night is Saturday, Sept. 12. On Monday, Sept. 14, Dick Haymes, a celebrated Lochinvar, will start unwinding his baritone. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It reopens Friday, Sept. 11. The leading ladies will be Phyllis Diller, a brash scold with a gaunt but not forgotten turn of mind, and Isobel Robins, an oriole equally adept as damsel in distress and tomboy on the prowl. The leading men will be Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames (music for madmen) and Jimmie Daniels (chanteys for boulevardiers). On Friday, Sept. 18, Jimmie Komack, a very fast talker, will join up. Closed Mondays. . . . **QUADRILLE,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 3-2416): A new endeavor to make the Village more closely resemble the Village. The cast is headed by two returning expatriates—Mary McCarty, a gallant clown, and Maxine Sullivan, whose heart's in the Highlands, up around Loch Lomond. Also present are Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, earnest wearers of cap and bells, and Don Evans' trio of music makers. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Dick Cary's trumpet is now sounding reveille for Mr. Condon's long-standing private army, which also includes Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, Mousie Alexander, Leonard Gaskin, and often Mr. Condon himself. The jazz on tap came up the river from Memphis, Kankakee, Chicago, and maybe the Jersey shore. Bob Corwin is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, artfully reorganizing melodic lines to suit herself, is the wide-awake nightingale in these parts; the trio of Kenny Burrell, for whom everything is in the future tense, gives her additional driving force. Sundays, there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, as well as the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): As of Saturday, Sept. 19, Red Nichols puts himself and his Five Pennies back in the bank; Tyree Glenn withdraws his blithe trombone and quartet at the same time. Trudi Baer's piano is the dinner-hour apéritif. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): An uncompromising return to first principles in our native music, occasionally touched up by an inclination to clown. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk are the ringleaders. Don Frye is the relief pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band rattles like a cat on a hot tin roof most of the night, and even on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): People who think they know the Billy Taylor method by heart must take the course all over again, for the addition of Aaron Bell's bass has given it a deeper, more measured voice. Bernie Nierow, a boundless-energy type, is the piano soloist. Curtain time is nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The hot front that keeps moving north from the Swanee River reaches its peak in this jovial cul-de-sac. Among the rip-roarers are Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, and Buster Bailey. All hands but the Messrs. Yaged and Parenti check out on Saturday, Sept. 12, and Gene Krupa's firecracker quintet moves in on Monday, Sept. 14. Reveille



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—the Tailgaters of Conrad Janis. . . . ¶ Upstairs, there are truly starry nights—Cozy Cole's foursome and Bobby Hackett's ditto. The rumpus here begins at about eight-thirty, and on Saturday, Sept. 12, they blow taps. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Buddy Rich's euphoric quartet, which could manage the "1812" Overture without strain, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers sign off on Wednesday, Sept. 16. Next evening, Maynard Ferguson's big band, part *dernier cri* and part *crise de nerfs*, muscles in, and so does the band of Miles Davis, a great man when he's in the mood. Among his accomplices are John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars lie abed. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Saturday, Sept. 12, is the final night for a quartet that is peppered now and then by the stentorian horn of Cootie Williams, as well as for Johnny Costa's hustle-bustle trio. Monday, Sept. 14, is the first night for the four-man squad of Bobby Hackett, who was born with a silver trumpet in his mouth, and a triad headed by Dorothy Donegan, who is first a show woman and second a pianist. Down front is the best locale, unless you care more for other people's table talk. Eight-thirty is the usual tee-off time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A little old Quonset hut converted into a study hall for advanced thinkers. The present set of monitors is under the control of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Basket parties of up to four thousand accommodated in Howe Caverns' only rival. Brock Peters, the thunderous Crown in Hollywood's "Porgy and Bess," arrives at ten to ring a few welkins in a voice that is rich, deep, and skillfully manipulated. Thursday, Sept. 17, Geoffrey Holder and his stampede of dancers and choristers will take over the upper deck. Mondays, visiting musicians blow hot, blow cold, blow cool. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Dave Brubeck (who can't always be distinguished from Johann Sebastian Brubeck) and his acolytes are carrying the torch for hard classicism. Monday, Sept. 14, is the date set for the arrival of Chico Hamilton and his quintet, which goes off with many a bang. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARPEGGIO**, 144 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0077): Amid all the spangled glory of this new Tanglewood, Cy Coleman's trio gives the presiding muse of modernity a friendly nudge, and Toshiko Akiyoshi, the Japanese pianist, and her trio demonstrate that East and West have a common meeting ground when the subject is progressive music. The Akiyoshis lie low Sundays; the Colemans lie low Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): History repeating itself. Among the memorabilia-worshippers on duty Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, should be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Panama Francis, and Dick Wellstood. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): What may be the smallest of our concert halls is now a playground for the Bill Evans trio. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL, EDUARDO PAOLOZZI, AND GERMAINE RICHIER—Paintings, prints, and ceramics by the Dutch painter Appel, bronzes and drawings by the British sculptor Paolozzi, and sculptures and etchings by the late French sculptress Mme. Richier; starting Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Joseph Solman and William Gropper are among the contributors to the opening show (paintings) of the gallery's twenty-eighth season; through Saturday, Sept. 19. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New

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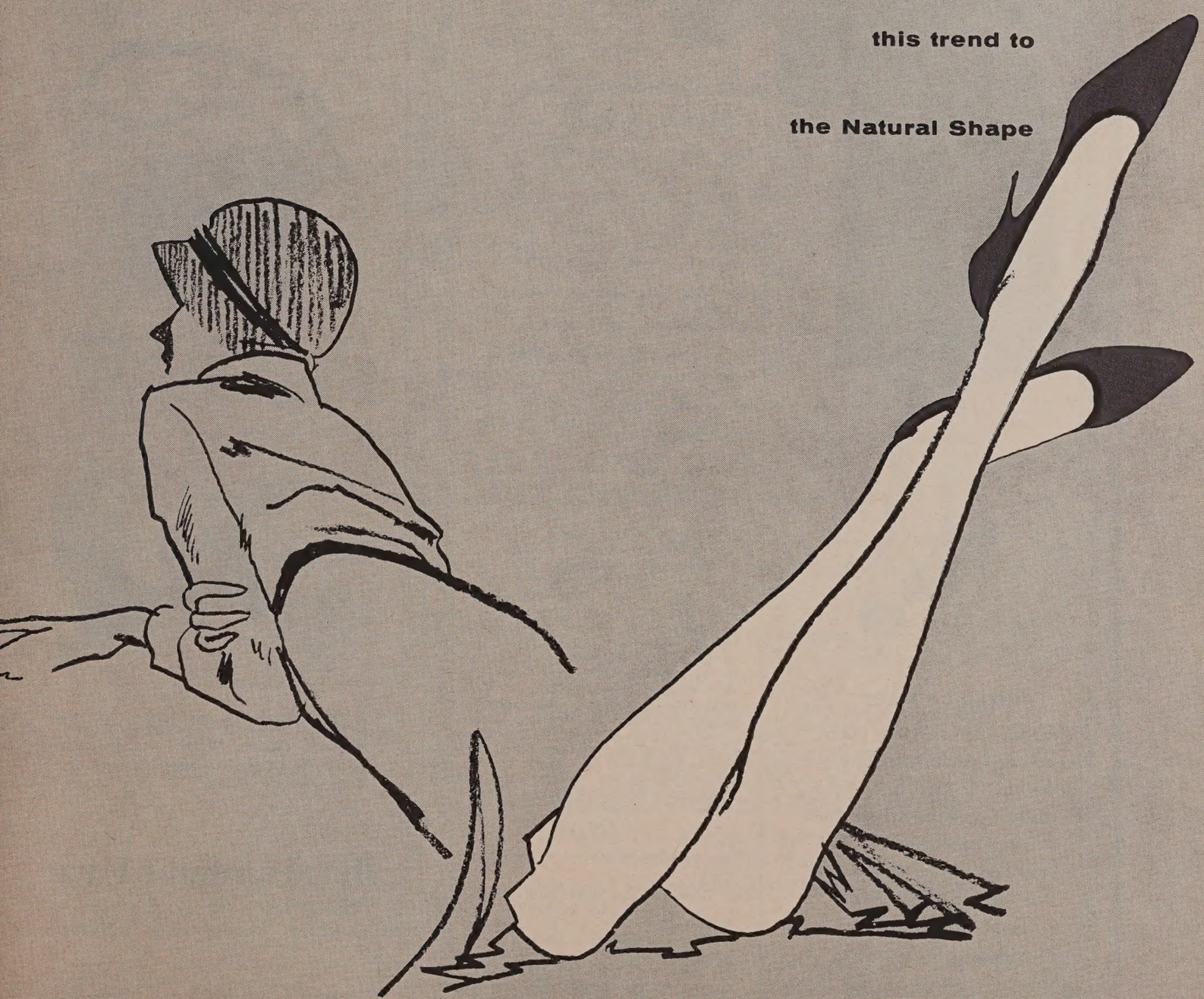

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings by Jack Levine, Nathan Oliveira, and four other artists; through Sept. 26.... BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and other works of art, ranging in period from Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer to the present; through Oct. 24.... GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Chen Chi, Priscilla Roberts, and Adlai Hardin; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and Ogden M. Pleissner; through Sept. 30.... NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Paintings by Ernest Fiene, Julian Levi, Vaclav Vytlacil, and twenty-three other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) ... SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Ben Benn, Noel Davis, and Cornelis Ruhtenberg are three of the gallery artists showing paintings and drawings; through Sept. 30.... TIME-LIFE BUILDING, 9 Rockefeller Plaza: Forty genre paintings of a hundred years ago, by, for instance, George Caleb Bingham, Eastman Johnson, and John Inman; through Monday, Sept. 14. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by James Brooks, Pierre Soulages, and others, plus sculptures by David Hare and Ibram Lassaw; through Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... LANDRY, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A travelling exhibition of twenty-seven paintings selected from the Abbott Laboratories Fine Art Collection. The artists include Joe Jones, Ben Shahn, Marcel Gromaire, and Afro. Through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Picasso, Braque, and Calder are among the French and American moderns represented in a showing of works in various mediums; through Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOW—Oils by de Staël, Klee, Masson, and others; through Oct. 10. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions (drawings and water colors) by such European and American artists as Reg Butler, André Derain, and Jackson Pollock; through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the permanent collection. They date back to the start of the century and include items by Reginald Marsh, George Grosz, and Theodore Roszak. Through Oct. 4.... ¶ Etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs by fifty-five American artists (Antonio Frasconi, Edmond Casarella, and others) make up an exhibition called "American Prints Today—1959," which will be shown simultaneously in eight cities; starting Wednesday, Sept. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Town Hall is JU 2-4536.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—At Town Hall—Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:30: The Mitchell-Ruff duo.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8:30 and 11:30: Nina Simone, Horace Silver's quintet, J. J. Johnson's quintet, and others.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 7 and 10:30: George Shearing and his big band (with Cannonball and Nat Adderley), Thelonious Monk's quartet,

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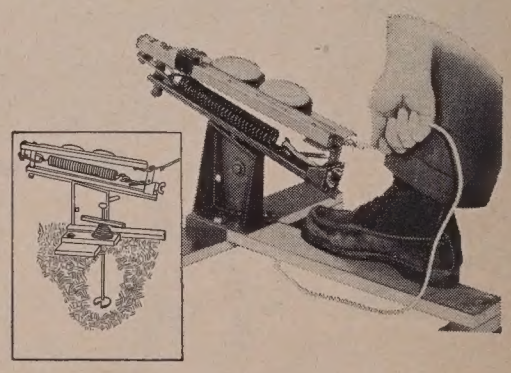

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SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Sept. 13, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, Sept. 14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2.

College Football—Boston College vs. Navy. (Boston. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L. I. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 16-18.)

Horse Shows—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Through Thursday, Sept. 10.). . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L. I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 10-12.). . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L. I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12, and Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D. C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **Meadow Brook Club**, Jericho. . . . **Blind Brook Polo Club**, Purchase.

Racing—**United Hunts at Belmont Park:** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, at 2. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Sept. 11. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 11:15 and 1:30.). . . **Belmont Park:** Saturday, Sept. 12, at 1:30. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 10:45 and 1:40.). . . **Aqueduct:** Mondays through Fridays at 1:45, and Saturdays at 1:30, from Monday, Sept. 14, through Monday, Nov. 30. The Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Sept. 14; the Discovery Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 16; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 19. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 and 1:25, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:40. The track can also be reached by subway; special trains will leave from the IND station, Eighth Ave. at 42nd St., at 12:20 and 12:45.). . . **Atlantic City**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 6. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 12, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Road Race Center, Bridgehampton, L. I.: Saturday, Sept. 19, at 3, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. Tickets may be obtained at the Midtown Tennis Ticket Center, Airlines Terminal Building, 80 E. 42nd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.). . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Port Washington, L. I. Through Saturday, Sept. 12.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The fourteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 15. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Anatomy of a Murder—Much, much too long, but not without diverting moments if you stick around. It has to do with the defense of an Army officer, on trial for killing the bounder who presumably raped his wife. James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, and Arthur O'Connell are on view, and they do well. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Ask Any Girl—An amusing bit of fluff about a Wilkes-Barre girl who gets into all kinds of amorous dilemmas when she leaves the coal country and comes to New York. Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, and Gig Young are among those happily engaged in the enterprise. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

Compulsion—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces with good effect in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. Derived from a novel by Meyer Levin. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—While this description of the adventures of a young Jewish girl in hiding from the Nazis in Amsterdam is quite long, it is, for the most part, touching and effective. Millie Perkins has the leading role, and although she deserves A for effort, she is overshadowed by the adults who surround her, among them Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Ed Wynn. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Sept. 16.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

He Who Must Die—An extremely moving French picture, taken from a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, about a group of Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. Filmed on Crete by Jules Dassin, it is beautiful to look at and stunningly acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Grégoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness performing with droll ingenuity as a threadbare, amoral artist trying to get along, however furtively, in a world he never made but wouldn't mind remaking. An English film, adapted by Mr. Guinness from the novel by Joyce Cary. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 16, tentative.)

The Magician—A study of fear, dealing with the moral effect that a troupe of seedy travelling magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant, where they spend the night. (The time is the eighteen-forties.) The story is spelled out in hypnotic images—sharp, low-keyed, sardonic—that are the inspired work of Ingmar Bergman, the picture's producer, director, and writer, and of Gunnar Fischer, his cameraman. Bergman's handling of his cast, which includes Max von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Naima Wifstrand, and Gunnar Björnstrand, is equally flawless. An extraordinary film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

North by Northwest—A long, uphill tour of Hitchcock land, in which the Old Master makes unintentional but adept fun of himself with outrageously exaggerated demonstrations of the tricks—hide-and-seek on trains, murder in crowded public places, leapfrogging chase sequences—that he invented long ago. The story is dim cloak-and-dagger; the backgrounds include Glen Cove, the Plaza Hotel, Chicago, and Mount Rushmore; and the acting, which is briskly stoical, is by Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Porgy and Bess—This picture purportedly cost seven million dollars. The money is visible, all right, but the spirit of the piece has been flattened. Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge play the central roles, with their singing voices dubbed in offscreen. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Room at the Top—A young man from the wrong side of the tracks in a North Country town tries to cross over to a tonier section, with highly dramatic results. In this English picture (adapted by Neil Paterson from a novel by John Braine, and directed by Jack Clayton), Laurence Harvey, as the ambitious poor boy, is believable, and so are all the others in the cast, particularly Simone Signoret, as a Frenchwoman who becomes the hero's mistress. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Some Like It Hot—A splendid caper that leaps along in the old Mack Sennett manner as it describes the antics of a couple of musicians who, having witnessed a gang killing in Chicago, have to light out, disguised as women, for the more salubrious expanses of Miami. Directed by Billy Wilder, the film has the services of Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, as the transvestite fugitives, and of Joe E. Brown, Marilyn Monroe, Pat O'Brien, and George Raft, as some of the folk they run into while on the lam. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 15, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 13-15.)

Wild Strawberries—A Swedish picture, magnificently photographed, which describes how a seventy-five-year-old doctor discovers, in the course of one day, that man owes a little humanity to man. Directed by the eminent Ingmar Bergman, the movie has, among other assets, a superb performance by Victor Sjöström, as the doctor. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 11-12.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 10.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 16.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Holiday for Henrietta (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 16.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 11-12.)

The Reluctant Debutante (1958)—Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison as the parents of a marriageable filly in London. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Sept. 14-15.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 12.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the ancient theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 12: "The Set-Up" (1949), with Robert Ryan and Audrey Totter. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 13: "The Great Adventure" (1955), a Swedish film, directed by Arne Sucksdorff. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Devil's Disciple," Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Laurence Olivier.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"It Started with a Kiss," Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ANATOMY OF A MURDER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Sept. 14: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March.
From Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Look Back in Anger," Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Greater New York March of Dimes. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
NORTH BY NORTHWEST.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 15: THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.
From Sept. 16: "Cry Tough," John Saxon, Linda Cristal.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Blue Angel," Curt Jurgens, May Britt, Theodore Bikel.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Big Fisherman," John Saxon, Howard Keel, Martha Hyer. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Sept. 10: "For the First Time," Mario Lanza, Zsa Zsa Gabor.
From Sept. 11: "That Kind of Woman," Sophia Loren, Tab Hunter, George Sanders.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"A Hole in the Head," Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Eleanor Parker.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Blue Denim," Carol Lynley, Brandon de Wilde.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **HE WHO MUST DIE** (in French).
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Fly," Vincent Price; and "The Son of Robin Hood," Al Hedison.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and another feature, to be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): "Love Is My Profession" (in French), Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot.
From Sept. 16 (tentative): **THE HORSE'S MOUTH.**

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 13: "Return of the Fly," Vincent Price; and "The Son of Robin Hood," Al Hedison.
Sept. 14-15: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**, revival; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and "Gideon of Scotland Yard," Jack Hawkins, Dianne Foster.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ROOM AT THE TOP.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANATOMY OF A MURDER.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 14: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Look Back in Anger," Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Greater New York March of Dimes. For infomation about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
WILD STRAWBERRIES (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 16: **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**
From Sept. 16 (tentative): "The Young Philadelphians," Paul Newman, Barbara Rush.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Fly," Vincent Price; and "The Son of Robin Hood," Al Hedison.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and "Gideon of Scotland Yard," Jack Hawkins, Dianne Foster.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Sept. 10: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "The Sound and the Fury," Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward.
Sept. 11-12: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival.
Sept. 13-15: "The Horse Soldiers," John Wayne, William Holden; and "The Man in the Net," Alan Ladd, Carolyn Jones.
From Sept. 16: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): "Love Is My Profession" (in French), Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot.
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MAGICIAN (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 12: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and "The Adventures of Sadie," revival, Joan Collins, Kenneth More.
Sept. 13-15: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**; and "Lonelyhearts," Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan.
From Sept. 16: "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Fly," Vincent Price; and "The Son of Robin Hood," Al Hedison.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and "Gideon of Scotland Yard," Jack Hawkins, Dianne Foster.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Scapegoat," Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Sans Famille" (in French), Pierre Brasseur, Gino Cervi.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Devil's Disciple," Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Laurence Olivier.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Sept. 10: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa.
From Sept. 11: "Paris Hotel" (in French), Charles Boyer, Françoise Arnoul.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Back to the Wall" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 16: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**; and "Cast a Long Shadow," Audie Murphy, Terry Moore.

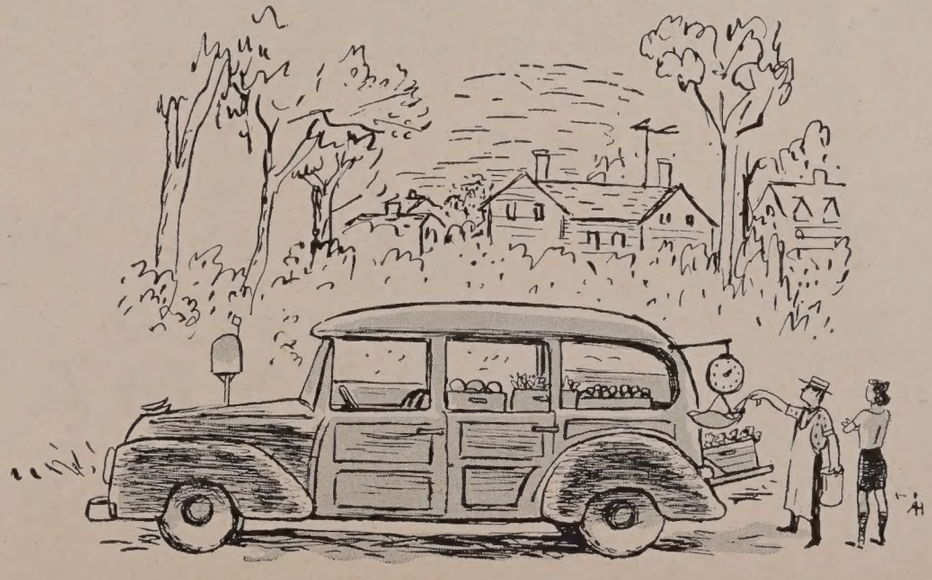
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 10: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
Sept. 11: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** and **HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 12: "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring, Maria Schell.
Sept. 13: A program of four short George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 14: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Sept. 15: A program of six short films on art—"Painter and Poet," "A Visit with Picasso," and others.
Sept. 16: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "The Light Across the Street" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Raymond Pellegrin.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 12: "The Monster of Piedras Blancas," Jeanne Carman; and "Okefenokee," Peter Coe.
Sept. 13-15: "Hot Rod Gang," John Ashley; and "High School Hellcats," Yvonne Lime.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and another feature, to be announced.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **ASK ANY GIRL**; and **COMPULSION.**
From Sept. 16 (tentative): "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "Houseboat," revival, Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Sept. 10: "Have Rocket, Will Travel," the Three Stooges, Jerome Cowan; and "The Legend of Tom Dooley," Michael Landon.
Sept. 11-15: "The H-Man," Yumi Shirakawa; and "The Woman Eater," George Coulouris.
From Sept. 16: "Middle of the Night," Kim Novak, Fredric March; and "Face of a Fugitive," Fred MacMurray.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 15: "Return of the Fly," Vincent Price; and "The Son of Robin Hood," Al Hedison.
From Sept. 16: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**; and another feature, to be announced.



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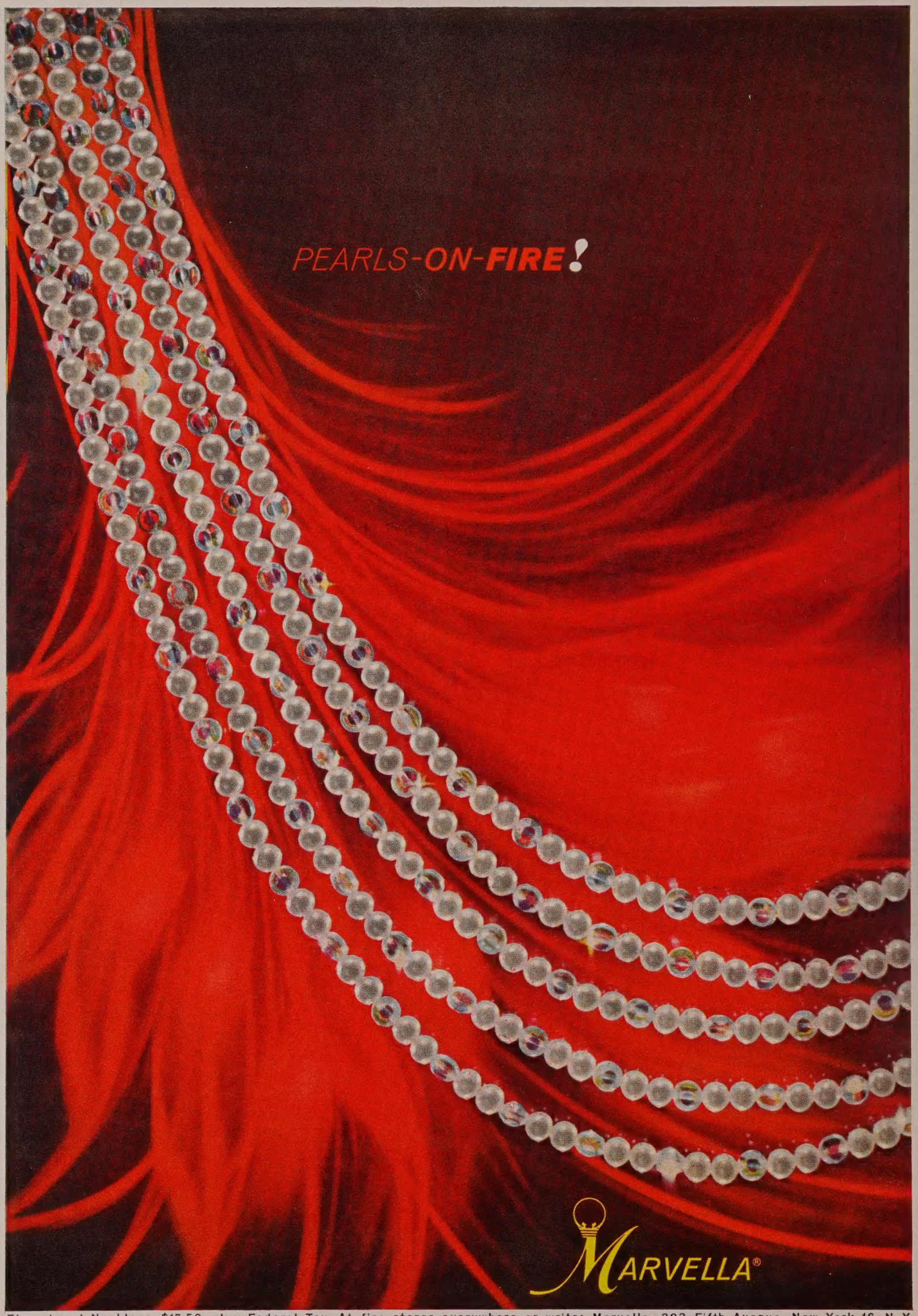

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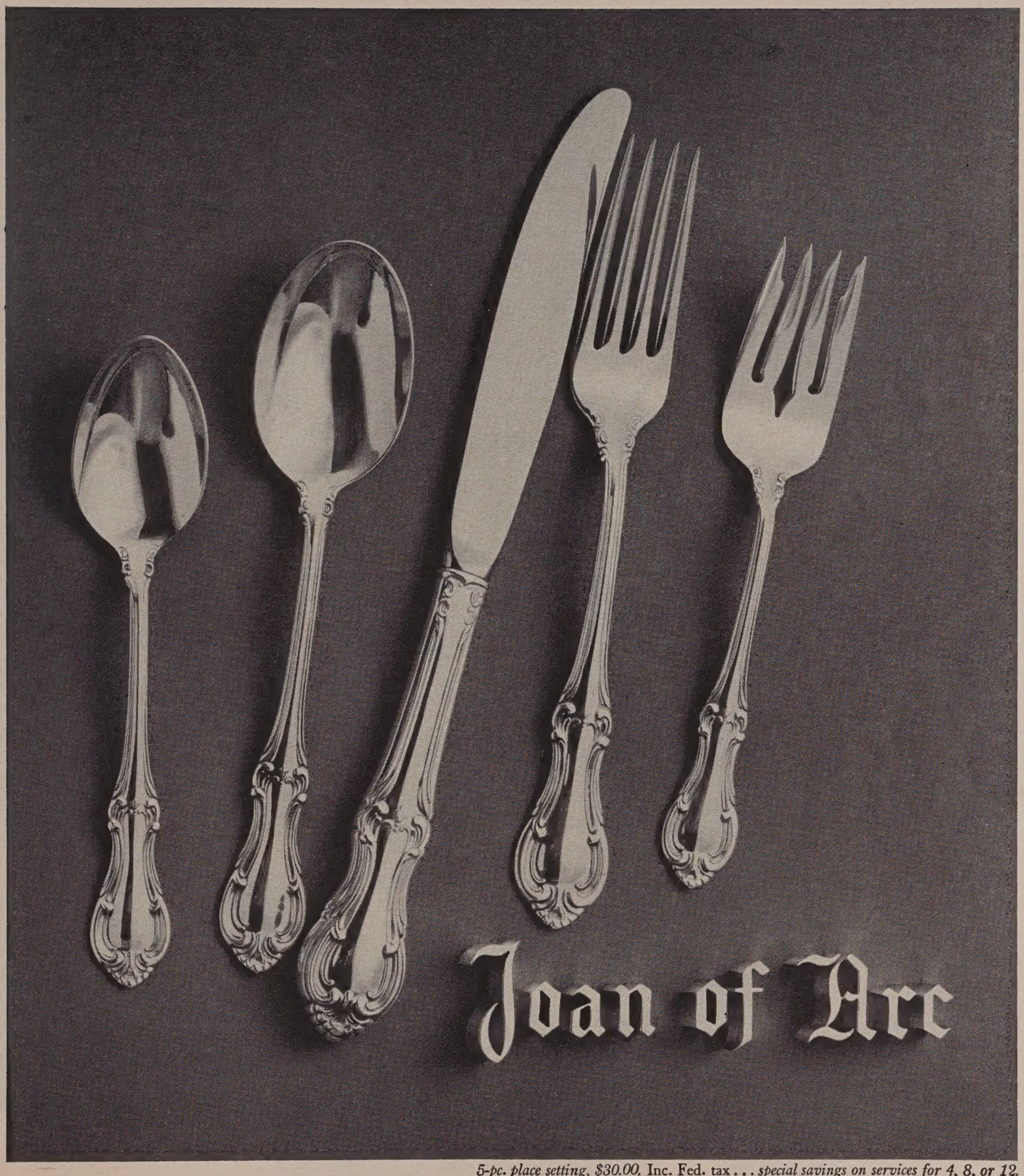

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THE HOMESTEAD

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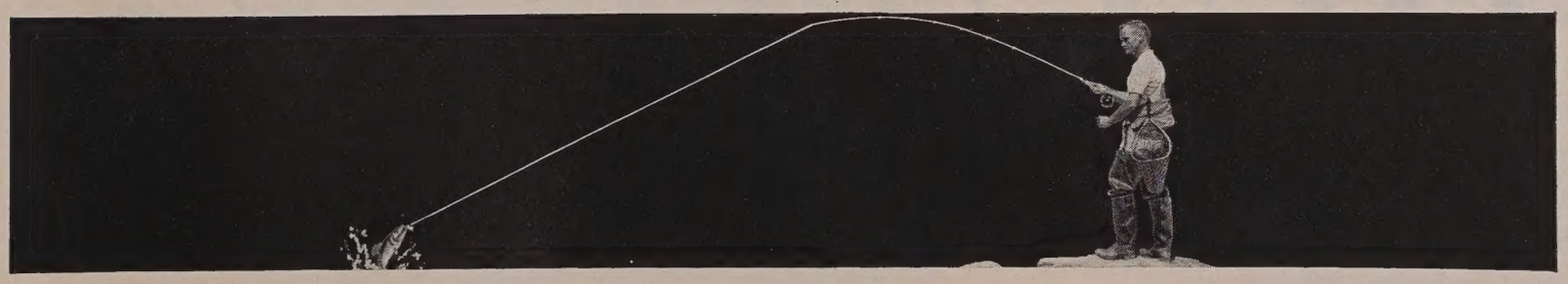

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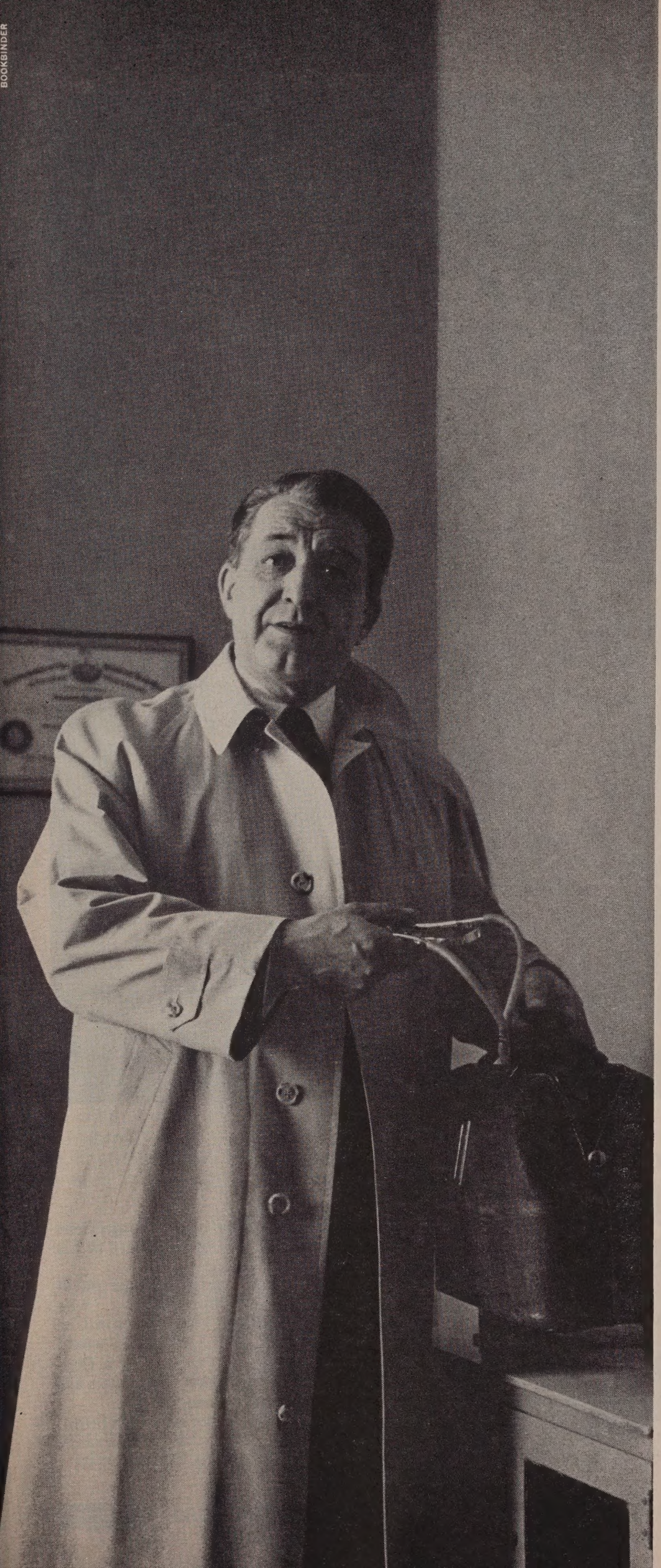

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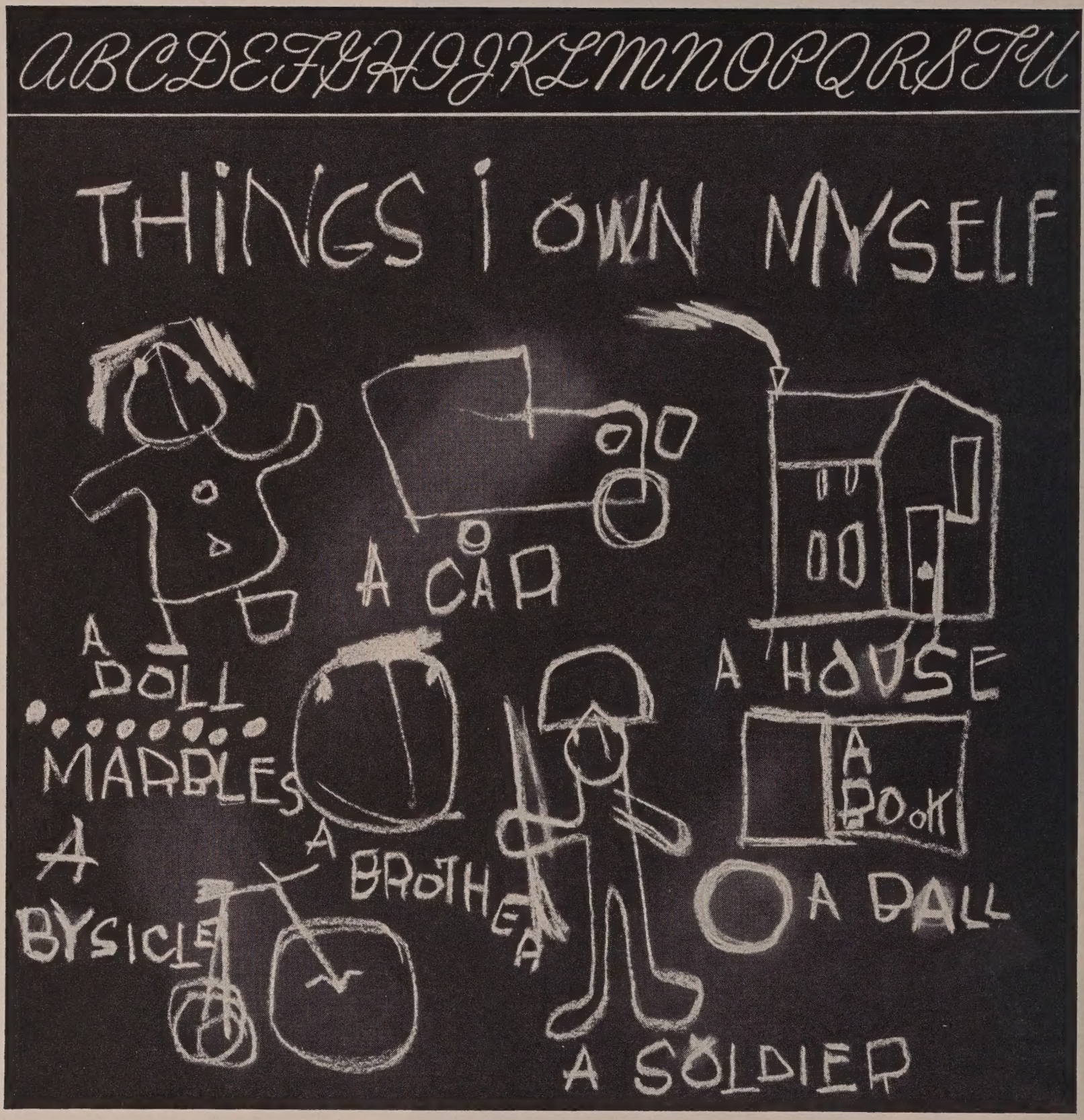

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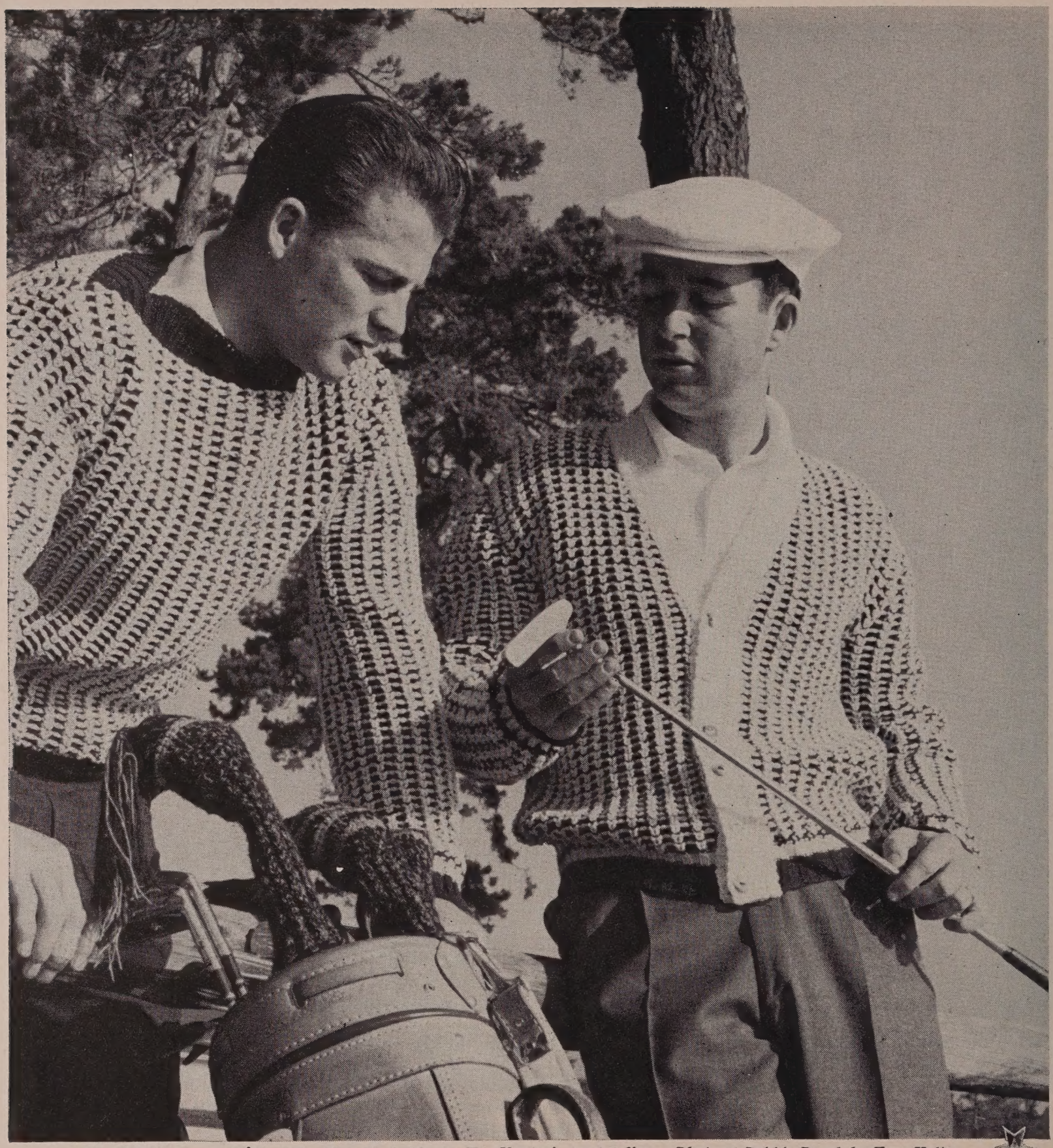

Frank Gifford, star halfback for New York Giants; Ken Venturi, great golf pro. Photo at Pebble Beach by Tom Kelley.

Frank Gifford and Ken Venturi applaud the new wafflelike knit

The splendid idea of an *after-golf* sweater actually started when a knitter came forth with an incredible knit that looks to some like a two-toned waffle. How was the knit invented? A janitor inadvertently turned a partially dismantled knitting machine "on" one night, and the knit was invented, something like the way penicillin came about. This great wafflelike knit is the result.

If you possess one now, we know that you are pleased and will join us in recommending them to golfing friends. After all, they're exactly right for Frank and Ken *and* you. The yarn is wool, one hundred per cent; the colors are olive on black, charcoal on camel, burgundy on navy, gold on charcoal, burgundy on black, and navy on white; the pullover is $17.95, the cardigan $19.95. At better stores, as we say.

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PPG manufactures the fiber glass yarn—not the fabric. Photo: Herbert Matter

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOREWARNING NOTE: A shop on Maiden Lane is now advertising a Pre-Fire Sale Clearance.

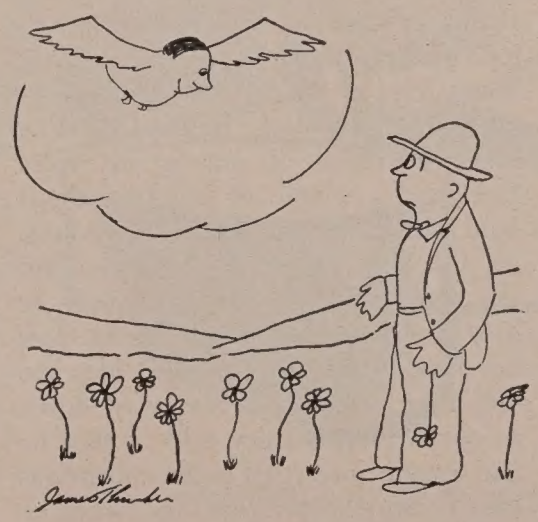
TWAIN-MEETING NOTE: On the Berlin Turnpike, in northern Connecticut, there is a Chinese restaurant called The Hitching Post.

Oceanographers Ahoy!

WE'VE dropped in on a lot of local congresses in our day, but the longest of them all has been the first International Oceanographic Congress, which started out at the General Assembly Hall of the United Nations the beginning of last week with papers on the shape and structure of ocean basins, forces and processes at work in ocean basins, and the stratigraphy of the deep-sea floor—by Dr. W. Maurice Ewing, of the Lamont Geological Observatory; Sir Edward C. Bullard, of Cambridge University; and Dr. Edwin L. Hamilton, of the United States Navy Electronics Laboratory, in San Diego, respectively—and winds up this Friday with a banquet on the floor of the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore, where most of the six hundred delegates have been staying. They hail from thirty-eight countries, ranging, alphabetically, from Argentina to Yugoslavia, and their get-together has been crammed with the reading of papers by over five hundred of them, ranging, alphabetically, from Dr. Philip H. Abelson, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, to Dr. N. N. Zubov, of Moscow State University. We obtained these facts in the Congress's pressroom, in the basement of the Secretariat Building, where Dr. Sidney S. Negus, head of the Department of Biochemistry of the Medical College of Virginia and director of public information of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which sponsored the Congress, presented us with a thousand-page, three-pound copy of abstracts of some of the lectures. "Just the afternoon seminars," he said. "The morning ones will be printed in book form later on."

Upstairs in the General Assembly Building, we milled around with a hundred or so oceanographers, male and female, who were chatting, mostly in twos and threes, in a room next to the Assembly Hall during an intermission in the lectures. Since we had no hope of doing complete justice to the event, we sought a sample interview with a man whose registration badge proclaimed him to be John E. G. Raymont, of Southampton, England. "I'm head of the Zoology Department of the University of Southampton," he said obligingly. "We specialize in marine studies. I specialize in zooplankton—animal plankton, that is. I went to the University of Exeter; took my M.A. at Harvard in 1938; and lectured at the University of Edinburgh for seven or eight years before I came to Southampton, in 1946. We're nicely situated near inshore water, where the land drainage brings down nutrients on which the production of plankton is largely dependent."

We asked Mr. Raymont whether he was going to read a paper, and, saying he had already done so, he borrowed our volume of abstracts and turned to a page



headed "The Zooplankton of Southampton Water," where we read:

> At Calshot cirripede nauplii dominate the zooplankton numerically over most of the year with a clear spring peak due to *Balanus balanoides* and *B. crenatus*. 1956 was a marked "*Balanus* year" with 20,000 nauplii/M^3 in March. A small burst of reproduction of *Acartia clausi* or *A. bifilosa* occurs in March/April, but total zooplankton tends to be low until May/June when a rise occurs due mainly to cirripede (*Elminius*) nauplii, which dominate the summer plankton until August.

"Cirripede nauplii are barnacle larvae," Mr. Raymont said, clearing this up. "We're trying to see how much the amount of animal plankton can change from year to year under varying conditions. This congress is a great opportunity to meet old friends from all over. Sections of oceanography—physical, geological, chemical, biological, and so on—have often met before, but this is the first time all of them have met on an international basis. It's an immense field."

After thanking Mr. Raymont, we turned to the possessor of a badge that read "Joseph Webb, Nigeria," and he proved equally coöperative. "I specialize in the ecology of marine and brackish water," he said. "After graduating from the University of London, I taught at the University of Aberdeen until eleven years ago. Then I applied for the post of professor of zoology at the University College of Ibadan, which is a hundred miles inland from Lagos, capital of the Federation of Nigeria. The college had just been started then—in 1948—under the auspices of the University of London. Nigeria is an underdeveloped country with wonderful opportunities for research. I would suggest that the next big steps in biology in the direction of understanding the fundamentals of distribution and animal behavior will come out of the tropics, rather than out of the temperate zones. For one thing, the tropics have no winter, and winter always intro-

"I'm the captain of this ship!"

•

duces a new variable. In the tropics, you have almost a temperature-controlled laboratory in nature."

We asked Dr. Webb whether life in Nigeria is primitive, and he looked at us in astonishment. "First-class living conditions, nice house for my family, plenty of interesting colleagues," he said. "A very full cultural life—more so than in New York or London."

We left the United Nations Building just in time to see Sir Pierson Dixon drive up in a Rolls-Royce, which we suspect was not temperature-controlled.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Madison Avenue Pet Shop, formerly at 1062 Lexington Avenue, has moved to 1549 Second Avenue.

Bee Catcher

MAYBE you remember the story in the newspapers, earlier this summer, about how a consignment of twenty-one crates arrived on the loading platform of the Grand Central Station post office, on their way from a farm in Georgia to a farm upstate, and how, while being shifted onto a hand truck, five of the crates dropped to the floor, split open, and let loose among a hundred astonished postal workers some fifteen thousand honeybees. As the bees buzzed and swooped above the platform, the workers scattered in panic, and a desperate call was put through to the police, who, in turn, promptly telephoned Stanley Einzig, an eighteen-year-old apiarist and resident of Flushing, and, for all his youth, the city's foremost expert in the art of capturing stray swarms of bees. When the police call reached Stanley, it was getting on toward midnight, but time means nothing to bee catchers; accompanied by his father and his fifteen-year-old brother, Paul, Stanley rushed to the scene in the family Cadillac. Within two hours of their arrival at the post office, the Einzigs, protected by bee veils and aided by a device known as a bee smoker, which burns burlap and gives off fumes that act as a bee tranquillizer, had captured the bees and restored peace of mind to the postal workers, only five of whom had actually been stung.

Ever since that heroic episode, we've had it in mind to pay a call on Stanley, and a recent warm summer's evening found us standing with him in a bee-loud glade in the back yard of the Einzig home, hard by the car-loud hurly-burly of Horace Harding Boulevard. The other members of our group were Paul and a couple of hundred thousand Italian and Caucasian honeybees. As the light faded over Queens and the bees caracolled, in what may or may not have been high spirits, past our head (carefully shrouded in a bee veil that reached all the way down to our waist), Stanley told us that he had become interested in the industrious little creatures three years ago, when he and his family spent the summer in Greene, New York. "A beekeeper lived nearby, and every day I used to go and watch him work with the bees," Stanley said. "At the end of the summer, he gave me a hive to take back to the city, but on the way the back of the car got so hot that the wax in the hive melted, and the bees were smothered in it and died. That winter, I read up on bees, and in the spring I bought a hive and started beekeeping on my own. Now I've eight hives, and this fall, for the first time, I'll have honey enough to sell."

Stanley graduated from Jamaica High School in June and has enrolled in Queens College. He plans to attend classes at night and work in a local photographer's studio by day. Bees and photography are his two great interests at the moment, and he plans to make a career of one of them, or possibly both. As for his bee-catching specialty, that began by chance, when a swarm of bees settled, one day a year or so ago, by the front door of a hospital in Queens. Nobody knew what to do about the swarm, but Stanley's aunt was one of the telephone operators at the hospital, and she called him. "I'd never tackled a stray swarm before, but I'd read about it, and I gave it a good try," Stanley said. "Took me several hours. Like everything else, once you get the knack it's pretty easy. Nowadays, I can catch an ordinary swarm in a few minutes."

When a hive becomes overcrowded,

the bees leave and take the queen with them. Off they fly by the thousand in search of a new place to build; sometimes they will alight temporarily on a tree or bush in somebody's yard, while scouts size up the neighborhood, and it is then that people spot them and get scared. "After I'd caught a dozen swarms for people, I decided to register as a beekeeper at the nearest precinct house," Stanley said. "The police there passed my name along to all the other precinct houses. I charge fifteen dollars to take away a swarm, which isn't much when you consider the effort and the element of danger involved. A single bee sting can kill a man. In my case, I admit, the danger isn't so great, because I seem to have become immune to stings; I feel them but suffer no ill effects. Most of the swarms I've caught have been wild bees, which I've added to my collection, but I'm reaching the point where I won't have room for many more."

If bees swarm onto a tree or bush, the trick is to saw off the branch they're on and maneuver it and the bees as gently as possible into a position where a burlap bag can be slipped around the lot of them. If the bees swarm on a wall, they must be eased off into the bag with what is known, of course, as a bee brush. At Grand Central, the difficulty was to lure the little fellows down off the high ceilings of the post office. "I took a queen bee and put her in a box in the middle of the floor," Stanley said, "and as soon as the bees had settled around her in nice shape, we quieted them with the bee smoker and slipped the bag over them. I didn't get paid for that job, but I did get to keep the bees. You can do wonders with bees if you, and they, will only stay calm."

•

OVERHEARD in Hurley & Daly's, a Sixth Avenue saloon that caters to television types: "So he's big and redheaded and has whiskers and gives out with all this jazz about his adventures, and you'd think he had a twenty-six-week contract made. So what's he turn out to be? A Canadian."

Spry Centenarian

COOPER UNION is celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary this year, and we've just had a talk with its president, Dr. Edwin S. Burdell, and a stroll through its great brown Foundation Building, on Astor Place. Our last comprehensive tour of this durable monument to the wisdom and generosity of Mr. Peter Cooper, the ironmaster, inventor, and glue manufacturer who plunked down six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for its construction in the eighteen-fifties, took place in 1937, a year before Dr. Burdell, fresh from the deanship of humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, arrived on the scene, and many and welcome are the changes that have occurred since then. The Museum for the Arts of Decoration has itself been redecorated and tidied up; standards of admission to the Art and Engineering Schools have been raised; a Department of Humanities has been established to introduce social and cultural subjects into the curriculum; a new building for the School of Engineering, to contain the latest facilities for work in electronics and nuclear energy, is about to rear its stately Voorhees, Walker, Smith, Smith & Haines head on Cooper Square, directly north of the original structure; the clientele of the library, the oldest public reading room in New York, which had been drawn largely from the Bowery at the time of our previous tour, has become so refined that it has been found feasible to remove some of the colorful notices of yesteryear, like "Loitering About and Drying Clothes on This Radiator Are Strictly Forbidden" and "Gentlemen Are Expected to Take Care of Their Coats and Hats, As They Are Liable to Be Taken Away Through Mistake or Design;" and a fine rural campus, Green Engineering Camp, in Ringwood, New Jersey, has been added for the benefit of the Union's fourteen hundred students, none of whom pay a penny for tuition.

Negligently throwing our coat and hat on a sofa in Dr. Burdell's office, we loitered about under a portrait of the Founder and learned that Green Engineering Camp is named not for its thousand acres of verdant field and woodland but for the late Norvin Hewitt Green, a Cooper great-grandson, who inherited this tract—part of twenty-

"Goodness! I had no idea it was that late."

two thousand acres in the Ramapos that Mr. Cooper bought in 1853—from his uncle, Erskine Hewitt. "I was appalled at the urban-bound aspects of Cooper Union when I came here," Dr. Burdell said. "I persuaded Mr. Green to give us the property, and twenty-three thousand dollars to improve and endow it. Its old farm buildings have been transformed into dormitories, classrooms, offices, and a lounge. We have a skating rink, tennis and basketball courts, a rifle club, a small natural-history museum, and a natural swimming pool. We can house up to a hundred and fifty students in the summer, when we give art and engineering courses there, and we keep the place open all year round, for recreational use."

Dr. Burdell handed us some descriptive literature, and from it we learned that Cooper Union's student body is selected from a group of applicants five times as large, and that its twentieth-century alumni have included Raphael Soyer, the painter; David Steinman, designer of nearly four hundred bridges, on five continents; Irwin S. Chanin, of the Chanin Building; and the late Leo Wallerstein, who made a fortune developing food chemistry. "Mr. Wallerstein called me up about ten years ago and said he'd like to come down," Dr. Burdell told us. "I showed him around, and when we got to the chemical laboratory, he stopped, said 'I used to work at this bench,' pulled out a checkbook, wrote a check for five thousand dollars, and gave it to me. We went on to the Art School, where he watched some boys and girls painting, and then said, 'I have a few things I'll send you for the museum.' He and his wife subsequently gave us a collection of prints and drawings, chiefly Dürers and Rembrandts, worth a hundred thousand dollars. Our annual budget is one million eight hundred thousand dollars, mostly from investments; our alumni give us between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars a year. I don't know anyone graduating from here who doesn't get an offer of at least three jobs. We've had fifty-three Fulbright scholars in the last eight years, six Prix de Rome winners, three Tiffany Foundation fellows, and two Guggenheim fellows. Among the country's undergraduate schools of technology we stand third—after M.I.T. and Cal Tech. We have a terrifically devoted board of trustees, and we have never gone into debt."

We followed the president of this solvent institution through the Engineering and Art Schools, busy with classes and painters, and then through the library and the museum, where an old Peter Cooper upholstered chair faced a new Marcel Breuer upholstered chair, and ended up in the Great Hall, in the basement, where Lincoln spoke in 1860 and Mark Twain in 1867, and where adult-education classes are now given, to anyone who wants to drop in, by such adult educators as Moses Hadas, Henri M. Peyre, Norman Thomas, Gilbert Seldes, and James Johnson Sweeney. As we left the Great Hall, Dr. Burdell paused at a big fan outside, which circulates fresh air through hundreds of small vents under the seats in the auditorium. "This fan was invented by Peter Cooper and has been whirling since 1859," he said. "I had the Sturtevant Company people look at it a few years ago, and they said that, of its kind, nothing better is on the market today."

•

SIGN observed in the Fifth Avenue offices of Air France: "PENSEZ."

Just an Average Girl

IN the quarters that Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith maintain in Grand Central Station, a matutinal blowout was conducted last week to introduce Mrs. Average General Electric Stockholder to those who cared. We cared and went, reflecting en route on the evil old days when there wasn't any Mrs. Average General Electric Stockholder and when Wall Street window sills were serving as diving platforms for brokers who believed everything they heard. Shaking off these morbid thoughts, we entered the outpost of Merrill Lynch, Pierce—ah, the hell with it—and found ourself confronting General Electric's idea of a dream kitchen cheek by jowl with an assortment of charts and graphs designed to prove that your money is safer with the Merrill Lynch people than in the formerly reliable sugar bowl. The dream kitchen included such items as a de-luxe double oven with an automatic rotisserie; a petal-pink refrigerator-freezer; another petal-pink job, called a four-cycle dishwasher; a super-quiet super-grind Disposall; cabinets in petal pink; and an under-counter combination washer-dryer in the same hue. While we were studying these marvels, a portly gentleman sidled up to us, announced that he was between trains, and went on to say that there wasn't a woman on earth who could fry an egg fit for human consumption. "I've had four wives, so I know what I'm talking about," he declared. "I believe that women should bring the food to the man and let him cook it. They ought to be what the Bible calls handmaidens." We disengaged ourself from this misogynist and sought out, with the help of one of the attendant beaters, Mrs. Average General Electric Stockholder.

We had anticipated that Mrs. Average would be fairly stout from dining high on the hog with all those dividend checks, but she turned out to be a slender, attractive woman, Mrs. Michael Griggs by name, who lives in Greenwich, is married to a man in the advertising business, and has four children. "Lord knows what I'm doing here," she observed after we had introduced ourself. "But anyhow General Electric is providing a baby-sitter. I hate to say this, but up in Greenwich I cook with gas. Otherwise there would be too much strain on the electric wiring." We asked Mrs. Griggs how much stock she had in General Electric, and she indicated that that information was between her, her Maker, and the Corporation.

We were joined at that moment by a middle-sized, earnest operative called Glenn Saxon, Jr., who inquired, "Have you ever given any thought to the growth of investment clubs since 1951?" We allowed as how we hadn't, and Mr. Saxon immediately steered us to a display of charts designed to prove conclusively that investment clubs are all the rage. "Just consider this," said Mr. Saxon. "For as little as forty dollars a quarter, you may invest in a company like General Electric. This sort of investment is assuredly not speculation but a sound participation in the general economy."

We agreed with him heartily, and made a move in the direction of Mrs. Griggs. Mr. Saxon was having none of that. "Would you imagine," he said, his hand firm on our elbow, "that among new share owners in G.E. the women outnumber the men by fifty-six point three to forty-three point seven?"

We were properly astonished.

"Would you think," continued Mr. Saxon, "that in an exhibit like this women are breaking the eighty-twenty average?"

"What is the eighty-twenty average?" we inquired.

"Usually, four times as many men as women visit this Grand Central office, but now thirty-five per cent are women, and we hope to have fifty per cent in a few weeks," said Mr. Saxon. "We have couples coming in hand in hand—young people. I guess

they're thinking of the happy future. Did I tell you that approximately a hundred and seventy-three thousand General Electric employees are, or are becoming, share owners in General Electric through Company plans?"

Mr. Saxon's rhetorical questions had us pretty well exhausted by this time, and we slipped away to a table bearing orange juice, Danish pastry, and a coffee urn. The juice was canned, the pastry a trifle on the limp side, and the coffee aged. After chomping for a moment on one of the pastries, we approached Mrs. Griggs again and asked her how it felt to be Mrs. Average General Electric Stockholder. "I was living a sheltered life in Greenwich, and going to Quogue in the summer, and suddenly, out of six people they surveyed for this business, I'm selected. This exhibition is going on for two months, you know, but this, I am happy to report, is my first and last appearance."

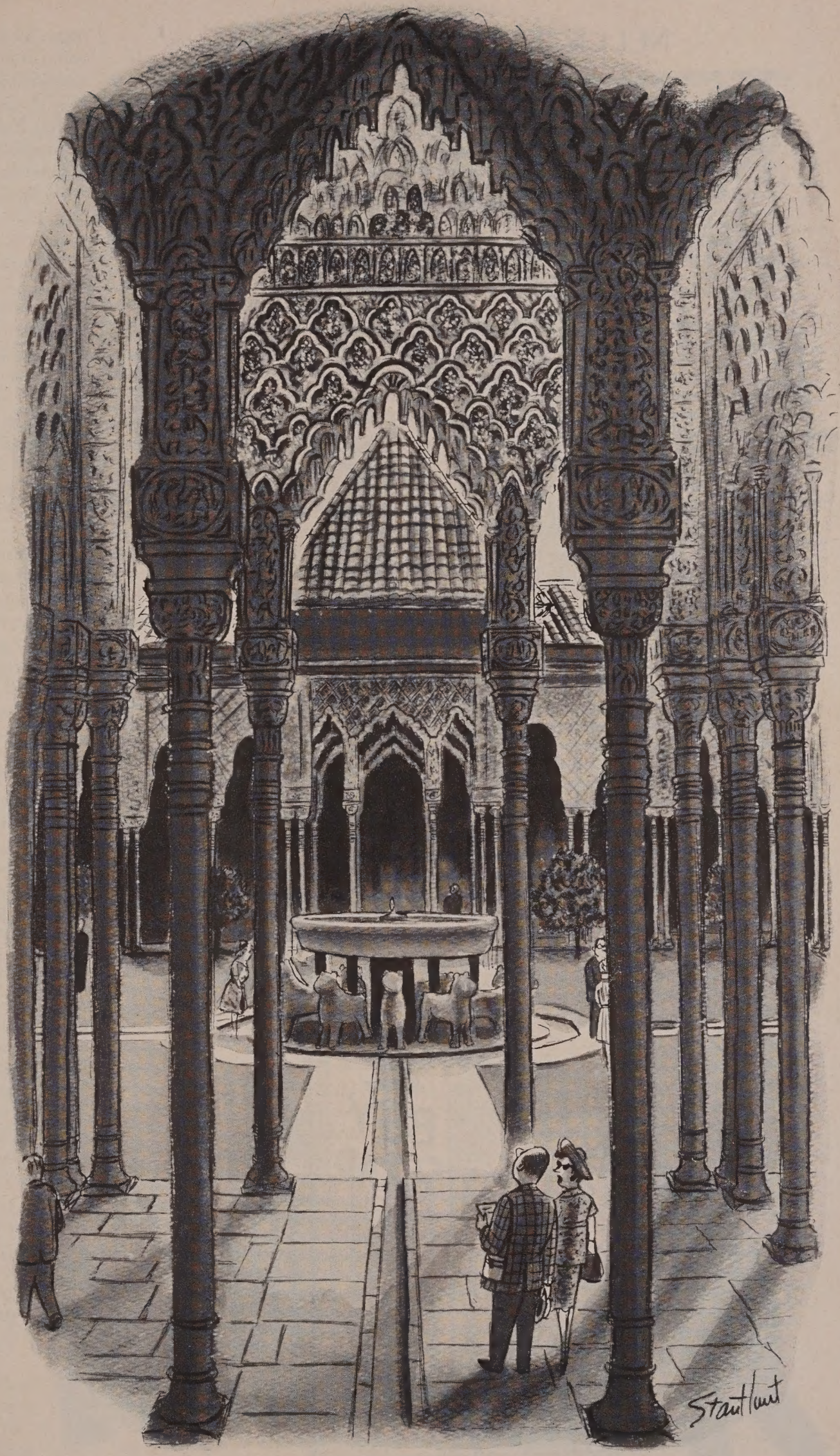
An associate of Mr. Saxon's came along, and we inquired whether the dream kitchen actually worked.

"I'm glad you asked me that," he said. "What do you think? With no water we're going to start roasting a lamb? You must be really gone."

A moment later, we were.

Prize

A Despondent father we know advised us in a burst of confidence the other day that the reason he was broody was that his ten-year-old son had come back from camp with a cup inscribed "This Prize Is Awarded for the Ability to Accept Defeat Gracefully."



"Of course, they didn't have radio or television or anything in those days, and I suppose they had to do something."

NELLIE FORTUIN'S BLESSING

WORRIED because she had not seen her son for a long time, and fearing he might be in trouble, Nellie Fortuin felt momentarily relieved whenever she returned to her cottage after her day of washing and ironing. Here was a place she could die in without any shame. She kept it so tidy that she would not be embarrassed if a doctor, called in the middle of the night to certify that she was dead, saw how she had been living all these years. Anyone who came in her front door noticed at once that the cupboard directly opposite had all three shelves lined with very clean newspaper, cut into intricate scallops. The cups and plates and packages of food on the upper and lower shelves were arranged with the same care as a display on a grocer's stand. But it was the middle shelf that drew the most admiration from visitors, for here Nellie had set out in a row all the greeting cards that had been sent to her by her daughter, Betty, who was living in Port Elizabeth. Betty had left Cape Town five years ago.

The pictures on the greeting cards—roses, lilies, irises, daffodils, and violets—were so beautiful that Willie Moses, one of Nellie's neighbors and a colored person like herself, had wanted to frame them so that she could hang them about the walls of her room. Willie, too old to work, was lonely for small things to do, and Nellie, who was thankful that she could still go out to work, understood his need. All the same, she would not allow him to frame her cards. If she did, how then could she open them and look at the printed messages inside, and trace with her finger the pencilled signature of Betty? Every time Nellie examined the cards, she was sorry she could not read and write.

Once, a long time back, Nellie had bought herself an exercise book and a pencil, and she kept these things hidden in one of the drawers of her cupboard. She was shy at first about her wish to learn to read and write, but so often had Willie Moses caught her trying her shaky hand with a pencil that she no longer thought of her desire as a secret, and now she practiced drawing strokes and circles in an open book with him watching. At such times, he sat on the chair across the table from her, his hat hooked onto his thin, pointed knees. All he could do was to shake his head at her. She was silly to struggle after the ways of children, he said. It was no good a woman of sixty-seven trying to be young again. Why didn't she just look at him? He could not read and write, and he was over eighty. Furthermore, he smoked several pipes a day and he liked his wine. Had he not outlived many people—both the abstemious and the literate? He knew how to count his blessings. As for Nellie, what good would come of her trying, at her age, to learn to read and write? She would never succeed. Failure would only sadden her.

But Nellie refused to be discouraged by his gloomy prophecies, and she clung obstinately to her book and pencil. She knew that if she could read, Betty would write her long letters. And since she could not acknowledge Betty's cards, how could she tell Betty that she knew some of the printed messages in them by heart—that Willie Moses' granddaughter, Caroline, sometimes came round and read them to her?

Caroline even tried to teach her how to write. She was ten, and she was getting along very cleverly at a school that had enough room to take her. She wanted to be a schoolteacher when she grew up, and she instructed Nellie in a grave fashion. First she drew a whole page of circles for Nellie to copy. "'O,' Mrs. Fortuin," she would chant. "Say it while you write the rings—'O'! 'O'! 'O'!" And no matter how crookedly Nellie drew the circles, Caroline always said, in a grown-up voice, "Very good, Mrs. Fortuin. How nicely you are coming along!" Often Nellie was so much encouraged that she almost believed the child.

Caroline had a sweet young voice, and Nellie liked to listen to her reading the messages on Betty's cards, even if she could not follow the exact meanings. These messages sounded like the words of songs. One of her favorites was:

> May the rosebud of happiness
> Open for you,
> To give fragrant pleasure
> This whole day through.

When Nellie said these lines over and over to herself and looked at the rosebuds on the card, she felt hopeful, like a praying person, and thought that maybe everything was all right with her Betty. Maybe one day she would return to Cape Town, and maybe this man she had followed all the way to Port Elizabeth was a *good* man. Perhaps one day he really would marry Betty, properly. And perhaps one day there would even be grandchildren.

Nellie imagined these grandchildren so intensely that she sometimes had the frightening idea that they were already born, already real, and that she knew nothing about them. Maybe it was unlucky to picture them from head to toe

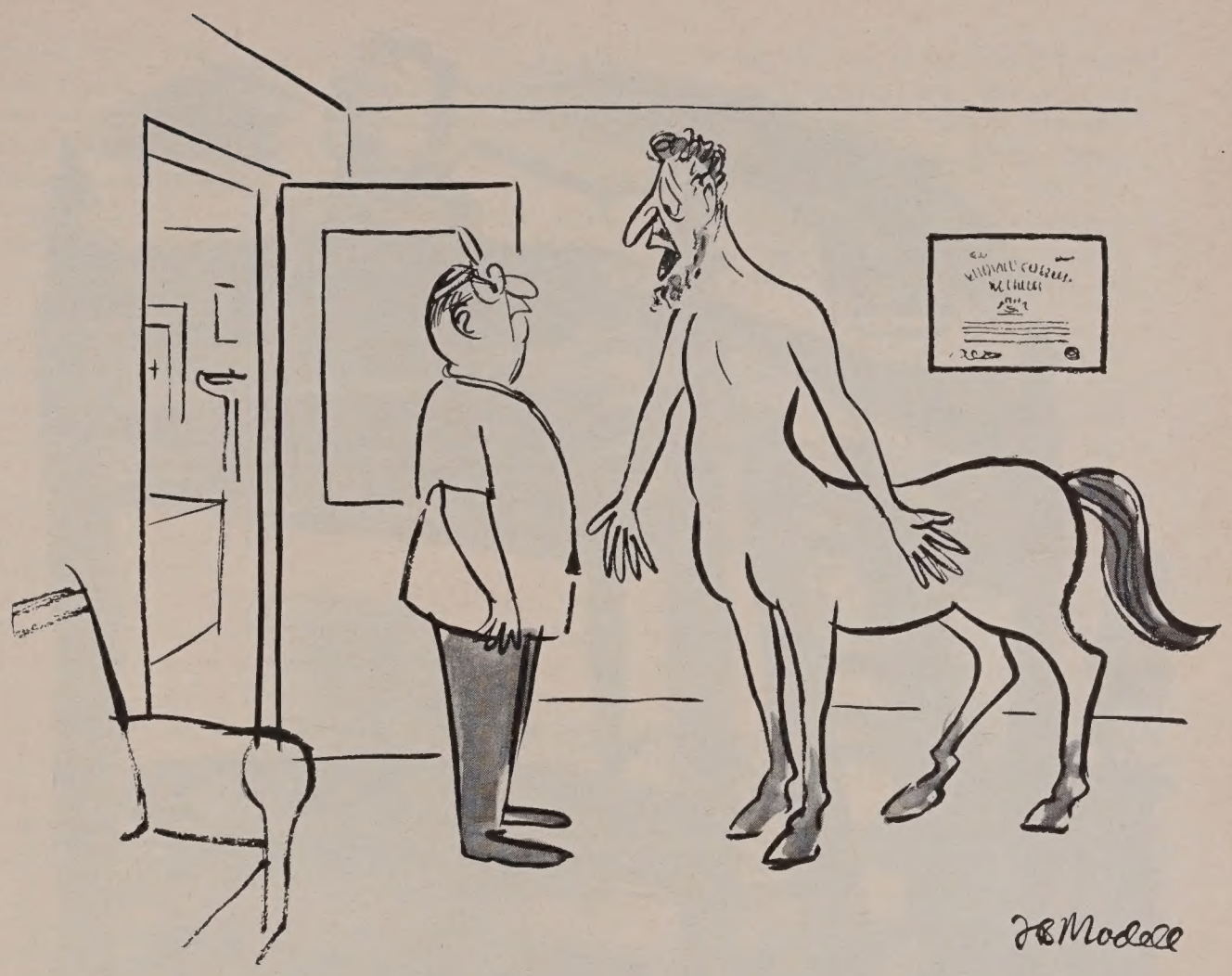
the way she did, but how could she help herself? She could see their crocheted socks and shiny black patent-leather shoes, their green voile dresses, and their pretty little faces smiling at her out of stiff yellow bonnets, like a bunch of sunflowers. Who knows, she often thought, perhaps one day things might turn out like this.

It was the present, however, that filled her with anxiety. Sometimes she felt she would die unless she saw Betty, just to talk to her and tell her about her worries over her son, Fred. She had not seen Betty's brother for more than three months now, and whenever he kept away from her, Nellie knew it was because he had lost his job or was in trouble of some sort. Never before had he stayed away for so long, and now she did not even know if he was still in Cape Town. Though all her neighbors had tried to find news of him, Nellie herself was frightened to go and ask after him at the chemist's shop where he had been working as a messenger. She knew that only Betty could understand that she was afraid they would tell her something terrible about him. Maybe they would tell her to go and ask at the police station.

There were times when Nellie thought of asking Caroline to sit down and write a letter to Betty for her on a page torn from the exercise book. But the moment she saw Caroline darting through the oak trees with her friends, laughing and carefree as she gathered tins of acorns, and boasting of the numbers of sixpences she would earn from the farmers who kept pigs, Nellie felt ashamed of herself. Those sixpences would help Caroline buy her schoolbooks, and how could she think of imposing her anxieties on the child?

Besides, Nellie asked herself, how could a child be expected to put down on a piece of paper the thoughts of an old woman? These thoughts of hers were fears that constantly changed their shapes, as sad and bending as smoke in the air. Sometimes Nellie thought Fred had been stabbed in a street fight somewhere in District Six. Other times she thought he had gone fishing in a boat off Hout Bay, and that he had been drowned in the sea, and that his unrecognized body had been washed ashore, with only the gulls to mourn for him. And then, when she was too sad even to cry, she would remember that Fred was twenty-eight, and that he was a man, young and handsome, with a man's ways. This always comforted her. His silence didn't really mean he had forgotten his old mother, exactly. Now, how could she expect Caroline to put this last thought on paper? Why, even if she could write herself, she would not be able to *say* this—not even to Betty.

Caroline's company was a solace to her, however. It was not lonely when the child brought her school reading book around to her and read the stories aloud. The book was full of bright pictures, which Nellie liked studying. Nor did Nellie really mind that Willie Moses laughed at her when she practiced her writing. She herself could see that it was funny when the paper slipped like glass under her pencil. When she held the pencil tightly and pressed down hard, the table wobbled, and then the cupboard behind her shuddered, and sometimes one of the lovely cards would slip from the shelf. Willie Moses always put a wedge of cardboard under the table leg when this happened, but somehow, when the table stopped vibrating, Nellie's arm would begin to jerk.



"I just <u>saw</u> a vet, and he told me to see you."

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But if Nellie was too old to acquire new skills, she was proud of her old ones. Mrs. West, for whom she worked two days a week, always said, when she examined the beautifully starched and folded linen that Nellie had washed and ironed, "Really, Nellie, what would I do without you?" And Nellie knew that if it weren't for things like electricity and polishing machines, she would still willingly be shining Mrs. West's floors by hand. In fact, the only old-fashioned work she could no longer do was window cleaning, and this was because she could no longer climb ladders. The trouble was in her legs. Lately, even climbing into the bus was becoming a problem for her, and that was why she was always the first person waiting at the bus stop when she had to go out to work. She had to plan in her mind exactly how she would grasp the railings at the back of the bus and step onto the platform.

ONE morning when she stood waiting for the bus, the pain in her right leg nagged her so much that it almost spoiled the pleasure she took in her early-morning surroundings. It was a particularly beautiful day. The clouds hanging over Table Mountain looked like pearls roped together with threads

". . . and please keep me from falling out of bed again tonight."

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of sunlight. The rocks shining above the wooded slopes sparkled and glittered like diamonds. Nellie wished she could see Betty in a dress the rosy color of the mountain. The air itself seemed rich—gold and silver everywhere. Beams of sunlight spanned the oaks, and two gray squirrels with jewels in their tails leaped from tree to tree.

In the soft light, everything was beautiful, she thought. Even the colored people's cottages, nestled sleepily among the bushes, looked pretty. She could see shadows wrinkling the whitewashed walls of Willie Moses' place, and there, close by, were the wild-geranium plants that grew in paraffin tins before her own front door. The pungent smell of flowers protected her from the stale air of drying soapsuds that seeped up from the stream behind the cottages. There was a row of bushes in front of the stream, with laundry spread on them to dry; the clothes on the bushes made them look like crouching people.

Nellie felt a real twinge of pain in her leg. She looked down at her feet and saw her own long shadow. She began to think of Fred. Always, like that shadow, she thought, he was there beside her whenever the world seemed at its loveliest—in the early mornings and the late afternoons.

The moment the tall bus came looming through the trees, many things seemed to happen to Nellie. Both legs hurt her so much that she could no longer think which one she should use first. As the bus screeched to a standstill, she was aware of a confusing mass of pictures and letters all over it, and it became a nightmare reading book set up there on the road before her. Now there were children all around her, who had dropped like monkeys from the surrounding trees. It seemed that even the bushes, draped in raggedy damp clothes, had rushed from the river and were trying to push past her and into the bus, shouting at her, "Come on, Granny! If Granny's not climbing the bus, will Granny please let others climb?"

Somebody's hair prickled her face; the ankle of her right leg was kicked by a heavy-soled boot. Just when she knew she could no longer keep her hold on the railings, she felt something pushing the small of her back and urging her forward. From behind her, she heard the loud, unmistakable voice of her neighbor Sara Pieterse saying, "First come, first serve. Aches before beauty, and never mind—I am not a beauty, exactly."

Nellie was pushed up and onto the platform. The bus began to move. Nellie realized at once that it would be impossible for her to insist that Sara go on ahead of her and up the aisle, so that she would be free to sit *away* from Sara—behind her somewhere. She hoped that the passengers in the bus did not think that this untidy girl following her was her daughter. Sara was the same age as Betty. She always carried with her a shabby assortment of rag bundles, empty bottles, old cardboard boxes, and tattered newspapers. Nellie thought that Sara looked like an old junk cart, and wondered why she didn't leave these possessions in that place of hers by the river. There were a few colored schoolteachers on the bus, and as Nellie took her seat behind them, she was sure that they, too, were embarrassed by Sara.

Europeans, sitting in the front seats reserved for them, turned around and stared as Sara sat down beside Nellie, her parcels slipping about her like a lot of wriggling children. All the same, Nellie felt, the staring Europeans might *try* to look a little forgiving. Sara did have a kind heart. And that was part of the trouble with her, thought Nellie crossly, shifting uncomfortably in her seat in order to make more room for the girl. Sara was one of those kind people you always felt you had to apologize for.

This morning, Nellie prayed that Sara might keep her thoughts to herself. She was such an outspoken person. Why, Nellie could remember times when Sara had even spoken about things like *women's* troubles, in a voice that had hushed all the other passengers. She spoke in a terribly loud voice to old people, taking it as a matter of course that they were deaf. But Nellie's prayer was unanswered, for no sooner had Sara undone a knot in a rag bundle with the help of her teeth than she inquired about Fred.

"Have you heard any news yet of your Freddie, Mrs. Fortuin?" she began ruthlessly, handing a coin to the conductor.

"No, I haven't," Nellie said, swallowing.

"Well, all I can say is, it's a shame, Mrs. Fortuin, that your boy doesn't understand how he is worrying you. A real shame. Of course, you know, you can always try the police. Doesn't mean to say they *caught* the boy. Maybe they just *found* him."

Nellie felt herself shrivelling up under a blaze of eyes, but Sara went on implacably, shuffling her parcels while she spoke. "I must tell you, Mrs. Fortuin, that the other day my husband said that he could swear he saw your Freddie coming, flash like a knife, out of Primrose Street. Mind you, no news is good news. Turns out it *wasn't* your Freddie. Any case, never believe a word that husband of mine says. First place, he tells lies. Second place, he drinks so, he never sees one face—only two."

People always laughed when Sara spoke about her husband, but now it seemed to Nellie that she had never heard such heartless laughter as that which came from the others in the bus. What did anyone care if her boy had been found stabbed dead somewhere? Nellie's head became so heavy with disgrace that she could scarcely hold it up.

"There, there, Mrs. Fortuin," Sara said, trying, in her rough way, to comfort her. She tapped Nellie's shoulder with an empty carton. "Just be glad your Freddie is not a drinking man, like my husband. Why, I said to him the other day, 'You should join a circus—go round and round the whole world for people just to laugh at the biggest drinker in the world.' Come, Mrs. Fortuin, cheer up. Don't let your heart get sore. Don't they say there is a silver binding to every cloud? I'm sure one day your Freddie's going to spin up just like a bright new shilling. He is not a bad penny, that boy of yours. Everybody knows it."

But Nellie was beyond comfort. Sara might have been speaking to a mask.

"I said to him, Mrs. Fortuin, 'Remember we have got four children. I don't mind a person taking now and then a soop and a sip of wine. But not the way you do. You could drink the river dry if it had wine, not water, in it. What I mind is you don't even take out funeral insurance for the children. . . .' "

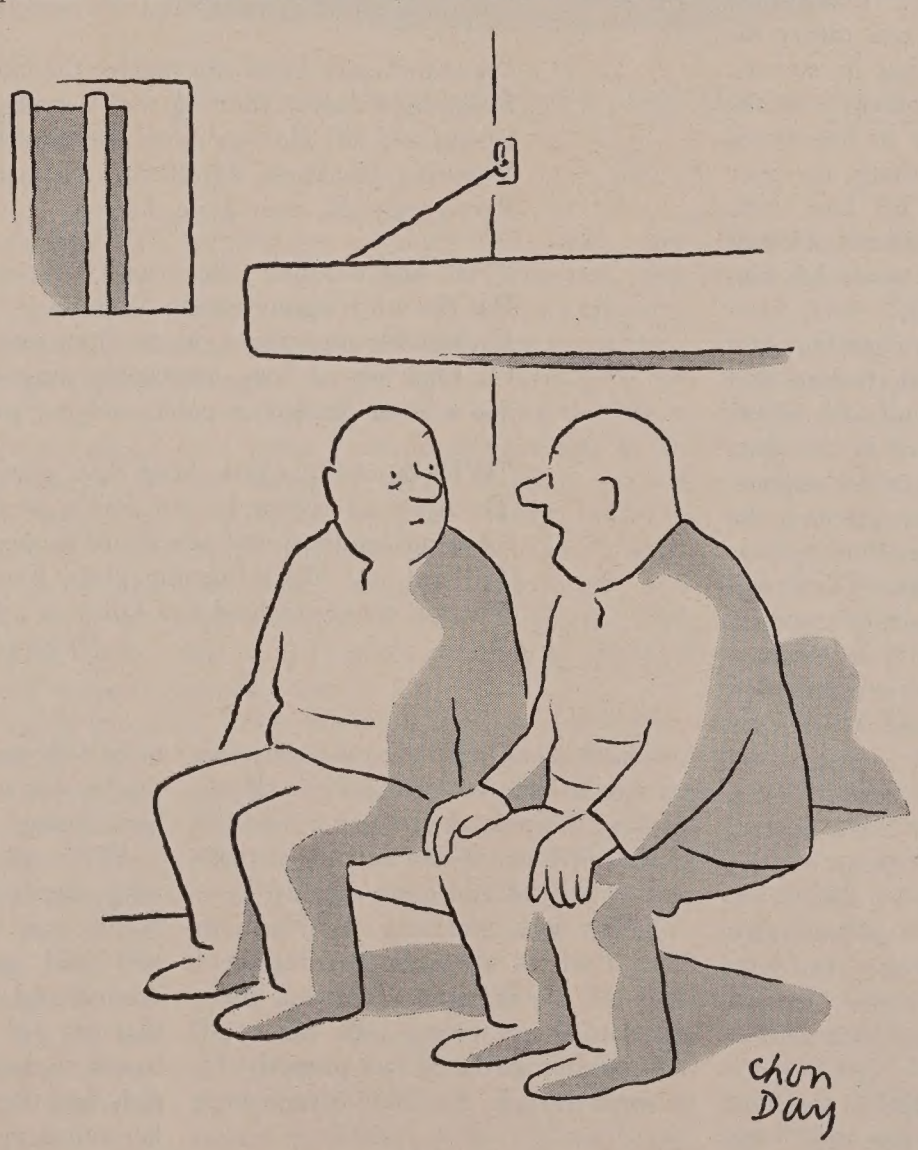
In an effort not to hear Sara's miserably droning voice, Nellie closed her eyes. Her fingertips had become numb. She tried to rub the blood back into them, but this was as hopeless as trying not to think about Fred. He *must* be all right, she begged herself. He simply had to be all right. Didn't Betty always tell her—long ago, when she was living with her—that she worried for no reason about Fred? She mustn't start crying now, while she was on the bus.

Then, in an effort to control herself, Nellie tried to think of Betty. Even when she was wide awake, she could dream of those little grandchildren. But today, as Sara went on remorselessly, Nellie could not summon up a picture of the green dresses and yellow bonnets. After all, how could she be sure that Port Elizabeth was a good place for children to grow in? Nellie tried to think of Betty alone. She tried to remember every detail of her daughter's pretty face, but this, too, was impossible, for Sara nudged her to make her open her eyes.

"Just look at me, Mrs. Fortuin," she implored. "Just look what I look like. Here I am with the fifth child on the way. How can I ever have milk to feed my baby when I have to go out and work so hard? Nobody knows how tired I am—"

Sara's voice jerked to a standstill, for at this moment the bus halted. Through her window Nellie saw a dusty square of playground before a narrow brick building. This, she knew, was Caroline's school. She saw the schoolteachers rising. She turned in her seat, hoping to catch a glimpse of her young friend. Laughing and shouting, children raced down from the upper deck of the bus and dropped to the street. They flashed by on thin legs, their voices fell away, and the bus started forward once more.

"I really wish," she heard Sara say, in a quieter voice, "I can get at least my Annie into that school. They say maybe next term. You know, Mrs. Fortuin, one thing I really like is a nicely dressed child. I just wish my Annie can grow up as nice and clever as Willie Moses'



"Look at the bright side, Pete. Food, lodging, medical care, entertainment, clothing—it must add up to five or six thousand a year, free and clear of taxes."

Caroline. There is a real lady for you. Such an old-fashioned little person!"

Nellie was cheered by the thought of Caroline, and now that the schoolteachers had left the bus, no longer providing a screen behind which she could shelter from the piercing eyes of the Europeans, she would have liked nothing more than to talk about Caroline. But she might have known that this would be impossible with Sara.

"You wouldn't think," Sara said, in a loud voice, "that a drinking man who loves his children all the same, like my man does—you wouldn't think such a man can swear so much in front of them. 'What sort of children,' I ask him, 'you want to bring up, putting into their mouths such foul words?' But, Mrs. Fortuin, go ask my husband to use a fine word instead of a filthy one! You can just the same ask a child to put in a catapult a flower and not a stone. Go ask any little boy to try and shoot a bird with a dahlia! You should just hear him when I complain. 'Female people!' he shouts. 'Demn female people! Go and get thundered. An' if you don't, so strike me God, I'll thunder you, you demn lightning!' You understand, Mrs. Fortuin, I can rather die than tell you exactly what he swears. And really, the next moment it is like the good Lord up above us has struck him down dead. Only thing, the poor children must help me lift him then. Two of them take his hands, two of them take his feet, and so we lift him from the floor to the bed."

The bus stopped, Sara got up, and Nellie rose from her seat, feeling that she was waking at last out of a nightmare. She followed Sara to the platform, and leaned on Sara for support as she stepped off the bus, clutching the top of a milk bottle, a flap of newspaper, and one of Sara's fingers. "As I was saying," Sara went on as they stood on the pavement together, "it is the same thing every time. David and Solomon take his hands. Annie and Marie take his feet. It is not exactly a cloud I am lifting in the middle, I can tell you, Mrs. Fortuin. But just listen to me, how I carry on! I don't mean to push all my troubles on top of you, Mrs. Fortuin. It's just that a person can't keep everything *so* inside one. And who hasn't got troubles? Everyone. Everyone you meet. Now, just look at that boy Klaas Jacobs."

Nellie frowned and tried to focus on Sara's face. "Who did you say?" she thought she asked, but Sara's face swam before her eyes, and the girl went on as though she had not spoken at all.

"Can you understand, Mrs. Fortuin, how such a boy from such a family can get into trouble with the police? Really, Mrs. Fortuin, I am grateful to the good Lord up above us that his old mother is dead and gone already."

Nellie was straining to listen to Sara. Perhaps she was growing deaf after all, she thought. And was there also something wrong with her eyes? She couldn't see Sara's face properly. If, by some miracle, her Betty's face were to be superimposed upon Sara's, would she be able to recognize it? What was Sara saying? Who was this boy Klaas?

While all these questions were spinning simultaneously round her mind, Nellie was vaguely aware that Sara had said goodbye. Turning slowly around and blinking her eyes, she saw that the girl was gone. She shook her hands as though to free them of soapsuds, and then gripped them tight before her and stepped off the pavement, suspiciously watching the traffic as she did so. A few moments later, she found herself walking along a shady, high-hedged avenue. She stopped, astonished, when

IN THE SNAKE PARK

A white-hot midday in the Snake Park.
Lethargy lay here and there in coils,
And here and there a neat obsidian head
Lay dreaming on a plaited pillow of its own
Loops, like a pretzel or a truelove knot.

A giant python seemed a heap of tires;
Two Nielsen's vipers looked for a way out,
Sick of their cage and one another's curves;
And the long ring snake brought from Lembuland
Poured slowly through an opening like smoke.

Leaning intently forward, a young girl
Discerned in stagnant water on a rock
A dark-brown shoestring or discarded whiplash,
Then read the label to find out the name,
Then stared again. It moved. She screamed.

Old Piet Vander leaned with us that day
On the low wall around the rocky space
Where amid broken quartz that cast no shade
Snakes twitched or slithered, or appeared to sleep,
Or lay invisible in the singing glare.

The sun throbbed like a fever as he spoke:
"Look carefully at this shrub with glossy leaves."
Leaves bright as brass. "That leaf on top
Just there, do you see that it has eyes?
That's a green mamba, and it's watching *you*.

"A man I once knew did survive the bite,
Saved by a doctor running with a knife,
Serum and all. He was never the same again.
Vomiting blackness, agonizing, passing blood,
Part paralyzed, near gone, he felt

"(He told me later) he would burst apart.
But the worst agony was in his mind—
Unbearable nightmare, worse than total grief
Or final loss of hope, impossibly magnified
To a blind passion of panic and extreme distress."

"Why should that little head have power
To inject all horror for no reason at all?"
"Ask me another, and beware of snakes."
The sun was like a burning glass. Face down,
The girl who screamed had fallen in a faint.

—WILLIAM PLOMER

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she saw the familiar red roof of Mrs. West's house rising tall above a row of poplars.

IT was almost evening when Nellie returned to her cottage. A puff of air, it seemed, could blow out the sun, which was hanging like a faintly burning globe above the mountain. As was her habit, Nellie paused in the open doorway of her room in order to look at her cupboard. Something seemed to be threatening her arrangement of the greeting cards. Somehow, they did not look as pretty as usual. Turning her head to one side and narrowing her eyes, Nellie tried to see the cards with a stranger's casual gaze, so that she might yet admire them. Was there something dull about them, or was she simply too tired to appreciate them? She closed the door behind her. Not until she sat down on her bed did she realize how much her legs hurt her.

While she was working in the steamy laundry at Mrs. West's house, she had forgotten all her troubles—even her legs, even the unhappy encounter with Sara. From time to time during the day, the name Klaas Jacobs had come unpleasingly to her mind. And this name, like a stubborn crease spoiling a fine piece of linen, was a recurring challenge to her. Just as she got rid of dried and starched creases by dampening and pressing them away under a sizzling iron, she had been able to force that name from her thoughts, until her mind, like a smoothly pressed cloth, became tranquil again. But now, in her quiet and orderly room, and with no work left to do, she had no way of keeping this name from her mind. It began to torment her. She could not remember what Sara had told her about Klaas, except that he was in trouble. There was, she knew, some terrible disgrace. But if she could not recall any of the details Sara had told her, how could she trust herself that Sara had actually said this name Klaas Jacobs? Maybe she herself was making some mistake. Maybe Sara had said "Freddie" and not "Klaas."

Frightened, Nellie rose from her bed. She began to look about her room distractedly. If only she could find something—anything—to take her mind away from her anxieties. She pulled open a drawer of her cupboard, and found herself staring at her writing things. Now the sight of them gave her no solace. It seemed to her that there had never been anything funny in an old woman's shaky exercises with a pencil. She closed the drawer, suddenly angry with herself. What did a person like herself want with writing? She only wanted to write to Betty. Did she want to make her child as unhappy as she was?

Why, she thought, if she could write now, properly, each circle that she drew would look like Klaas Jacobs' name. She could imagine how her hand would tremble, fearful lest it write Freddie's name instead, and, thinking of her lessons and of the way she had been taught to chant a sound as she wrote it, she heard herself saying "Klaas Jacobs." She could almost feel herself writing it. It seemed that speaking and writing were exactly the same. Yet even when she did say Klaas's name, and not Freddie's, it sounded foreboding, like an incantation of disaster.

It was to steady herself that Nellie looked at her cards again. She saw them now in a rush, and wondered how she could have doubted them a moment earlier. How beautiful they were! They would always be beautiful. She reached for her favorite card—the one with the rosebuds on it. The card had always comforted her, and now, as she might have known, it did not fail her. What a marvellous thing it was, after all, she thought, looking at the picture and stroking the lines she had memorized, that she could not read, for, if she could read, Betty would be sending her letters instead of flowers and songs. Was it, then, not a blessing she could not read?

And as for writing, she thought, had she not just realized that it was exactly the same as speaking? Like speaking, it was simply a means of communicating unhappiness—of shifting grief from person to person. All these years, she had been *blessed* with not knowing how to read and write, and, fancy, she had never thought before to be thankful for just this! Feeling that she had made a remarkable discovery, yet scarcely daring to smile, Nellie carefully returned her card to its place.

—Sonia Rollnick

"I know it seems unfair, girls, but Alabama always goes first."

HEADS OF HOUSES

I. THE FOREIGN PARTS AND THE FORGET-ME-NOTS

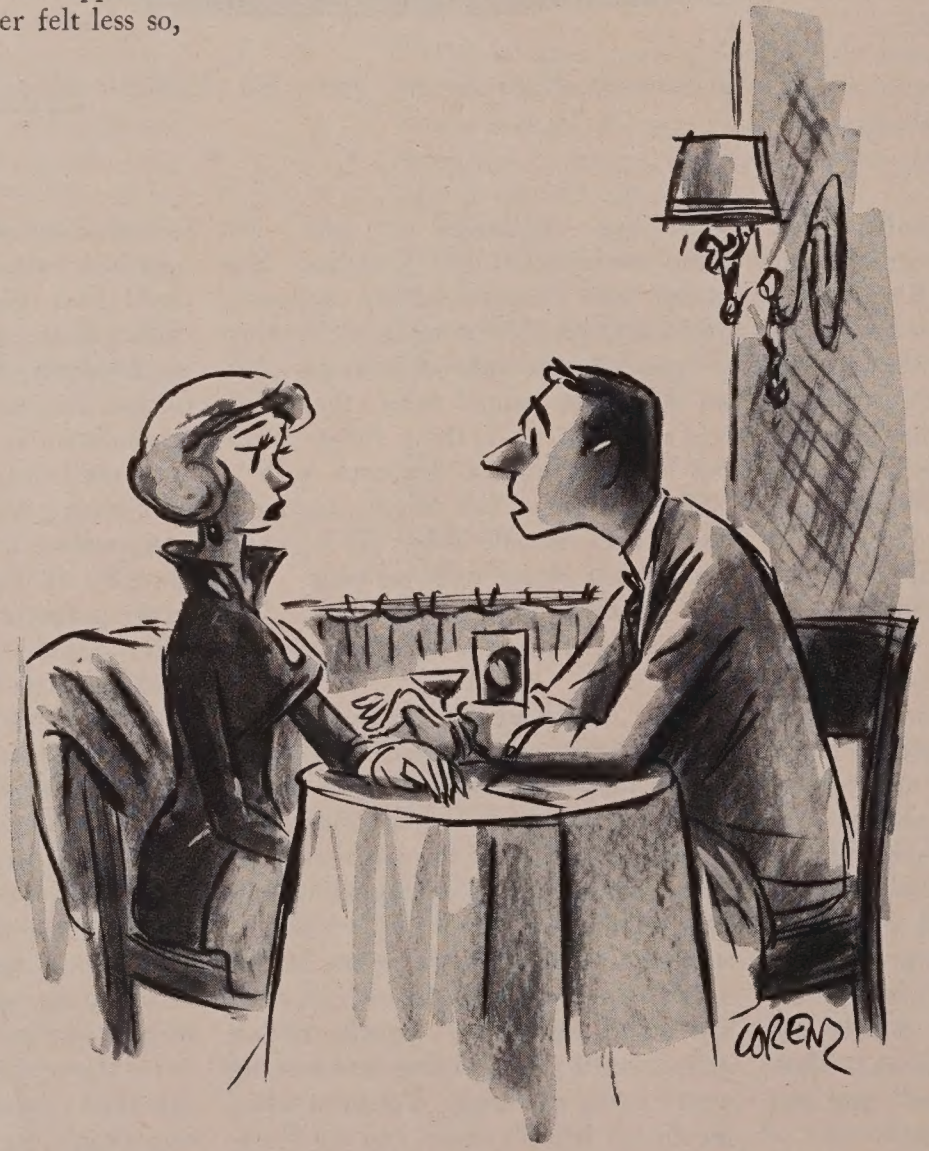
KITTY'S old bachelor brother gave Dwight a hand with the baggage as far as the car, but Dwight would accept no more help than that. He had his own method of fitting everything into the trunk. His Olivetti and his portable record-player went on the inside, where they would be most protected. The overnight bag and the children's box of playthings went on the outside, where they would be handy in case of an overnight stop. It was very neat the way he did it. And he had long since learned how to hoist the two heaviest pieces into the rack on top of the car with almost no effort, and knew how to wedge them in up there so that they hardly needed the elastic straps he had bought in Italy last summer. He was a big, lanky man, with a lean jaw that listed to one side, and normally his movements were so deliberate, and yet so faltering, that anyone who did not mistake him for a sleepwalker recognized him at once for a college professor. But he never appeared less professorial, and never felt less so, than when he was loading the baggage on top of his little car. As he worked at it now, he was proud of his speed and efficiency, and was not at all unhappy to have his father-in-law watching from the porch of the big summer cottage.

From the porch, Kitty's father watched Dwight's packing activities with a cold and critical eye. Only gypsies, Judge Parker felt, rode about the country with their possessions tied all over the outside of their cars. Such baggage this was, too! His son-in-law seemed purposely to have chosen the two most disreputable-looking pieces to exhibit to the public eye. Perhaps he had selected these two because they had more of the European stickers on them than any of the other bags—not to mention the number of steamship stickers proclaiming that the Dwight Clarks always travelled Tourist Class!

Yet the exposed baggage was not half so irritating to Judge Parker as the little foreign car itself. The car would have been bad enough if it had been one of the showy, sporty models, but Dwight's car had a practical-foreign look to it that told the mountain people, over in the village, as well as the summer people from Nashville and Memphis, over in the resort grounds and at the Hotel, how committed Dwight was to whatever it was he thought he was committed to. The trouble was, it was a *big* little car. At first glance, you couldn't quite tell what was wrong with it. Yet it was little enough to have to have a baggage rack on top; and inside it there was too little room for Dwight and Kitty to take along even the one basket of fruit that Kitty's mother had bought for them yesterday. Judge Parker pushed himself as far back in his rocker as he safely could. For a moment he managed to put the banister railing between his eyes and the car. He meant *not* to be irritated. He had been warned by his wife to be careful about what he said to his son-in-law this morning. After all, the long summer visit from the children was nearly over now.

Busy at work, Dwight was conscious of having more audience than just Dad Parker—an unseen, and unseeing, audience inside the cottage. Certain noises he made, he knew, telegraphed his progress to Kitty. She was upstairs—in the half story, that is, where everybody but Dad and Mother Parker slept—making sure both children used the bathroom before breakfast. (She knew he would not allow them time for the bathroom after breakfast.) And the same noises—the slamming down of the trunk lid, for instance, and even the scraping of the heavy bags over the little railing to the rack (the *galerie*, Dwight called it fondly)—would reach the ears of brother Henry, now stationed inside the screen door, considerately keeping hands off another man's work. The ears of Mother Parker would be reached, too, all the way back in the kitchen. Or, since breakfast must be about ready now, Mother Parker might be on the back porch, where the table was laid, waiting ever so patiently. Perhaps she was rearranging the fruit in the handmade basket, which she had bought at the arts-crafts shop, and which she was sure she could find space for in the car after everything else was in. . . . Everybody, in short, was keeping out of the way and being very patient and considerate. It really seemed to Dwight Clark that he and his little family might make their getaway, on this September morning, without harsh words from any quarter. He counted it almost a miracle that such a summer could be concluded without an open quarrel of any kind. Along toward the end of July, midway in the visit, he had thought it certain Kitty would not last. But now it was nearly over.

When the last strap over the bags was in place, Dwight stepped away from the car and admired his work.



"You may be box-office poison to Mr. Hagerstrom, Marcia, but you're Standing Room Only with me."

"How much would it be without the trout stream?"

• •

He even paused long enough to give a loving glance to the little black car itself, his English Ford, bought in France two summers ago. Such a sensible car it was, for a man who wanted other things out of life than just a car. No fins, no chromium, no high-test gasoline for him! And soon now he and Kitty would be settled inside it, and they would be on their way again, with just their own children, and headed back toward their own life: to the life at the University, to life in their sensible little prefab, with their own pictures and their own makeshift furniture (he could hardly wait for the sight of his books on the brick-and-board shelves!), to their plans for scrimping through another winter in order to go abroad again next summer—their life. Suddenly, he had a vision of them in Spain next summer, speeding along through Castile in the little black automobile, with the baggage piled high and casting its shadow on the hot roadside. He stepped toward the car again, with one long arm extended as if he were going to caress it. Instead, he gave the elastic straps—his Italian straps, he liked to call them—their final testing, snapping them against the bags with satisfaction, knowing that Kitty would hear, knowing that, for once, she would welcome this signal that he was all set.

He turned away from the car, half expecting to see Kitty and the children already on the porch. But they were still upstairs, of course; and breakfast had to be eaten yet. Even Dad Parker seemed to have disappeared from the porch. But, no, there he was, hiding behind the banisters. What was he up to? Usually the old gentleman kept his dignity, no matter what. It didn't matter, though. Dwight would pretend not to notice. He dropped his eyes to the ground. . . . As he advanced toward the house, he resolved that this one time he was not going to be impatient with Kitty about setting out. He would keep quiet at the breakfast table. One impatient word from anybody, at this point, might set off fireworks between Kitty and her mother, between Kitty and her father. (He glanced up, and, lo, Dad Parker had popped up in a normal position again.) Between Kitty and her ineffectual old bachelor brother, even. (He wished Henry would either get away from that door or come on outside where he could be seen.) And if she got into it with them, Dwight knew he could not resist joining her. It would be too bad, here at the last, but their impositions upon Kitty this summer had been quite beyond the pale—not to mention their general lack of appreciation of all she and he had undertaken to do for them, which, of course, he didn't mind for *himself*, and not to mention their show of resentment against *him*, toward the last, merely because he was taking Kitty away from them ten days earlier than the plans had originally called for. The truth was that they had no respect for his profession; they resented the fact that his department chairman could summon him back two weeks before classes would begin. . . . For a moment, he forgot that, in fact, the chairman had not summoned him back.

As Dwight approached the porch, in his slow, lumbering gait, Judge Parker suddenly rocked forward in his chair. Stretching his long torso still farther forward, he rested the elbows of his white shirtsleeves on the banister railing. Dwight, out there in the morning

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sun, seemed actually to be walking with his eyes closed. Perhaps he was only looking down, but, anyway, he came shambling across the lawn as though he didn't know where he was going. Judge Parker had noticed, before this, that when his son-in-law was let loose in a big open space, or even in a big room, he seemed to wander without any direction. The fellow was incapable of moving in a straight line from one point to another. He was the same way in an argument. Right now, no doubt, he had a theory about where the porch steps were, and he would blunder along till he arrived at the foot of them. But what a way of doing things, especially for a man who was always talking about the scientific approach. It had been, this summer, like having a great clumsy farm animal as a house guest. It had been hardest, the Judge reflected, on his wife, Jane. Poor old girl. Why, between the fellow's typewriter and record-player, she had hardly had one good afternoon nap out. And, oh, the ashtrays and the glasses that had been broken, and even furniture. For a son-in-law they had the kind of man who couldn't sit in a straight chair without trying to balance himself on its back legs. . . . Out-of-doors he was worse, if anything. He had rented a power mower and cut the grass himself, instead of letting them hire some mountain white to do it, as they had in recent years. He had insisted, too, on helping the Judge weed and work his flower beds. As a result, Judge Parker's flowers had been trampled until he could hardly bear to look at some of the beds. A stray horse or cow couldn't have done more damage. All at once, he realized that there was an immediate danger of Dwight's stumbling into his rock garden, beside the porch steps, and crushing one of his ferns—his *Dryopteris spinulosa*. Somehow, he must wake the boy up. He must *say* something to him. He cleared his throat and began to speak. As he spoke, he allowed his big, well-manicured hands to drape themselves elegantly over the porch banisters.

"Professor Clark," he began, not knowing what he was going to say, but using his most affectionate form of address for Dwight. "Is it," he said, casting about for something amiable, "is it thirty-eight miles to the gallon you get?"

Dwight stopped, and looked up with a startled expression. He might really have been a man waked from sleepwalking. But gradually a suspicious, crooked smile appeared, twisting his chin still farther out of any normal alignment. "*Twenty*-eight to the gallon, Dad Parker," he said.

"Oh, yes, that's what I meant to say!"

What could have made him say *thirty*, he wondered. Not that he knew or cared anything about car mileage. It always annoyed him that people found it such an absorbing topic. Even Jane knew more about his Buick than he did, and whenever anyone asked him, he had to ask her what mileage they got.

But he couldn't let the exchange stop there. Dwight would think his slip was intentional. Worse still, his son Henry, behind the screen door, would be making *his* mental notes on how ill the summer had gone. The Judge had to make his interest seem genuine. "That does make it cheap to operate," he ventured. "And it has a four-cylinder motor. Think of that!"

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"Six cylinders," said Dwight, no longer smiling.

The Judge made one more try. "Of course, of course. Yours is an Ambassador. It's the Consul that has four."

"Mine is called a Zephyr," Dwight said.

There was nothing left for Judge Parker to do but throw back his head and try to laugh it off. At any rate, he had saved his fern.

At the steps to the porch, a porch that encompassed the cottage on three sides and that was set very high, with dark green latticework underneath, and with the one steep flight of steps under the cupola, at the southwest corner—at the foot of the steps Dwight stopped and turned to look along the west side of the house. Dad Parker's lilac bushes grew there. Wood ashes were heaped about their roots. Beyond the lilacs was the rock pump house, and just beyond that Dwight had a view of Dad Parker's bed of forget-me-nots mixed with delphiniums. Or was it bachelor's-buttons mixed with ageratum? He was trying to get hold of him-

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self after the Judge's sarcasm about the car. In effect, he was counting to a hundred, as Kitty had told him he must do this morning.

For the peace must be kept this morning, at any price—for Kitty's sake. For her and the children's sake he had to control himself through one more meal. And the only way he could was to convince himself that Dad Parker's mistakes about the car were real ones. With anybody but Judge Nathan Parker it would have been impossible. But in the case of the Judge it *was* possible. The man knew less than any Zulu about the workings of cars, to say nothing of models of foreign makes. This father-in-law of his most assuredly had some deep neurosis about anything vaguely mechanical. Even the innocent little Italian typewriter had offended him. And instead of coming right out and saying that Dwight's typing got on his nerves, he had had to ask his rhetorical questions, before the whole family, about whether Dwight thought good prose could be composed on "a machine." "I always found it necessary to write my briefs and decisions in longhand," he said, "if they were to sound like much." And the record-player, too. The Judge *despised* canned music; he preferred the music he made himself, on his violoncello, which instrument he frequently brought out of the closet after dinner at night, strumming it along with whatever popular stuff came over the radio. . . . There was not even a telephone in the cottage. That seemed to Dwight the *purest* affectation. Dad and Mother Parker were forever penning little notes to people over in the resort grounds, or at the Hotel. They carried on a voluminous correspondence with their friends back in Nashville. During the week, they wrote notes to brother Henry, who had to keep at his job at the courthouse in Nashville all summer long, and only came up to the Mountain for weekends. In fact, three weeks ago, when the generator on Dwight's car went dead, Dad Parker had insisted upon writing brother Henry about it. The garage in the mountain village could not furnish brushes and armatures for an English Ford, of course, but from the telephone office Dwight might have called some garage in Nashville, or even in Chattanooga, which was nearer. Instead, he had had to tell Dad Parker what was needed and let Henry attend to it. Henry did attend to it, and very promptly. The parts arrived in the mail just two days later. When the Judge returned from the village post office that morning, he handed Dwight the two little packages, saying, "Well, Herr Professor, here are your 'foreign parts.' " Everybody had laughed—even Kitty, for a moment. But Dwight hadn't laughed. He had only stood examining the two little brown packages, which were neatly and securely wrapped, as only an old bachelor could have wrapped them, and addressed to him in Henry's old-fashioned, clerkish-looking longhand.

At the foot of the porch steps, Dwight was listening hopefully for the sound of Kitty's footsteps on the stairs inside. He remained there for perhaps two or three minutes, with his eyes fixed in a trancelike gaze upon the mass of broad-leaved forget-me-nots. (They

were forget-me-nots, he had decided.) Presently he saw out of the corner of his eye, without really looking, that Dad Parker had produced the morning paper from somewhere and was offering him half of it, holding it out toward him without saying a word. At the same moment, out in the rock pump house, the pump's electric motor came on with a wheeze and a whine. Someone had flushed the toilet upstairs. It was the first flush since Dwight came downstairs, and so he knew that Kitty and the children would not be along for some minutes yet. There would have to be one more flush.

As he went up to the porch to receive a section of the paper, the pump continued to run, making a noise like a muffled siren. That was its *good* sound. It *wasn't* thumping, which was its bad sound and meant trouble. Probably the low ebb in understanding between Kitty and her mother this summer had been during the second dry spell in July. Kitty had come to the Mountain with the intention of relieving her mother of the laundry, as well as of all cooking and dishwashing. Those were the things that Mother Parker had hated about the Mountain when Kitty was growing up. She had missed her good colored servants in Nashville and couldn't stand the mountain "help" that was available. But it seemed that Kitty didn't understand how to operate her mother's new washing machine economically—with reference to water, that is. During that dry spell, Mother Parker took to hiding the table linen and bedsheets, and the old lady would rise in the morning before Kitty did, and run them through the washer herself. No real water crisis ever developed, but, realizing that Dad Parker would be helpless to deal with it if it did, Dwight got hold of the old manual that had come with the pump, when it was installed a dozen years before, and believed that he understood how to prime it, or even to "pull the pipe" in an emergency. Having learned from the manual that every flush of the toilet used five gallons of water, he estimated that during a dry spell it wasn't safe to flush it more than three times in one day. And as a result of this knowledge it became necessary for him to put a padlock on the bathroom door so as to prevent Dwight, Jr., aged four, from sneaking upstairs and flushing the toilet just for kicks.

It seemed that the pump, like everybody else, was trying to make only its polite noises this morning. But just as Dwight was accepting his half of the newspaper, the pump gave one ominous, threatening thump. Dwight went tense all over. There had been no rain for nearly three weeks. There might yet be a crisis with the pump. In such case, brother Henry would be no more help than Dad Parker. It could, conceivably, delay Dwight's departure a whole day. If that happened, it might entail his pretending to get off a telegram to the chairman of his department. Moreover, he would have to do this before the eyes of brother Henry, in whom Kitty, in a weak moment, had confided the desperate measure they had taken to bring the summer visit to an end. It was Henry, lurking there in the shadows, that really depressed him. It seemed to him that Henry had come up for weekends this summer just to lurk in the shadows. Had he joined in one single game of croquet? He had not. And each time Dwight produced his miniature chess set, Henry had made excuses and put him off.

Dwight looked into Dad Parker's eyes to see if the thump had registered with him. But of course it *hadn't* registered. And when the motor went off peacefully, and when everything was all right again, that of course didn't

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And now our dream of heaven is
Two Penthouse Pools marked "HERS" and "HIS."

Not writing jingles is a hard
Requirement for a seasoned bard,
So please forgive me if I send
A couple as a dividend:

"The pool for Wheaties champs to lave in
When they are full of riboflavin!"

"The poolskin pool of Neverwiltskin,
Smoother than common rumpelstiltskin!"

Believe me, Esther, if the rule
Allowing us a single pool
Is not unalterably final,
My passion will endure like vinyl.

I hope you will excuse my candor;
You are my Hero.
Love,
Leander.

—W. W. WATT

• •

"We're terribly proud of our little town. I defy you to spot the A. & P."

• •

register, either. To Dwight's searching look Dad Parker responded merely by knitting his shaggy brows and putting one hand up to his polka-dot bow tie to make out if anything was wrong there. Everything was fine with the Judge's tie, as it always was. He gave Dwight a baffled, pitying glance and then disappeared behind his half of the morning paper.

II. THE GARDEN HOUSE

DWIGHT sat down on a little cane-bottomed chair and tilted it on its back legs. He opened his half of the paper. His was the second section, with the sports and the funnies. He had learned early in the summer to pretend he preferred to read that section first. Dad Parker had been delighted with this, naturally, but even so he hadn't been able to conceal his astonishment—to put it mildly—that a grown man could have such a preference. To the Judge it seemed the duty of all educated, responsible gentlemen to read the national and international news before breakfast every morning. He liked to have something important—and controversial, if possible—for the talk at the breakfast table.

Dwight, tilting back in his chair and hiding behind his paper, was listening for the pump to come on again. He felt positively panicky at the prospect of staying another day, or half day. One more flush of the toilet and he would be free. To think that five gallons of water *might* stand between him and his return to his own way of life! He found that he could not concentrate on the baseball scores, and he didn't even try to read "Pogo." Then, at last, the pump did come on, and it was all right. And again it went off with a single thump, which, as a matter of fact, it nearly always went off with.

Dwight sat wondering at his own keyed-up foolishness, but still he found it irksome that Dad Parker could sit over there calmly reading the paper, unaware even that there was such a thing as an electric pump on the place. It seemed that once the pump had been installed, the Judge had deafened his ears to it and put it forever out of his mind. This was just the way he had behaved during the worst dry spell. But Dwight understood fully why no water shortage could ever be a problem for Dad Parker. To begin with, he watered his flowers only with rain water that he brought in a bucket from the old cistern—water that was no longer considered safe for drinking. And Dad Parker, personally, still used the garden house.

The garden house! Dwight was alarmed again. The garden house? Was there any reason for the thought of it to disturb him? There must be. His subconscious mind had sent up a warning. The garden house was connected with some imminent threat to his well-being, possibly even to his departure this morning. Quickly, he began trying to trace it down, forming a mental image of the edifice itself, which was located a hundred yards to the east of the cottage, along the ridge of the Mountain. This structure was, without question, the sturdiest and most imposing on the Parkers' summer property. "Large, light and airy, it is most com-

"Nehru hasn't got around to his basic problem, which is the establishment of an executive class."

• •

modious"—that was how Dad Parker had described the building to Dwight when he and Kitty were first married and before Dwight had yet seen the family's summer place. And Dwight had never since heard him speak of the building except in similar lyrical terms. Like the pump house, it was built of native rock, quarried on the mountainside just three or four miles away; but it had been built a half century back, when masonry work done on the Mountain was of a good deal higher order than it was nowadays. Family tradition had it that one spring soon after Kitty's grandfather had had their cottage built, the men of a local mountain family had constructed the garden house for the grandfather free of charge and entirely on their own initiative. It was standing there to surprise "the Old Judge," as the grandfather was still remembered and spoken of locally, when he and the family came up to the Mountain that July. The Old Judge had not actually been a judge at all, but an unusually influential and a tolerably rich lawyer, at Nashville, and he had befriended this mountain family sometime previous by representing them in a court action brought against one of their number for disturbing the peace. They had repaid him by constructing a garden house that was unique in the whole region. Its spacious interior was lighted by rows of transom windows, set high in three of the four walls. Below these windows, at comfortable intervals, were accommodations for eight persons, and underneath was a seemingly bottomless pit. Best of all, the building was so situated that when the door was not closed, its open doorway commanded a view of the valley that was unmatched anywhere on the Mountain. . . . It was there that Dad Parker usually went to read the first section of the paper, before breakfast every morning. And frequently he read the second section there, after breakfast. Suddenly a bell rang in Dwight's conscious mind, and the message came through. Dad Parker had, this morning, already read the first section of the paper once! From the east dormer window, half an hour before, Dwight had seen him returning from the garden house, paper in hand. It was extremely odd, to say the least, for him to sit there poring over the news a second time. Usually, when he had read the paper once, he knew it by heart and never needed to glance at it again—not even to prove a point in an argument. What was he up to? First he had hidden behind the banisters, now behind the paper.

Involuntarily, almost, Dwight tilted his chair still farther back, to get a look at Dad Parker's face. The chair creaked under his weight. Remembering he had already broken one of these chairs this summer, he quickly brought it back to all fours. Another broken chair might somehow delay their getting off! The chair wasn't damaged this time, but the glimpse Dwight had had of Dad Parker left him stunned. The old gentleman's face was as red as a beet, and he was reading something in the paper, something that made his eyes, normally set deep in their sockets, seem about to pop out of his head.

By the time the front legs of

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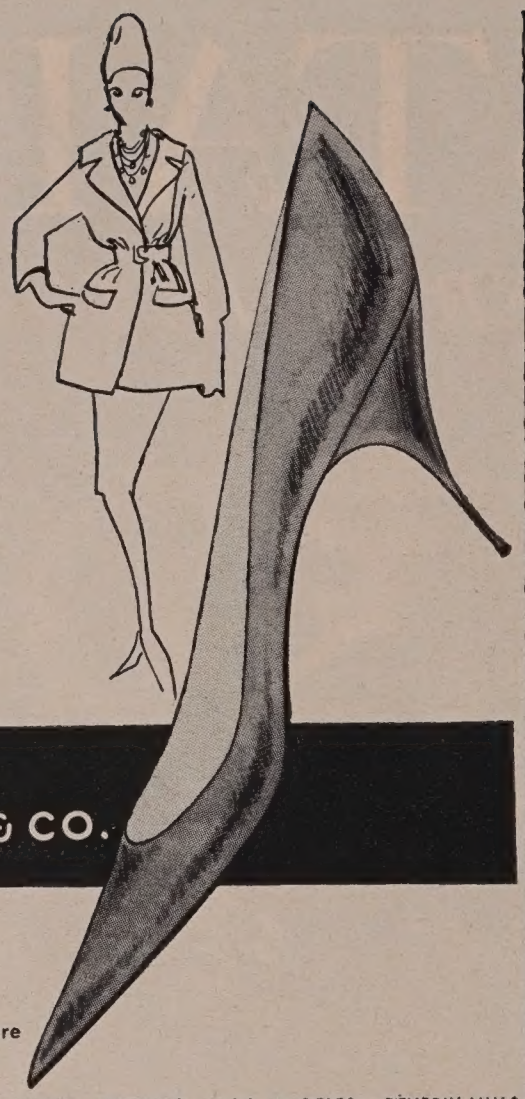

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Dwight's chair hit the floor, the Judge had already closed the paper and begun folding it. As he tucked it safely under his arm, he looked at Dwight and gave him a grin that was clearly sheepish—guilty, even.

But deep in the old man's eyes was a look of firm resolve. A resolve, Dwight felt certain, that *he*, Dwight, should not under any circumstances see the front section of the paper before setting off this morning. Dwight couldn't imagine what the article might be. He had but one clue. He had observed, without thinking about it, that the Judge had had the paper open to the inside of the last page. That was where society news was printed, and it was one page that the Judge seldom read. Dwight realized now that Dad Parker had given him the second section as a kind of peace offering. And while going through the first section again he had stumbled on something awful.

From inside the cottage there came the sound of Kitty's and the children's footsteps on the stairs.

III. AN OLD BACHELOR BROTHER

Henry Parker, just inside the screen door, heard Kitty and her children start downstairs. He pushed the door open and went out on the porch. Through the screen he had been watching his father and his brother-in-law, hiding from each other behind their papers. He believed he knew precisely what thoughts were troubling the two men. He had refrained from joining them because ever since he arrived from Nashville last night he had sensed that his own presence only aggravated their present suffering. Each of them was suffering from an acute awareness that he was practicing a stupid deception upon the other, as well as from a fear that he might be discovered. His brother-in-law was leaving the Mountain under the pretense that he had been called back to his university. The Judge was concealing the fact that there was a party of house guests expected to arrive from Nashville this very day—almost as soon as the Clarks were out of the house—and that an elaborate garden party was planned for Monday, which would be Labor Day. Each man knew that Henry knew about his deception, and each wished, with Henry, that Henry could have stayed on in Nashville this one weekend. Henry couldn't stay in Nashville, however—for good and sufficient reasons—and just now he couldn't remain inside the screen door any longer. Kitty was on

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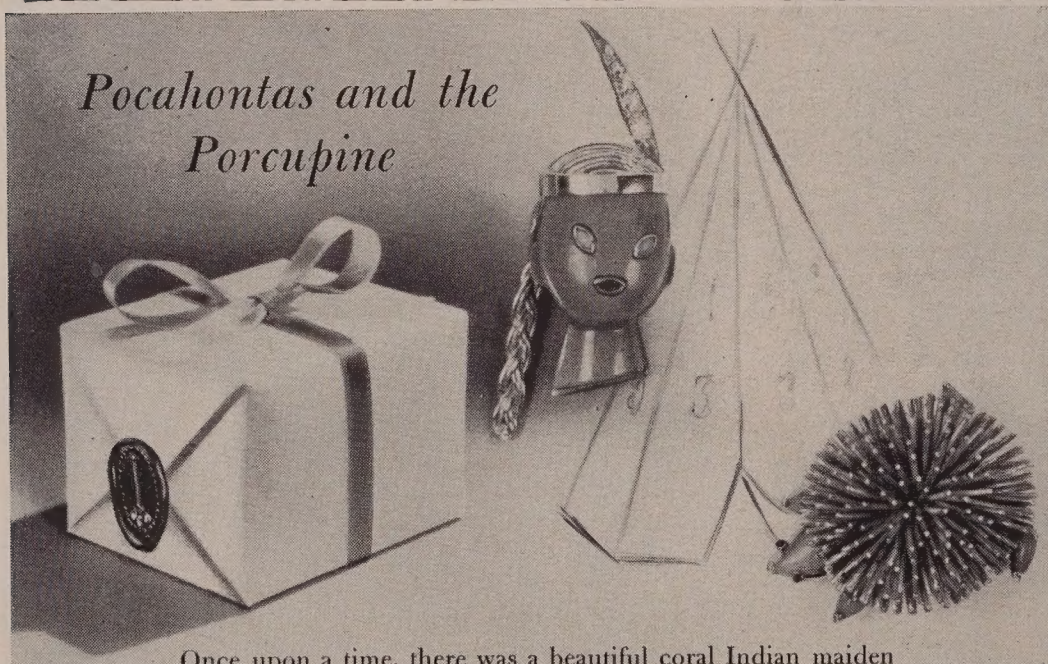
Pocahontas and the Porcupine



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the stairs, and his mother was coming up the hall from the kitchen. His lingering there would be interpreted by them as peculiar.

Just as Henry made his appearance on the porch, Dwight and the Judge came to their feet. They, too, had heard the footsteps of the women and children. It was time for breakfast. Henry walked over to his father and said casually, "Wonder if I could have a glance at the paper?" The Judge glared at him as though his simple request were a personal insult.

"The paper," Henry repeated, reaching out a hand toward the newspaper, which the Judge now clutched under his upper arm. The Judge continued to glare, and Henry continued to hold out his hand. Henry's hands were of the same graceful and manly proportions as his father's, but, unlike the Judge, he didn't "use" his hands and make them "speak." He also had his father's same deep-set eyes, and the same high forehead—even higher, since his hair, unlike his father's, was beginning to recede. He glared back at his father, half in fun, supposing the refusal to be some kind of joke. Finally, he took hold of the paper and tried to pull it free. But the Judge held on.

"May I just glance at the headlines?" Henry said sharply, dropping his hand.

"No, you may not," said the Judge. "We are all going in to breakfast now."

Dwight stepped forward, smiling, and silently offered his section of the paper to Henry. Henry accepted it, but his heart sank when he looked into Dwight's face. Dwight's face, this morning, was the face of an appeaser. Only now did Henry realize that both men imagined he might, out of malice or stupidity, spill their beans at the breakfast table. The Judge, it seemed, meant to bluff and badger him into silence; Dwight intended to appease him.

Henry took the paper over to the edge of the porch, leaned against the banister, and lit a cigarette. His mother and sister were standing together in the doorway now, and his father had set out in their direction.

"Breakfast, everybody," said his mother. By "everybody," he knew, she meant him, because he was the only one who had ignored her appearance there. He glanced up from the paper, smiled at her and nodded, then returned his eyes to the paper, which he held carelessly on his knee.

"Henry has taken a notion to read the newspaper at this point," he heard his

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father say just before he marched inside the cottage.

His brother-in-law lingered a moment. There seemed to be something Dwight wanted to say to Henry. But Henry didn't look up; he couldn't bear to. Dwight moved off toward the doorway without speaking.

"Don't be difficult, Henry," his sister Kitty said cheerfully. Then she and her mother went inside, with Dwight following them.

Henry heard them go back through the cottage to the screened porch in the rear. He knew he would have to join them there presently. He supposed that, whether they knew it or not, they needed him. They were so weary of their own differences that any addition to their company would be welcome, even someone who knew too much.

And how much too much *he* knew!—about them, about himself, about everybody. That was the trouble with him, of course. *He* could have told them beforehand how this summer would turn out. But they had known, really, how it would turn out, and had gone ahead with it anyway; and that was the difference between him and them, and that was the story of his bachelorhood, the story of his life. He flicked his cigarette out onto the lawn and folded the paper neatly over the banister. No, it wasn't quite so simple as that, he thought—the real difference, the real story wasn't. But he had learned to think of himself sometimes as others thought of him, and to play the role he was assigned. It was an easy way to avoid thinking of how things really were with him. Here he was, so it appeared, an old-fashioned old bachelor son, without any other life of his own, pouting because his father had been rude to him on the veranda of their summer cottage on a bright September morning. Henry Parker was a man capable even of thinking inside this role assigned him, and not, for the time being, as a man whose other life was so much more real and so much more complicated that there were certain moments in his summer weekends at this familiar cottage when he had to remind himself who these people about him were. For thirteen years, "life" to him had meant his life with Nora McLarnen, his love affair with a woman tied to another man through her children, tied to a husband who, like her, was a Roman Catholic and who, though they had been separated all those years, would not give her a divorce except on the most humiliating terms. Henry had learned how to think, on certain occa-

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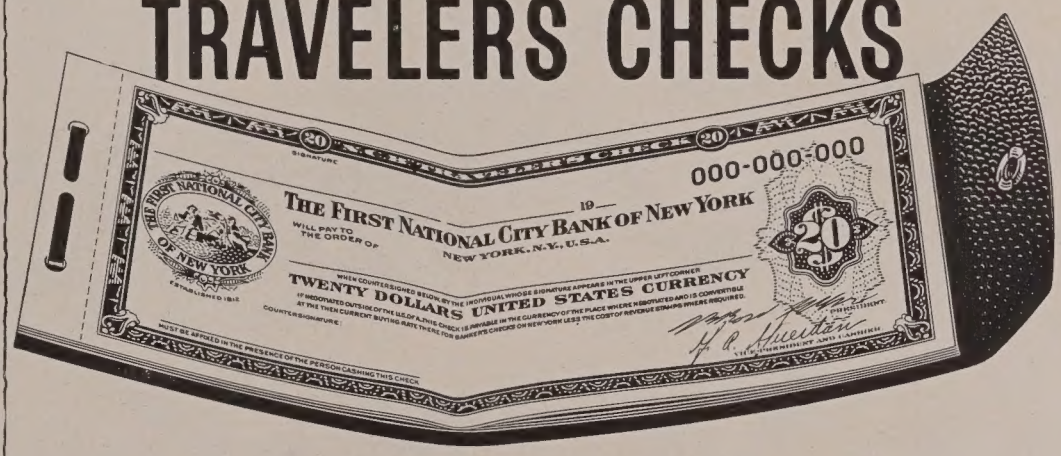

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sions with the family, as the fond old bachelor son. And he knew that presently he, the old bachelor, must get over his peeve and begin to have generous thoughts again about his father, and about the others, too.

It *had* been a wretched summer for all four of them, and they had got into the mess merely because they wanted to keep up the family ties. His mother was to be pitied most. His mother had finally arranged her summers at the cottage so that they were not all drudgery for her, the way they used to be when she had two small children, or even two big children, in the days when their cottage was not even wired for electricity and when, of course, she had no electric stove or refrigerator or washing machine and dryer. But in making their plans for this visit Dwight and Kitty had completely failed to understand this. Kitty had moved in and taken over where no taking over was needed. Not only that. Because Dwight had to do his writing—for ten years now they had been hearing about that book of his—and because Dwight and Kitty so disdained the social life that Mother and Dad had with the other summer residents, she had forgone almost all summer social life. Henry had it from his mother that the party on Monday was supposed to make it up to Dad's and her friends for their peculiar behavior this summer, and was not really intended as a celebration of their daughter's departure. To have concealed their plans was silly of them, but Mother had been afraid of how it might sound to Dwight and Kitty.

Kitty had to be a sympathetic figure, too, in the old bachelor's eyes. Kitty had written her mother beforehand that they would come to the Mountain only if she could be allowed to take over the housekeeping. Yet her mother had "frustrated" her at every turn. She wouldn't keep out of the kitchen, she wouldn't let Kitty do the washing. Further, Henry agreed with his sister that the cottage had suffered at their mother's hands, that it had none of the charm it had had when they were growing up. It was no longer a summer place, properly speaking. It was Nashville moved to the Mountain. There was no longer the lighting of kerosene lamps at twilight, no more chopping of wood for the stove, no more fetching of water from the cistern. The interior of the house had been utterly transformed. Rugs covered the floors everywhere—the splintery pine floors that Mother so deplored. The iron bedsteads had disappeared from the bedrooms; the liv-

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off. Perhaps it had been put there recently, or it might have been there for years. Some sort of black paint, or perhaps tar, had been used. And it was placed so high on the cement casement and was so crudely lettered that the author must have leaned over from above to do his work. Somehow, as he drove on through the tunnel, Henry had felt tempted to turn around at the other end and go back and read the inscription again, to make sure he had read it correctly. He hadn't turned around, of course, but during the eighty-mile drive to the Mountain the words had kept coming back to him. He thought of the trouble and time the author had taken to place his question there. He supposed the author's intention was obscene, that the question referred to fornication. And he had the vague feeling now that the question had turned up in his dreams last night; but he was seldom able to remember his dreams very distinctly. At any rate, the meaning of the question for him seemed very clear when it came back to him now, and it did not refer to fornication. The answer seemed clear, too: *He* had not had *his*. He had not had his what? Why, he had not had his Certainty. That was what the two men had. Neither of the two seemed ideally suited to the variety of it he had got; each of them, early in life, had merely begun acquiring whatever brand of Certainty was most available; and, apparently, if you didn't take that, you took none at all. Professor Dwight Clark was forever depending upon manuals and instruction books. (He even had an instruction book for his little Ford, and with the aid of it could install a new generator.) And Professor Clark had to keep going back to Europe, had literally to see every inch of it in order to believe in it enough to teach his history classes and do his writing. And the Judge's garden, while it contained only flowers and combinations of flowers that might have been found in any ante-bellum garden, was so symmetrically, so regularly laid out and so precisely and meticulously cared for that you felt the gardener must surely be some sweet-natured Frankenstein monster. And the decisions that the Judge handed down from the Bench were famous for their regard for the letter of the law. Lawyers seldom referred to him as "Judge Parker." By his friends he was spoken of as "Mr. Law." Amongst his enemies he was known as "Solomon's Baby." . . . But what was Henry Parker known as? Well, he wasn't much known. He was assistant to the registrar

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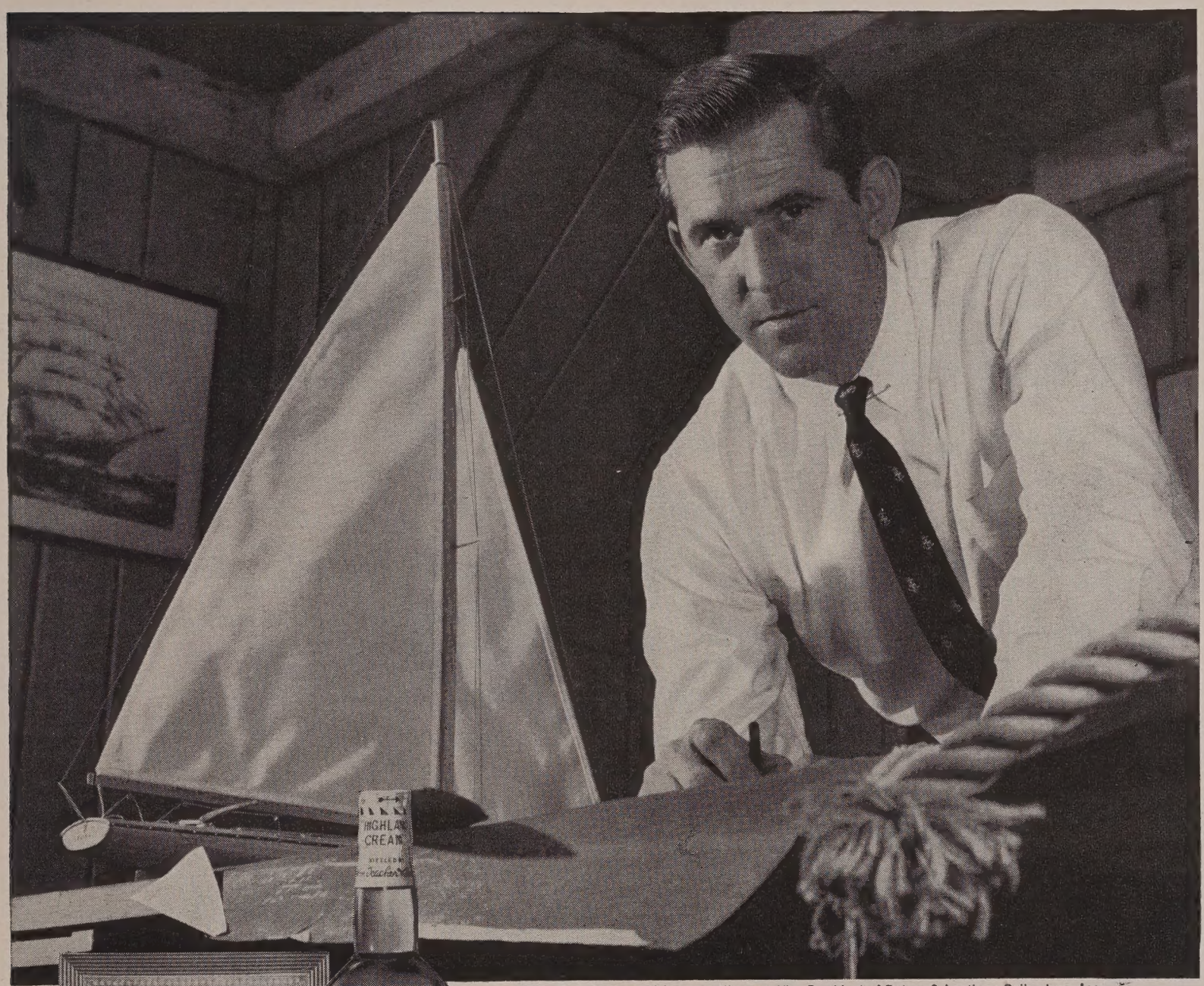

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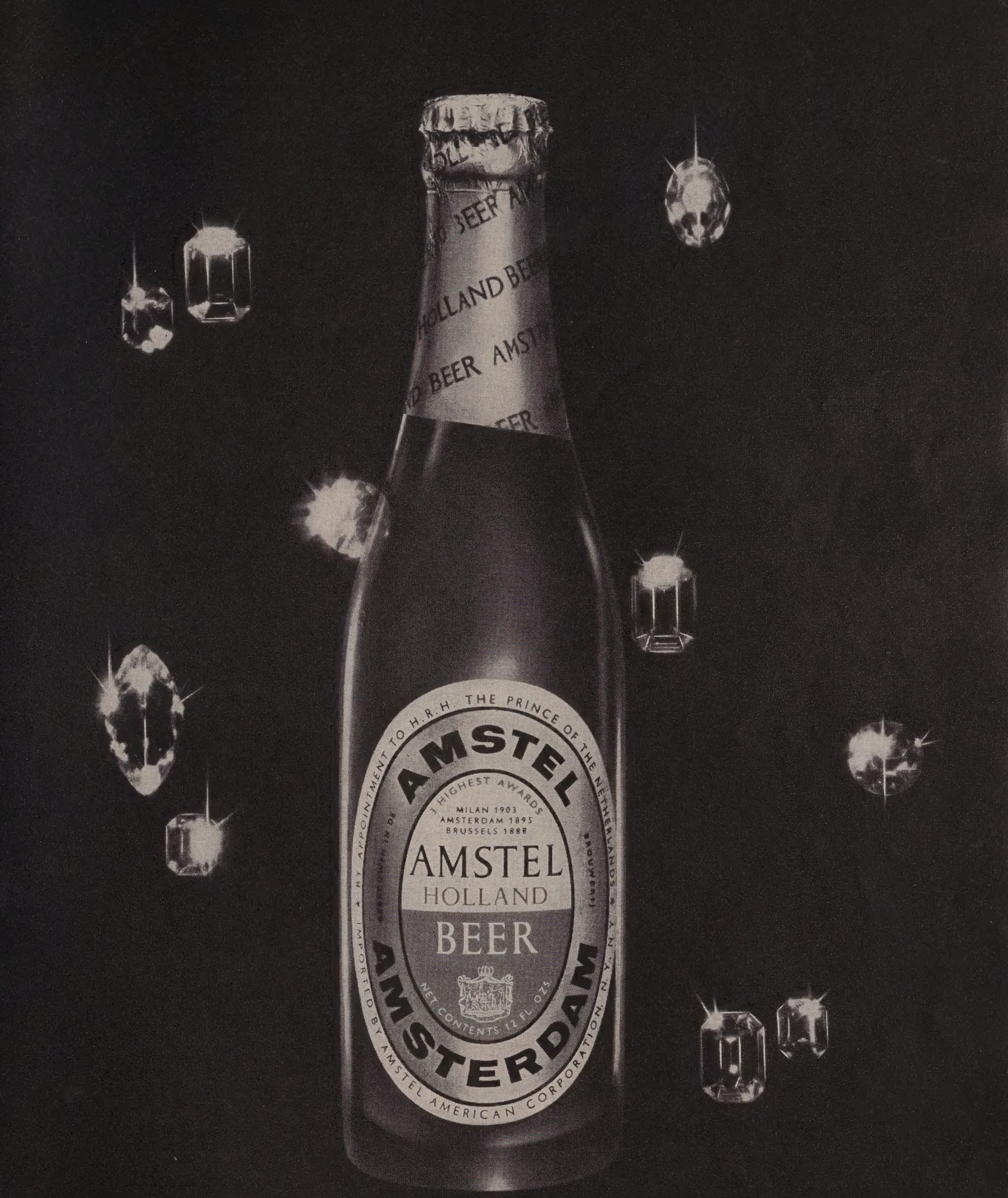
of deeds. He was Judge Parker's son; he was a Democrat, more or less. At the courthouse he was thought awfully well informed—about county government, for one thing. People came to him for information, and took it away with them, thinking it was something Henry Parker would never find any use for. He had passed a variety of civil-service examinations with the highest rating on record, but he had taken the examinations only to see what they were like and what was in them. He did his quiet, pleasant work in his comfortable office on the second floor of the courthouse. The building was well heated in the winter and cool in the summer. Two doors down the corridor from him, Nora McLarnen was usually at her typewriter in the license bureau. Their summers, his and Nora's, were all that made life tolerable. With *his* parents at the Mountain, and *her* two sons away at camp, they could go around together with no worry about embarrassing anyone that mattered to them. Their future was a question, a problem they had always vaguely hoped would somehow solve itself. That is, until this summer.

During past summers, Henry had come to the Mountain on weekends for the sake of his parents, or for the sake of making sure his mother had no reason to come down to Nashville on an errand or to see about him. But this summer he had come mostly for Nora's sake. Her older boy was now sixteen and had not wanted to go to camp. He had been at home, with a job as lifeguard at one of the public swimming pools. Nora had wanted to devote her weekends to Jimmy. And by now, of course, the younger boy had returned from camp. For Labor Day, Nora had agreed to attend a picnic with the boys and their father—a picnic given by the insurance company for which John McLarnen was a salesman. All summer it had been on Nora's mind that the boys' growing up was going to change things. In the years just ahead they would need her perhaps more than before, and they would become sensitive to her relationship with Henry. She was thinking of quitting her job, she was thinking of letting her husband support her again, she was wondering if she mightn't yet manage to forgive John McLarnen's unfaithfulness to her when she was the mother of two small children, if she hadn't as a younger woman been too intolerant of his coarse nature. She would not, of course, go back to her husband without Henry's consent. But with his consent Henry felt now pretty



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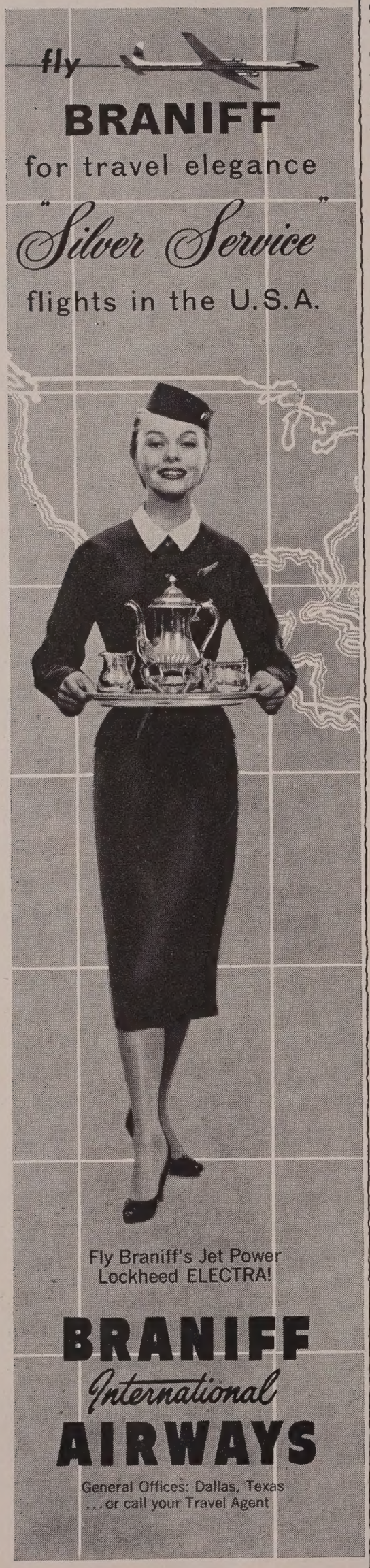

certain that she would go back to him. They had discussed the possibility several times, very rationally and objectively. They had not quarrelled about it, but they seemed to have quarrelled about almost everything else this summer. He thought he saw what was ahead.

He was so absorbed in his thoughts as he went down the hall that when he passed the open door to his parents' bedroom he at first gave no thought to the glimpse he had of his father in there. It was only when he was well past the door that he stopped dead still, realizing that his father was on his knees beside the bed. He was not praying, either. He was stuffing something under the mattress. And Henry did not have to look again to know that it was the newspaper he was hiding. He hurried on back to the screened porch, and, somehow, the sight of Dwight, bent over his grapefruit, wearing his travelling clothes—his dacron suit, his nylon tie, his wash-and-wear shirt—told Henry what it was the Judge had to conceal. There would be an article on the society page—something chatty in a column, probably—about those two couples who were driving up to visit the Nathan Parkers, and even a mention of the garden party on Monday.

IV. THE APPLES OF ACCORD

KITTY was determined that the two children should eat a good breakfast this morning, and she saw to it that they did. Mrs. Parker, who had insisted upon preparing and serving breakfast unassisted, was "up and down" all through the meal. The two women were kept so busy—or kept themselves so busy—that they seemed for the most part unmindful of the men. They took no notice of how long the Judge delayed coming to the table, or even that Henry actually appeared before his father did. When everybody had finished his grapefruit, and the men began making conversation amongst themselves, the two wives seemed even not to notice the extraordinarily amiable tone of their husbands' voices or the agreeable nature of their every remark. The only sign Kitty gave of following the conversation was to give a bemused smile or to nod her dark head sometimes when Dwight expressed agreement with her father. And sometimes when the Judge responded favorably to an opinion of Dwight's, Mrs. Parker would lift her eyebrows and tilt her head gracefully, as though listening to distant music.

Henry's first impression was that

there had not, after all, been a crying need for his presence. His father and his brother-in-law, who a few minutes before had been hiding behind their papers to avoid talking to each other, were now bent upon keeping up a lively and friendly exchange. The Judge was seated at his end of the table, with Henry at his left and with Dwight on the other side of Henry at Mrs. Parker's right. Across the table from Henry and Dwight, Kitty sat between the two children.

The first topic, introduced by Dwight, was that of the routing to be followed on his trip. Dwight thought it best to go over to Nashville and then up through Louisville.

"You're absolutely right, Professor," the Judge agreed. "When heading for the Midwest, there is no avoiding Kentucky. But keep *off* Kentucky's back roads!"

Henry joined in, suggesting that the Knoxville-Middleboro-Lexington route was "not too bad" nowadays.

"I find the mountain driving more tiring," Dwight said politely, thus disposing of Henry's suggestion.

"And, incidentally, it is exactly a hundred and fifty miles out of your way to go by Knoxville and Middleboro," the Judge added, addressing Dwight.

Then, rather quickly, Dwight launched into a description of a rainstorm he had been caught in near Middleboro once. When he had finished, the Judge said he supposed there was nothing like being caught in a downpour in the mountains.

But the mention of Knoxville reminded the Judge of something he had come across in the morning paper, and his amnesia with regard to his hogging and hiding the first section was so thoroughgoing that he didn't hesitate to speak of what he had read. "There's an editorial today on that agitator up in East Tennessee," he said. "Looks as though they've finally settled his hash, thank God."

"I'm certainly glad," said Dwight. It was the case of the Yankee segregationist who had stirred up so much trouble. Dwight and the Judge by no means saw eye to eye on segregation, but here was one development in that controversy that they could agree on. "That judge at Knoxville has shown considerable courage," Dwight said.

"I suppose so. Yes, it's taken courage," said Judge Parker, grudgingly, yet pleased, as always, to hear any favorable comment on the judiciary. "But

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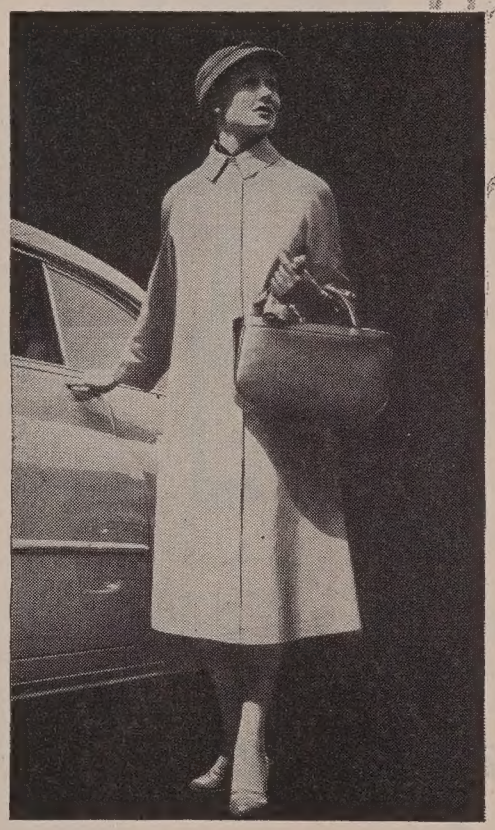

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it is the law of the land. I don't see he had any alternative."

Henry opened his mouth, intending to say that the judge in question was known to be a man of principle, and if it had gone against his principle, Henry was sure that he would have . . . But he wasn't allowed to finish his thought, even, much less put it into words and speak it.

"Still and all, still and all," his father began again, in the way he had of beginning a sentence before he knew what he was going to say. "Still and all, he's a good man and knows the law. He was a Democrat, you know." His use of "was" indicated only that it was a federal judge they were referring to, and that he was therefore as good as dead—politically, of course.

"No, I didn't know he was a Democrat," Dwight said, hugely gratified.

Here was another topic, indeed. Dwight and the Judge were both Democrats, and it didn't matter at the moment that they belonged to different wings of the party. But Dwight postponed for a little the felicity they would enjoy in that area. He had thought of something else that mustn't be passed up. "I understand," he said, pushing the last of his bacon into his mouth and chewing on it rather playfully, "I understand, Judge, that the Catholics have gotten the jump on everybody in Nashville."

The Judge closed his eyes, then opened them wide, suppressing a smile—or pretending to. "They've integrated, you mean?"

The machinations of the Catholic Church was a subject they never failed to agree on. "Not only in Nashville," Dwight said. "Everywhere."

"Very altruistic," said the Judge.

"Ah, yes. Very."

"If the *other* political parties were as much on their toes as that one, politics in this country would still be interesting."

Henry felt annoyed by this line they always took about the Catholic Church. Perhaps *he* should become a Catholic. That would give him his Certainty, all right. He grimaced inwardly, thinking of the suffering Nora's being a Catholic had brought the two of them. He realized that he resented the slur on the Church merely because the Church was something he associated with Nora. Silly as it seemed, Nora still came in the category of "Nashville Catholics." She was still a communicant, he supposed, and yet this proved that you could be a Catholic without developing the Certainty he had in mind. . . . But he didn't try to con-

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Mrs. Parker blushed. She had thought things were going so well between the two men! How could *she* help them understand each other?

"Is the question of the basket of fruit really so important?" the Judge clarified.

Mrs. Parker tried to laugh. Kitty rallied to her support. "It's pretty important," she said good-naturedly.

Henry hated seeing his mother em-

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On Campu

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys", "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", etc.)

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We wept then. I'm not ashamed to say it. WE WEPT! I wish the wiseacres who say big business is cold and heartless could have been there that day. I wish they could have seen the great, shimmering tears that splashed on the board room table. We wept, every man jack of us. The makers wept—the secretaries wept—I wept—my agent, Clyde Greedy, wept. We wept all.

"No, no!" cried the makers. "We insist on paying you."

"Oh, very well," I said, and the gloom passed like a summer shower. We laughed and we lit Philip Morrises and Marlboros—and some of us lit Alpines—which is a brand-new cigarette from the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro—a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised. And if you are one who likes a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised, you would do well to ask for new king-size Alpines. If, on the other hand, you do not like menthol but do like better makin's and a filter that does what it's built for, ask for Marlboro. Or, if you don't like filters at all, but only mildness, ask for Philip Morris. Any way you play it, you're a winner.

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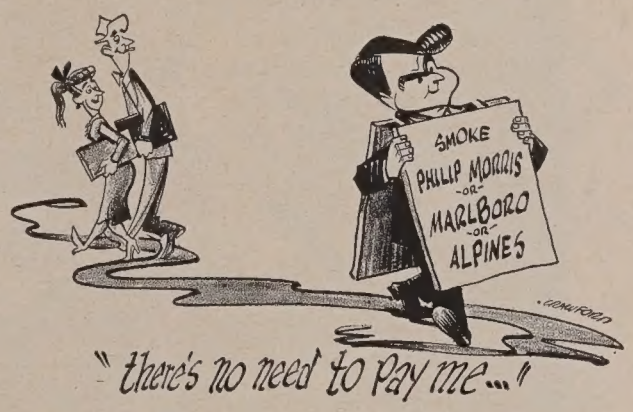

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And we all shook hands—silently, firmly, manlily. And I left, dabbing my eyes, with my agent, and hurried to the nearest typewriter.

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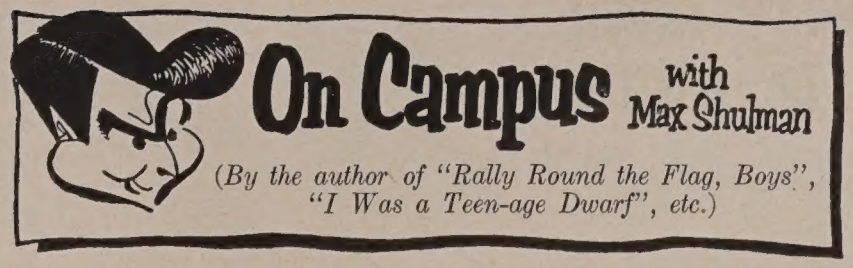

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barrassed. "I imagine it's as important as any other subject," he said.

The Judge's eyes blazed. He let his mouth fall open. "Can you please tell me in what sense it is as important as any *other* subject?"

Dwight Clark laughed aloud. Then he looked at Henry and said, unsmiling, "Politics is mere child's play, eh, Henry?" And, tossing his rumpled napkin beside his plate, he said, "Oh, well, we must get going."

"No," said the Judge. "Wait. I want to hear Henry's answer to my question."

"I do, too," said Dwight, and he snatched his napkin from the table again as if to prove it.

"We're waiting," said the Judge.

"At least theirs is a question that *can* be settled," Henry said, lamely.

"Oh," Dwight rejoined in his most ringing professorial voice, "since we can't, as individuals, settle the problems of the world, we'd best turn ostrich and bury our heads in the sand."

"That won't do, Henry," said Judge Parker. "We're still waiting."

So they *had* needed him, after all, Henry reflected. A common enemy was better than a peacemaker. He understood now that his own meek and mild behavior on the front porch had assured both men that he was not going to spill their beans. And in their eyes, now, he saw that they somehow hated him for it. But, he wondered, why had they thought he might do it, to begin with? Why in the world *should* he? Because he was an old bachelor with no life of his own? He knew that both the men, and the women, too, were bound to have known for years about his love affair with Nora McLarnen. But to themselves, of course, they lied willingly about such a large and unpleasant domestic matter. . . . He was an old bachelor without any life of his own! Oh, God, he thought, the realization sweeping over him suddenly that that's how it really would be soon, when he told Nora that she had his consent to go back to John McLarnen. He thought of his office in the courthouse and how it would seem when Nora was no longer behind her typewriter down the corridor. And he realized that the rest of his life with her, the part that had been supposed to mean the most, didn't matter to him at all. He couldn't remember that it *once* had mattered, that *once* the summer nights, when his parents and her children didn't have to be considered, had been all that mattered to him. He couldn't, because the time had come when he couldn't afford to

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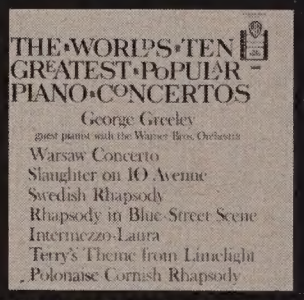

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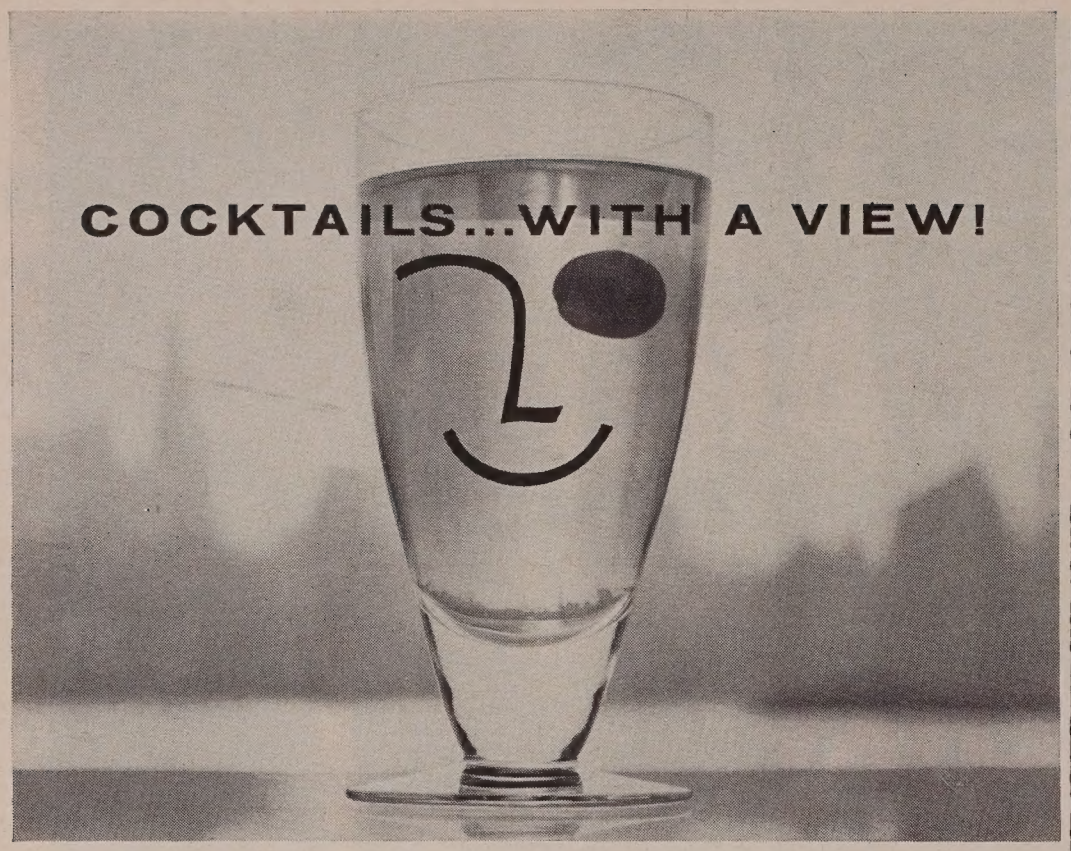

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remember it. All along, then, they had been right about him. All his hesitations and discriminations about what one could and could not do with one's life had been mere weakness. What else could it be? He was a bloodless old bachelor. It seemed that all his adult life the blood had been slowly draining out of him, and now the last drop was drained. John McLarnen, who could sell a quarter of a million dollars' worth of life insurance in one year, and whose wife could damned well take him or leave him as he was, was the better man.

While Dwight and the Judge waited for him to speak up, Henry sat with a vague smile on his lips, staring at the basket of fruit, which was placed on a little cherry washstand at the far end of the porch. He saw the two children, Susie and her little brother, slip out of their chairs and go over to the washstand. He heard his sister tell them not to finger the fruit. Suddenly he imagined he was seeing the fruit, the peaches and apples and pears, through little Dwight's eyes. How very real it looked.

"The basket of fruit," he said at last, "is a petty, ignoble, womanish consideration. And we men must not waste our minds on such." Intuitively, he had chosen the thing to say that would give them their golden opportunity. But before either of the men could speak, he heard his mother say, "Now, Henry," in an exasperated tone, and under her breath.

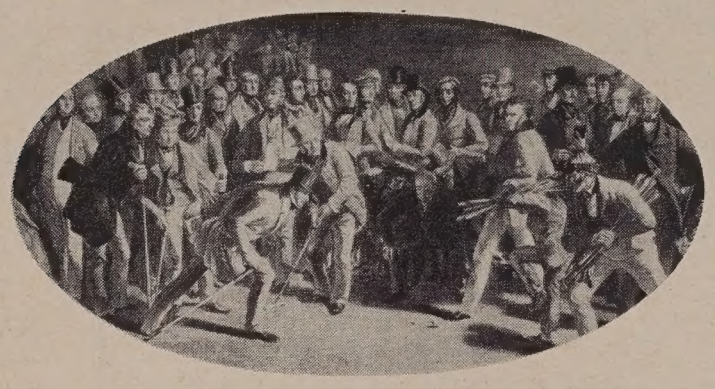
V. THE JUGGLER

JUDGE PARKER rested his two great white hands limply, incredulously on the table. "Henry," he said, "are you attempting to instruct your brother-in-law and me in our domestic relations?" He gazed a moment through the wire screening out into his flower garden. He was thinking that Henry always left himself wide open in an argument. Even Dwight could handle him.

"If that isn't an old bachelor for you," Dwight said, rising from his chair. He wished Henry would wipe the foolish grin off his face. He supposed it was there to hide his disappointment. He had observed Henry, all during the meal, trying to work up some antagonism between his father-in-law and himself—about the roads, about religion, about politics.

The Judge was getting up from the table now, too, but he had more to say. "While we discussed all manner of things that you might be expected to know something about, you maintained

An Irish Whiskey Analysis of Golfing Errors



A CAUTIONARY MESSAGE TO THE TWO PER CENT WHO NEVER CHEAT AT GOLF

[VOL. II № VIII]

Well we [[The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland]] were surprised to read recently that 98% of all golfers cheat a bit one way or another as they flail around to the 19th [[or 10th, depending on the size of the course]] Hole. We had somehow expected the percentage would be higher considering the psychological hazards. They are three in number and we hope it is not too late to save the remaining 2%.

[1] IGNORANCE. It is astonishing how few of us truly know the rules. Ah, we are aware of the bare rudiments but beyond that make up our own childlike regulations as we go. Study, study, study is the only answer.

[2] TEMPTATION. Who is to blame if Mother leaves the crock of biscuits where little Billy can get to them? Do you see it is the same on the links? A furtive glance around, a sudden loss of count, and there you are: out of the sand trap and into the Pit. But in 4 instead of a possible 5 or 6. How to protect ourselves against ourselves? Perhaps Golf Wardens are the answer. And fierce, vigilant dogs to patrol the roughs; but we couldn't expect them to count strokes as accurately as a club-house radar installation. Once apprehended culprits could be pilloried or given committee chairmanships.

[3] THIRST. Many golfers in their eagerness for the golden refreshment awaiting them will not only break into a sort of slow gallop toward the end of the round of play but will tend to be a trifle lax in totalling their scores though it is remarkable how seldom they err on the high side. But how well we understand their impetuosity! For what is more of a spur to have done with dreary paper work than the lure of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey?

Having removed the bunkers from the approach to probity let us proceed to a more rewarding subject. Through the courtesy of the Golfing Union of Ireland we are pleased to offer you a 1959-60 guest card good at all of Ireland's golf courses of which there are so many [[209]] you can play around the country without changing your shoes. Halting only for a burnished, emphatic pick-me-up before trudging joyfully on. It's a golfer's dream.

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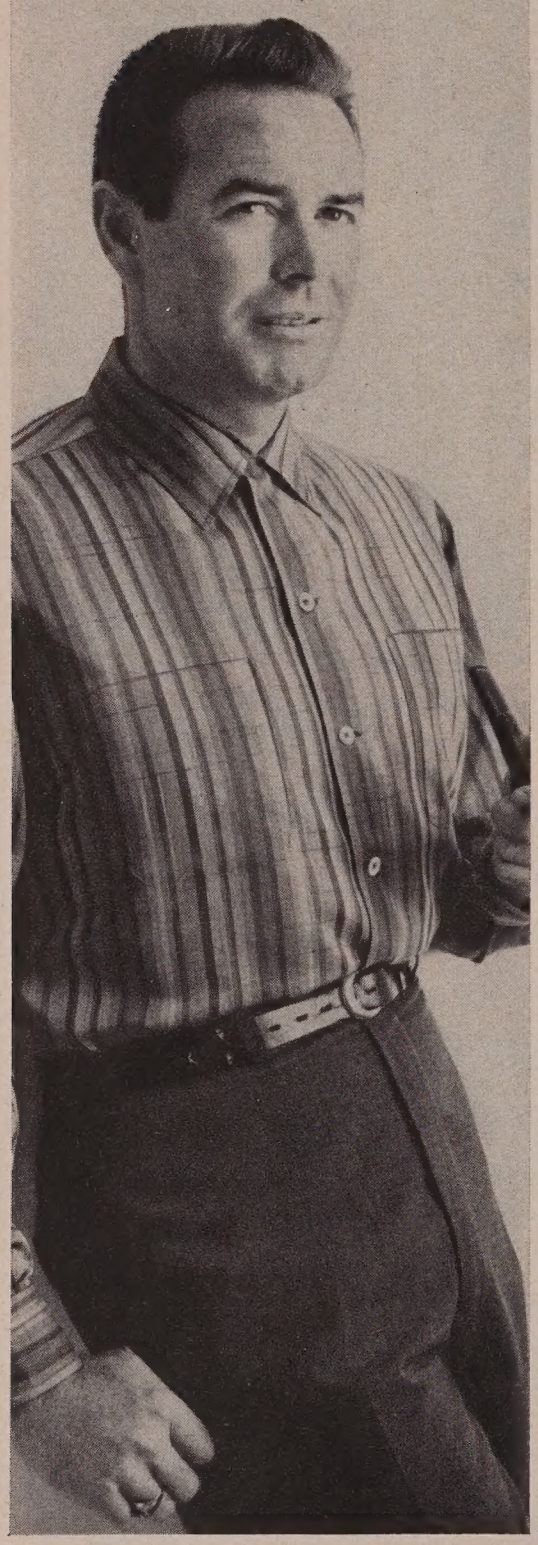

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a profound silence. And then you felt compelled to speak on a subject of which you are profoundly ignorant."

" 'Our universities are riddled with them,' " Dwight said, savoring his joke, feeling that nobody else but Kitty would get it. "Old bachelors who will tell you how you can live on university pay and how to raise your children. I know one, even, who teaches a marriage course."

"*You* might try that, Henry," said the Judge. And then he said, "We're only joking, you know. No hard feelings?" He had thought, suddenly, of the extra liquor that Henry was supposed to have brought up from Nashville for the party. Then he remembered that Jane had already asked Henry. It was locked in the trunk of his old coupé.

"Henry knows we're kidding," Dwight said.

Kitty was helping her mother clear the table. Mrs. Parker was protesting, saying that she had nothing else to do all day. Presently, she said to Henry, "Henry, would you take the famous basket of fruit out front? I haven't given up." She *hadn't* given up. How really wonderful it was, Henry thought. And Kitty, too. She could so easily have agreed to take the whole basketful along, could so easily have thrown the whole thing out once they got down the Mountain. But it wouldn't have occurred to her.

"Will you gentlemen excuse me?" he said to the two men, smiling at them. And the two men smiled back at him. They felt very good.

WHEN they were all gathered out on the lawn, beside Dwight's car, Kitty looked at her mother and father and said, "It's been a grand summer for us. Just what we needed."

"It's been grand for *us*," Mother Parker said, "though I'm afraid it's spoilt us a good deal. We shouldn't have let you do so much."

"But we hope you'll do it again," Dad Parker said, "whenever you feel up to it."

"I never dreamed I'd get so much done on my book in one summer," said Dwight, really meaning it, but thinking that nobody believed him. He saw that brother Henry was pulling various little trinkets out of his pockets for the children. He had bought them in Nashville, no doubt, and they would be godsends on the trip. Henry knew so well how to please people when he would. He was squatting down between the two children, and he looked up at Dwight to say, "You're lucky to have work you

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"Well, I'm sure it requires great powers of concentration," Mother Parker said. She went on to say that she marvelled at the way Dwight kept at it and that they were all proud of how high he stood in his field. As she spoke, she held herself very straight, and she seemed almost as tall as her husband. She had had Henry set the basket of fruit on an ivy-covered stump nearby. It was there to plead its own cause. She would not mention it again.

At breakfast, the children had been so excited about setting out for home that Kitty had had to force them to eat. In fact, even the night before, their eagerness to be on the way had been so apparent that Dwight had had to take them aside and warn them against hurting their grandparents' feelings. Yet now, at the last minute, they seemed genuinely reluctant to go. They clung to their uncle, saying they didn't see why they couldn't stay on a few days longer and let him enjoy the tiny tractor, the bag of marbles, and the sewing kit with them. It seemed to Dwight that their Uncle Henry had done his best to ignore the children during all his weekends at the Mountain, but now at the last minute he had filled their hands with treasure. And now it was Uncle Henry who was to have their last hugs and to lift little Dwight bodily into the car. When he turned away from the car, with the two children inside it, Henry took Dwight's hand and said, "I'm sorry we never had that chess game. I guess I was afraid you would beat me." It was as if he had seized Dwight and given him the same kind of hug he had given the children. Probably Henry had really wanted to play chess this summer, and probably he had wanted to be affectionate and attentive with the children. But the old bachelor in him had made him hold back. He could not give himself to people, or to anything—not for a whole season.

When finally they had all made their farewell speeches, had kissed and shaken hands and said again what a fine summer it had been, Dwight and Kitty hopped into the little car, and they drove away as quickly as if they had been running into the village on an errand. As they followed the winding driveway down to the public road, Dwight kept glancing at Kitty. He said, "Let's stop in the village and buy a copy of the morning paper."

"Let's not," she said, keeping her eyes straight ahead.

"All right," he said, "let's not." He thought she looked very sad, and he

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felt almost as though he were taking her away from home for the first time. But the next time he glanced at her, she smiled at him in a way that it seemed she hadn't smiled at him in more than two months. He realized that this summer he had come to think of her again as "having" her father's forehead, as "having" her mother's handsome head of hair and high cheekbones, and as "sharing" her brother's almost perfect teeth, which they were said to have inherited from their maternal grandmother's people. But now suddenly her features seemed entirely her own, borrowed from no one, the features of Dwight Clark's wife. He found himself pressing down on the accelerator, though he knew he would have to stop at the entrance to the road.

In the mirror he saw his two children, in the back seat, still waving to their grandparents through the rear window. Presently, Susie said, "Mama, look at Uncle Henry! Do you see what he's *doing*." They had reached the entrance to the road now, and Dwight brought the car to a complete halt. Both he and Kitty looked back. Mother and Dad Parker had already started back into the cottage, but they had stopped on the porch steps and were still waving. Henry was still standing beside the ivy-covered stump where the basket of fruit rested. He had picked up two of the apples and was listlessly juggling them in the air. Dwight asked the children to get out of the way for a moment, and both of them ducked their heads. He wanted to have a good look, to see if Henry was doing it for the children's benefit. . . . Clearly he wasn't. He was staring off into space, in the opposite direction, lost in whatever thoughts such a man lost himself in.

Dwight put the car into motion again and turned out of the gravel driveway onto the macadam road, with Kitty and the children still looking back until they reached the point where the thick growth of sumac at the roadside cut off all view of the cottage, and the sweep of green lawn, and the three relatives they had just said goodbye to for a while.

—PETER TAYLOR

•

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THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE ABROAD: GERMANY

DRAMA in Germany is a wounded art, still recovering from the casualties it suffered between 1933 and 1945. Exile accounts for some of them, death for the rest. In the case of the refugees, the damage was measurable and vast; with the coming of Hitler, Germany lost many of its best writers, directors, and actors, and for a decade and more its theatre resembled a decapitated giant with a megaphone instead of a mind. But there is no way of calculating how much potential talent was killed off in the war. Travelling around German theatres today, you rapidly notice that something is missing, and before long you realize what it is. A whole age group has almost disappeared; there are hardly any actors in their forties.

The wartime losses were, of course, architectural as well as human; most of the great playhouses were shattered by bombs. After twelve years of sickness, a cultural tradition had to be revived amid ruins, with rubble still smoking underfoot. It is customary, when discussing the postwar German theatre, to applaud its technical efficiency and the speed of its recuperation, and then to complain that it has turned out no new playwrights of any importance. The complaint is accurate, but niggling. It is remarkable enough that postwar Germany has an organized theatre at all; what is astonishing, not to say eerie, is that in range of repertoire and general excellence of production there is no theatre in Europe to match it. I am not speaking in terms of individual talent. The finest actor in Europe is not a German; several other countries have directors as good as Germany's best; and in the matter of living dramatists the French and the British hold an authoritative lead. Where the German theatre scores, and ultimately wins, is in versatility, consistency, and national extensiveness. From one end of the sundered country to the other, every town big enough to have an art gallery and a public library also has a municipal playhouse, which automatically gets a civic subsidy, since the Germans believe that if a citizen has a right to good paintings, good sculpture, and good books, he has a right to good drama as well. Every such theatre has an *Intendant*, or administrator, who engages the company and selects the plays, most of which he is likely to direct himself; an average season's repertoire consists of around half a dozen new productions, augmented by a few left over from previous years. In any given week, you can usually see at least four different shows, and sometimes as many as six; the lucky Düsseldorfers, I noticed as I flashed through their city this summer, could take in Schiller, Molière, and "Waiting for Godot" on consecutive nights at the local *Stadttheater*, and there are fewer Düsseldorfers than there are inhabitants of Buffalo.

To the outsider, the most flabbergasting thing about the German theatre is its eclecticism; the country we associate most closely with nationalism is the one that offers the widest international choice of plays. This was true thirty years ago, and it is even truer now that Germany is split. On both sides of the East-West border, the European classics are the backbone of the repertory; but while the West performs contemporary French, English, and American plays that are seldom seen in the East, the East puts on modern Russian, Chinese, Hungarian, Rumanian, Polish, and Czech plays that are seldom, if ever, staged in the West. The result, *in toto*, is theatre of a diversity unparalleled anywhere in the world. The Federal Republic has a number of "private" (i.e., commercially run) playhouses, which have no counterparts in the Eastern Zone. Otherwise, both Germanys adhere to a principle much older than their latter-day antagonisms; namely, that it is a permanent public responsibility to make serious professional drama readily available, by means of subsidy, to everyone who wants to see it.

A few statistics, and we can get down to particulars. At the last count, West Germany, with a population of fifty-three million, had a hundred and twenty-one theatres, or one to every four hundred and thirty thousand people. The equivalent figures for the East are eighteen million inhabitants and eighty-six theatres, or one to every two hundred and nine thousand. Just why the East should be so much more saturated theatrically is something that has never been fully explained to me. Its supporters say that Marxism and cul-

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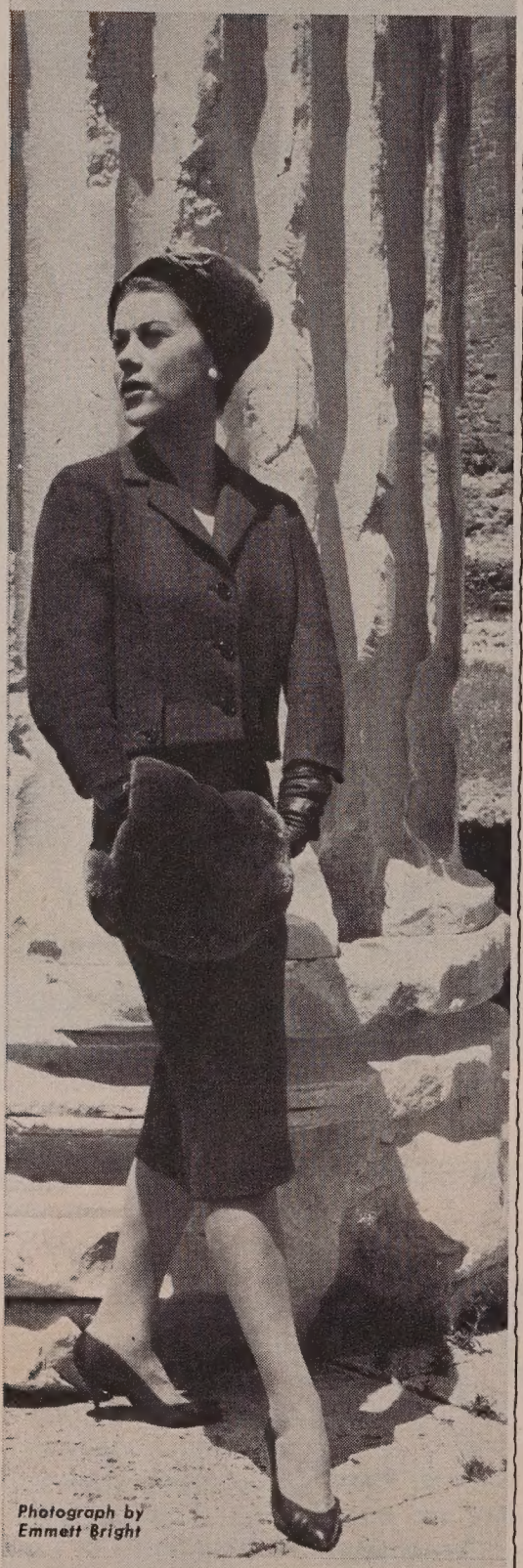

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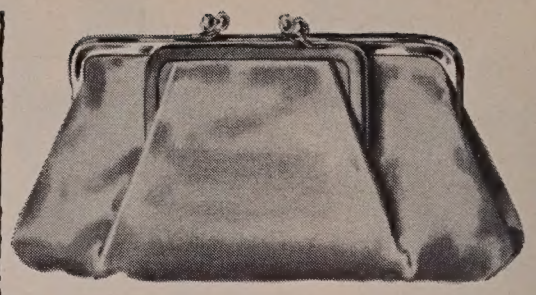
ture, its opponents that Marxism and propaganda, are synonymous.

Berlin is a city with two centres—the cluster of expensive hotels, bars, cinemas, shops round the Memorial Church, a sparkling nucleus of light, like a sham diamond, in the shabby twilight of the town; and the self-conscious civic centre of buildings round the Unter den Linden. . . .

This admirable description of the city today was written in 1932, by Christopher Isherwood—a fact that rather makes one doubt the validity of pointing modern political morals by contrasting the glittering opulence of the Western sector with the bureaucratic austerity of the East. Berlin seems always to have been split—once atmospherically and now geographically. Despite its bisected nature, it remains the artistic capital of the nation as a whole. In some ways, competition between the two sectors has had a stimulating effect on the theatre; in others, it has created enervating tensions. If, for instance, a West Berlin actor takes a job in an East Berlin production of an anti-capitalist play, he is liable to be reviled by the West-sector press. Similarly, an East Berlin director would have very ambiguous feelings if one of his shows got a rave review from a reactionary West Berlin critic. On one point, however, civic pride overrules political rivalry. Few West Berliners, no matter how rabid their allegiance to the Bonn government, would deny that the finest productions in the city are those of the Berliner Ensemble, which operates at the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, in the East. Founded and inspired by the late Bertolt Brecht, this celebrated troupe was described in the London *Spectator* as "the only theatre that can be named in the same breath with the Moscow Arts or the Abbey at the height of their powers"—a judgment with which I concur, and on which I'll enlarge later.

BEING Germany in little, Berlin offers a theatrical diet that is an open incitement to gluttony. The Western sector has six legitimate playhouses, the Eastern sector five—not counting the Theater der Freundschaft, which puts on plays for children. During a sample week in June, the West was doing Sophocles, Calderón, Goldoni, Chekhov, Giraudoux, and John Osborne, while the East was busy with Shakespeare, Jonson, Goethe, Lessing, Shaw, Synge, and Brecht. And in both sectors, inevitably, there were productions of Molière and Schiller. Most of the serious work in West Berlin takes place at the Schiller Theatre, a great



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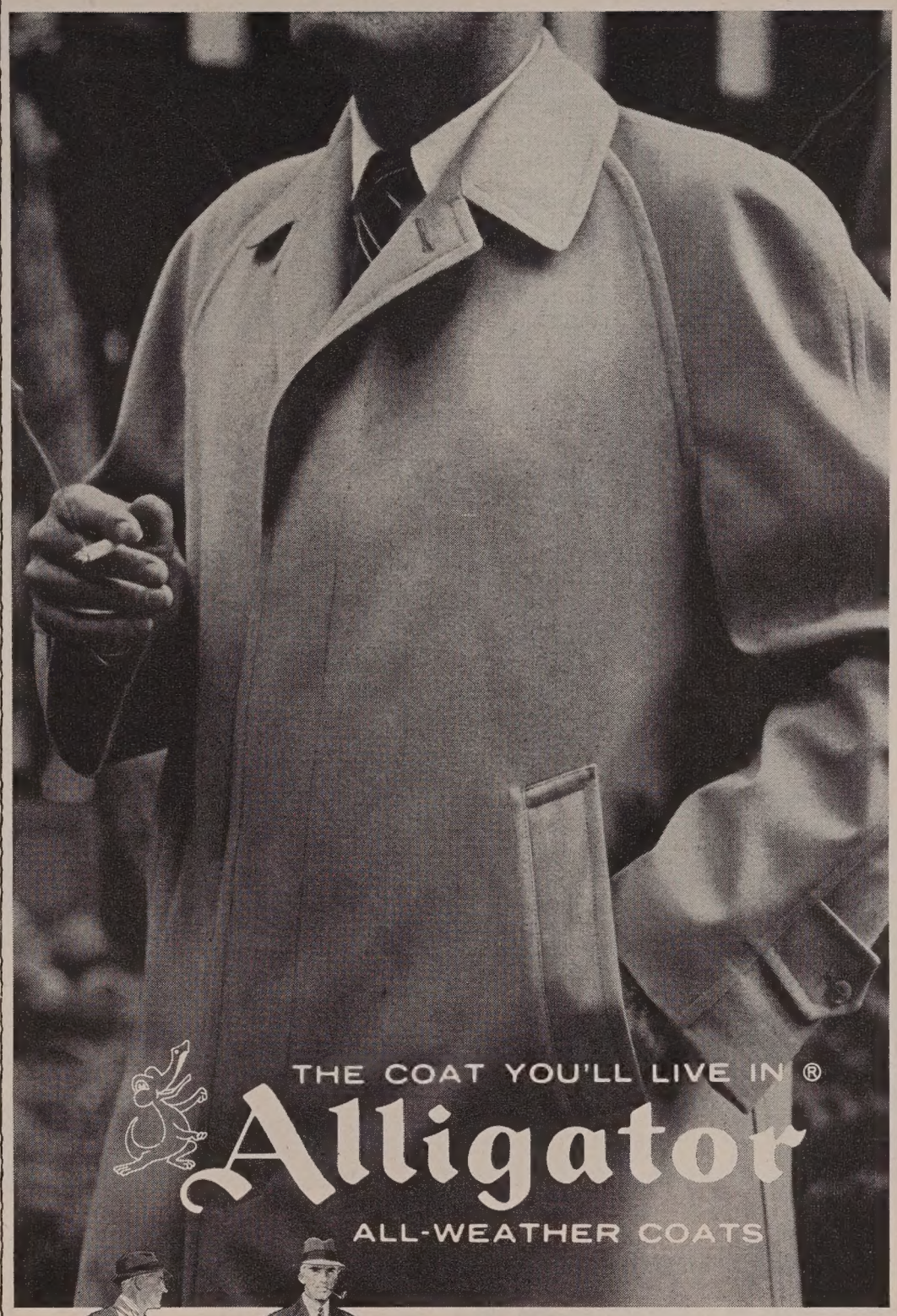
gray pleasure dome that has been rebuilt since the war, and at its affiliated suburban house, the Schlosspark; their joint *Intendant*, Boleslaw Barlog, receives an annual grant of four million marks—just over nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars—on which to struggle through the season. Understandably, he manages to keep up a fairly high standard, with plenty of room for experiment. This summer, I saw an extremely far-out production, at the Schiller, of Sophocles' "Trachiniae," in a German version of Ezra Pound's brisk colloquial translation. On the stage, which projected jaggedly out into the auditorium, there was a lopsided abstract construction in polished steel, a long ramp that went zigzagging up into distant darkness, and practically nothing else except the cast. The choral bits were intoned by a group of young women in green gym tunics, who carried out, from time to time, little choreographic stunts reminiscent of a eurythmics class celebrating the opening of the new playing field. Yet, despite these vagaries, the tragedy came across like thunder. The Heracles (Fritz Eberth) never went off into the demonic, shrieking, self-hypnotized trance that is the plague of so many German actors, not to mention politicians, when they are faced with a solid patch of rhetoric, and Hilde Krahl was memorably guilt-ravaged as the slave bride who gives her husband the corrosive, undoffable shirt of Nessus, under the impression that it is a garment magically endowed with the power of preserving love. I felt at the end, as I seldom do after watching, say, "Medea," that I knew several marriages exactly like that. Next day, the company presented "The Madwoman of Chaillot," Giraudoux's ravishing fantasy about a flamboyant old beldam who saves Paris from destruction at the hands of an oil combine by walling up the entire board of directors in a sewer. This, I'm afraid, is the kind of play the Germans do least well. As performers, they are incomparable in logic, clarity, and knockdown emotional impact; call upon them, however, for elegance, grace, and the subtler nuances of charm, and you will often be disappointed. It is not by chance that there are no German ballet companies. The Schiller production missed none of Giraudoux's points but blunted many; lyricism, like a bird frightened by traps set to snare it, flew out the window. The leading role was played—graciously, though slothfully—by a venerable actress in her eighties, making what was probably her farewell appearance. I decided that I pitied her. The German theatre is pre-



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dominantly a male province; Moissi, Krauss, Bassermann, Deutsch, and Gründgens are the players whose names come first to mind. In France, by contrast, acting is female; one thinks of Rachel, Bernhardt, Feuillère. At the Schiller, the central character in "The Madwoman" was not the Madwoman but the Ragpicker, performed with overwhelming zest and dynamism by Martin Held, the best all-around actor in Germany today. A sturdy, pink-faced man in his forties (a decimated age group, as I've said), he has enormous pathos and an attacking style full of the simplicity that we sometimes, and stupidly, call naïveté. In the Giraudoux, he played not only the Ragpicker, who is a proletarian droll, but the president of the oil company—a brilliant trick worthy of Pirandello, since it is the Ragpicker who volunteers, during the second act, to impersonate the president at a mock trial, wherein he improvises a riotous defense of money-making as a healthy way of life. We thus see the same actor twice extolling the mystique of wealth—first sincerely, then tongue in cheek.

At the Schlosspark, I caught a production, by Hans Lietzau, of John Osborne's "The Entertainer" that made me radically reconsider my strictures on the play as it was presented in London and New York. I had formerly maintained that the role of Jean, Archie Rice's disillusioned daughter, was ineffectual and underwritten. The last act tapered off, I had snarled; the girl's part came to nothing. I have now changed my mind. To be sure, the German version lacked an Olivier, but not without reason; there is no music-hall tradition in Germany, and hence no model for the seedy, bawdy raconteur that Sir Laurence played. Martin Held compromised by making Archie a German-cabaret m.c., cruder and sweatier than Olivier, and drunker, too, in a stiff-backed, stolid way, emphasizing his jokes with a ghastly, crowing laugh. A lot of subtleties were lost, but the play as a whole took on, almost by default, much more cogency and shape. In Lietzau's production, the center of the stage was occupied by daughter Jean, a tight-lipped blonde, forever watching her father, and reacting with tremors of pity and disgust to each new evidence of disintegration, each new proof that the man was spiritually dead. We saw the action through her eyes, and the play achieved a unity I had never thought it possessed.

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green, water-girt beauty I was, by the way, completely unprepared, having expected Pittsburgh with mud wrestling—I was able to see three first-rate works at the Schauspielhaus, which is run by the veteran Gustaf Gründgens, and to spend an evening at the local experimental theatre, which advertised something called "Mississippi Melodie," by Tennessee Williams (not, as I'd hoped, a minstrel show culled from Mr. Williams' juvenilia but a quadruple bill, dowdily cast, of his better-known one-act plays). The Schauspielhaus presented Schiller's "Mary Stuart," which was played with thumping soundness, despite someone's decision to garb Queen Elizabeth in a negligee trimmed with pink marabou; the first part of Goethe's "Faust," in a lively new staging by Gründgens; and Brecht's "Saint Joan of the Stockyards," which had had its world première at the same theatre earlier in the season. Written just after the 1929 unpleasantness, Brecht's piece is a bitter attempt to illustrate the interdependence of capitalism and religion, or—to put it more precisely—of profiteering and charity. It revolves around the friendship between Pierpont Mauler, a sentimental Chicago meat king, and a Salvation Army girl named Joan Dark. Warmed at first by Mauler's private good-heartedness, Joan slowly discovers that in an economic pinch he will go to any lengths to safeguard his profits, whereafter she realizes that by distributing soup and moral sustenance to the poor she is not alleviating hardship but accepting it as an immutable fact of life, and therefore encouraging its perpetuation. With this message on her lips, she returns to the mission hall, which Mauler and his friends have equipped with a gaudy new golden-piped organ. But her voice is drowned by the choir; exhausted by tramping the winter streets, she collapses and dies, and is thereupon hailed by the meat king's spokesman as "a fighter and a sacrifice in the service of God." As a portrait of Chicago, the play is less than convincing, but as a satire on the relationship between those who take and those who give, its pungency is tremendous; it was by far the most successful show of the Hamburg season.

WHEREVER you go in Germany, Brecht is inescapable. Frankfurt, which has staged five Brecht plays since 1952, added a sixth last spring, to critical applause so tumultuous that it made half a column in the New York *Times*. The occasion was the West German première of "Schweik in the Second World War," Brecht's version

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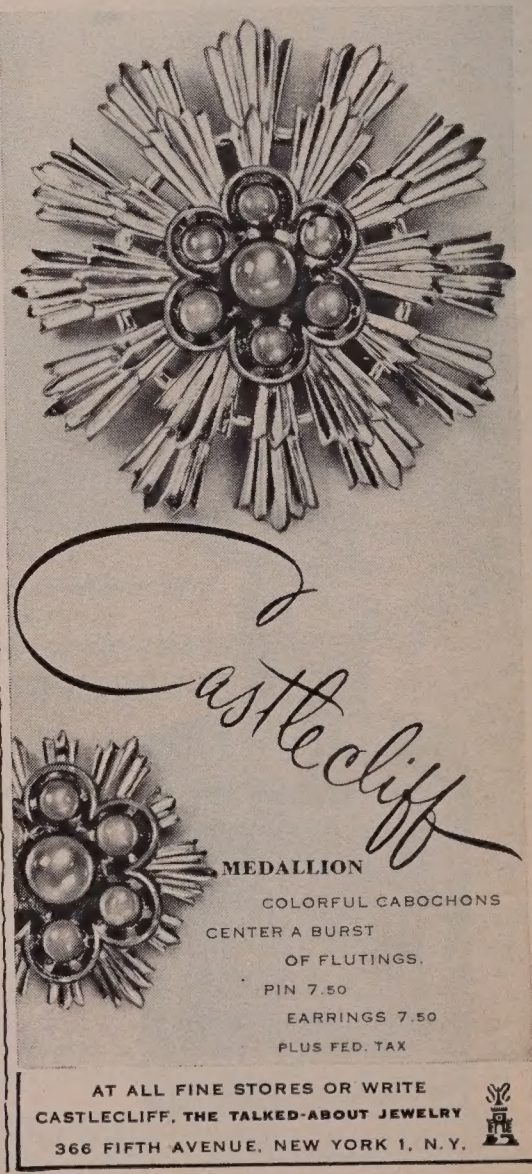

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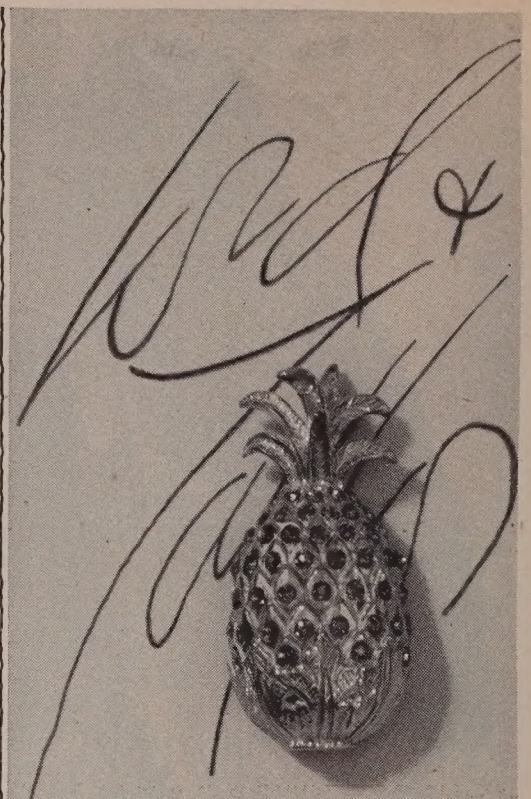
of the adventures that might have befallen Jaroslav Hašek's Good Soldier had he been conscripted by the Nazis to fight against Russia. Schweik, the beaming innocent who makes authority look most foolish when most he seems to embrace it, had an abiding appeal for Brecht, who once said that Hašek's book was one of the three literary works of this century most likely to become classics. In Brecht's play, as Schweik blunders into the Army and toward Stalingrad the action is constantly interrupted by Hitler and his lieutenants, on a platform high above the stage; the Führer persistently, and pathetically, inquires whether Schweik, the little man, still loves him, because without the love of the little man he cannot go on. Finally, Schweik rejects his advances with unctuous obscenity. Although it is embellished with some of the loveliest song lyrics Brecht ever wrote, the text is rough, acid, and brutally contemptuous of Nazi sympathizers. The night I was there, the Frankfurt audience cheered it.

The ubiquity and the influence of Brecht have been growing ever since his death, three years ago, at the age of fifty-eight. In the 1957-58 season, he set a record; for the first time in the history of the German theatre, a contemporary native playwright was among the four dramatists whose works were most often performed in the German-speaking countries. Shakespeare, as always, came first, with twenty-six hundred and seventy-four performances, and he was followed by Schiller, with two thousand; Goethe, with twelve hundred; and Brecht, with eleven hundred and twenty. (Molière, Shaw, and Hauptmann, in that order, were the runners-up.) It is doubtful whether any dramatist in history has made a greater impact on his own country in his own era than this stubby, ribald Marxist, who spent his mature creative years—from 1933 to 1948—away from home, exiled and almost penniless, first in Scandinavia and then in the United States.

I have paid many visits to Brecht's Berliner Ensemble in the five years since it took up residence at the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, but whenever I approach the place, I still feel a *frisson* of expectation, an anticipatory lift, that no other theatre evokes. Western taxis charge double to go East, since they are unlikely to pick up a returning fare, but the trip is worth it: the arrow-straight drive up to the grandiose, bullet-chipped pillars of the Brandenburg Gate, the perfunctory salutes of the guards on both sides of the frontier, the short sally



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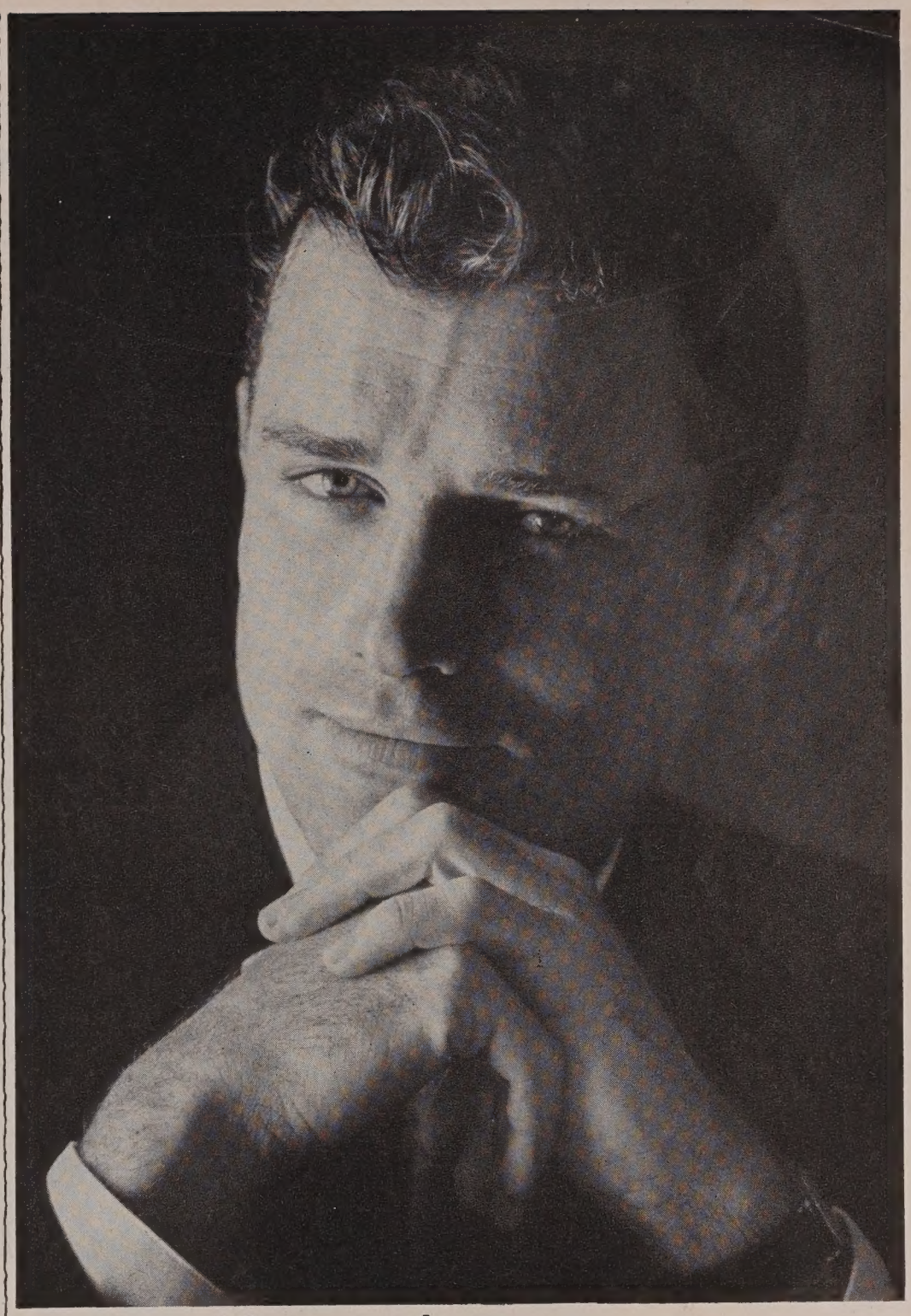
past the skinny trees and bland neoclassical façades of Unter den Linden (surely the emptiest of the world's great streets), and the left turn that leads you across the meagre, oily stream of the Spree and into the square-*cum*-parking-lot where the theatre stands, with a circular neon sign—"BERLINER ENSEMBLE"—revolving on its roof like a sluggish weather vane. You enter an unimposing foyer, present your ticket, buy a superbly designed program, and take your seat in an auditorium that is encrusted with gilt cupids and cushioned in plush. When the curtain, adorned with its Picasso dove, goes up, one is usually shocked, so abrupt is the contrast between the baroque prettiness of the house and the chaste, stripped beauty of what one sees on the expanses, relatively enormous, of the stage. No attempt is made at realistic illusion. Instead of being absorbed by a slice of life, we are sitting in a theatre while a group of actors tells us a story that happened some time ago. By means of songs, and captions projected onto a screen, Brecht explains what conclusions he draws from the tale, but he wants us to quarrel with him—to argue that this scene need not have ended as it did, or that this character might have behaved otherwise. He detested the reverence of most theatre audiences, much preferring the detached, critical *expertise* that he noted in spectators at sporting events. Theatrical trickery, such as lighting and scene changes, should not, he felt, be concealed from the customer. In his own words,

. . . don't show him too much
But show something. And let him observe
That this is not magic but
Work, my friends.

Always, as a director, he told his actors that the mere fact of passing through a stage door did not make them separate, sanctified creatures, cut off from the mass of humanity—hence his practice, which is still followed to some extent by the Ensemble, of allowing outsiders to wander into rehearsals, as long as they kept quiet. He abhorred the idea that the production of plays is a secret, holy business, like the nurture of some rare hothouse plant. If actors can spend their spare time watching ditchdiggers, he said, why shouldn't ditchdiggers watch actors? Initially, the Ensemble actors were embarrassed by this open-door policy; later, however, they realized how much it had helped them to shed inhibitions. A cast that has rehearsed for weeks before strangers is unlikely to dread an opening night.

I arrived at the theatre this year dur-



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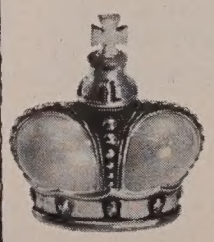

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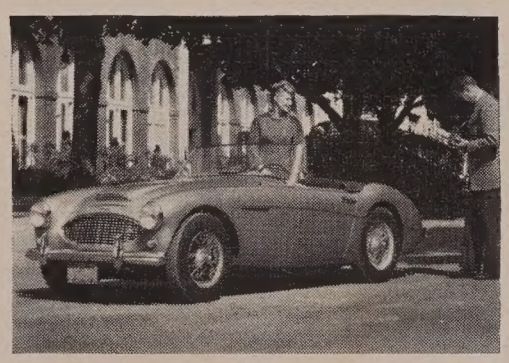

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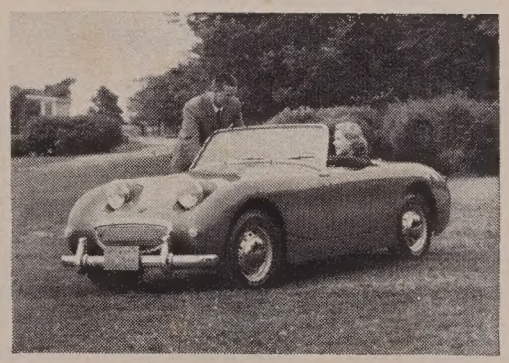

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ing a rehearsal, and one that was loaded with nostalgia. "The Threepenny Opera," Brecht's first decisive success, was being prepared for revival on the same stage that had seen its première, thirty-one years earlier, with the same director in charge—Erich Engel, now looking gaunt and unwell, despite the jaunty cocksureness of his beret. As I entered, somebody was singing "Mack the Knife," with the tinny, nasal vibrato that one remembers from the old Telefunken records. Engel and two young assistants interrupted from time to time, talking with the easy, probing frankness that comes of no haste, no pressure, no need to worry about publicity, deadlines, or out-of-town reviews. I noticed that Mr. Peachum, a part usually given to a rubicund butterball, was being played by Norbert Christian, a slim, soft-eyed actor in his thirties. Brecht, I reflected, would have liked that; he always detested physical typecasting. In his production of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," the role of the heroine—a serving maid who rescues a baby that has been abandoned by its aristocratic mother during a palace revolt—was performed by a fat, lumpy girl named Angelika Hurwicz. Broadway and the West End would have looked for a pathetic, undernourished waif; Miss Hurwicz, a practical young woman, showed us a character too busy and capable to be pathetic. In Brecht's theatre, it is what people do, not what they feel, that counts. Action takes precedence over emotion, fact over fantasy. "*Die Wahrheit ist konkret*" ("Truth is concrete") was Brecht's favorite maxim; for him there could be no such thing as abstract truth. Somebody once asked him what the purpose of a good play ought to be. He answered by describing a photograph he had seen in a magazine, a double-page spread of Tokyo after the earthquake. Amid the devastation, one building remained upright. The caption consisted of two words: "Steel Stood." That, said Brecht, was the purpose of drama—to teach us how to survive.

The rehearsal continued, the patient denuding process that would ultimately achieve the naked simplicity and directness on which the Ensemble prides itself. To encourage the players to look at themselves objectively, a large mirror had been placed in the footlights, and throughout the session photographers were taking pictures of everything that happened, providing a visual record that would afterward be used to point out to the actors just where, and how, they had gone wrong. One of the most impressive women alive had meanwhile

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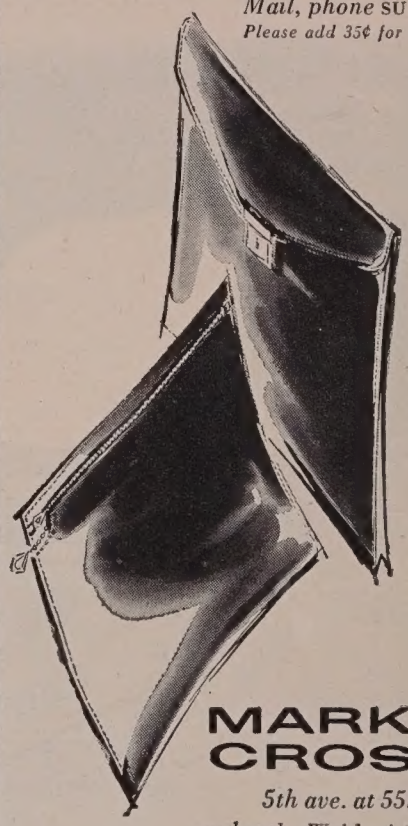

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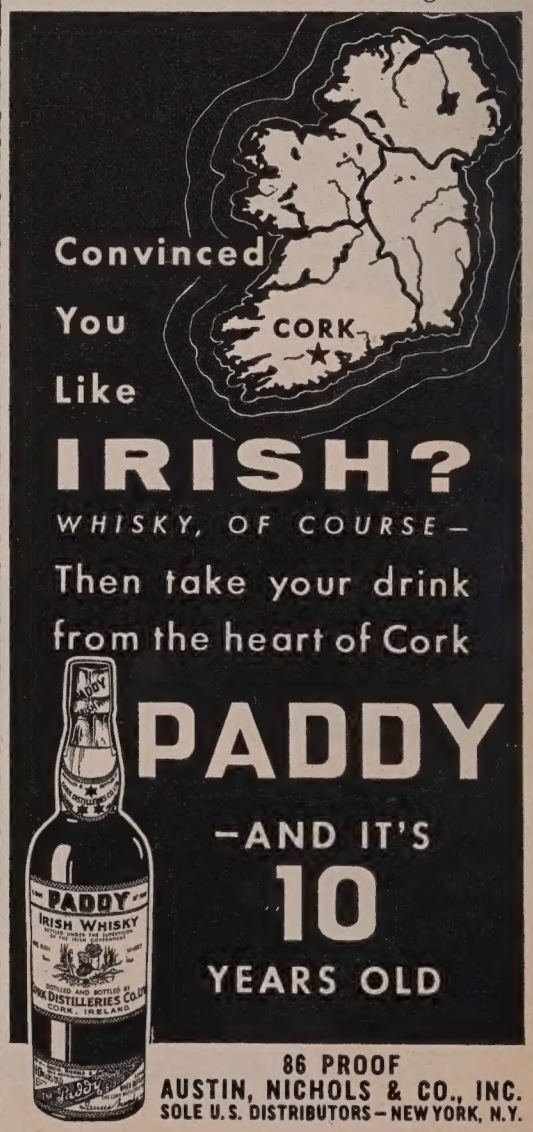

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come to sit beside me—Helene Weigel, Brecht's widow, who has directed the Ensemble since its inception, ten years ago, and plays several of the leading roles. At sixty, she has a lean, nut-brown face that suggests, with its high cheekbones, shrewdly hooded eyes, and total absence of makeup, a certain kind of Spanish peasant matriarch; her whole manner implies a long life of commanding and comforting, of which she clearly regrets not an instant. Her warmth is adventurous, her honesty contagious, and her sophistication extreme, and that is the best I can do to sum up a woman who would, I think, be proud to be called worldly, since a scolding, tenacious affection for the world is the main article of her faith. The Weigel—to adopt the German manner of referring to an actress—has no real counterpart in the American theatre; in appearance, and in dedication, she resembles Martha Graham, but a Martha Graham altogether earthier and more mischievous than the one Americans know. At the end of the rehearsal, we exchanged gifts and greetings. I got a scarf, designed by Picasso in the company's honor; a book about the Ensemble's seminal production, "Mother Courage;" a photographic dossier comparing the performances of Charles Laughton and Ernst Busch in the title role of Brecht's "The Life of Galileo;" and—unexpectedly—a complicated game of the do-it-yourself variety, invented by Mozart to teach children how to compose country dances by throwing dice. The Weigel, alas, got only a cigarette lighter. Talking about the state of the company, she said, "When Brecht died, I was afraid this place might become a museum." Her fears have turned out to be unjustified. It is true that the Ensemble mostly performs Brecht plays, but the plays are acted and directed by people steeped in the Brecht spirit. Throughout the theatre, his ghost is alive and muscular.

OR, rather, his ghosts, because there were many different Brechts, as I discovered while reading John Willett's indispensable book "The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht" (New Directions) and Martin Esslin's "Brecht: A Choice of Evils," a searching biographical study that is soon to be published in England. The early Brecht was a touchy child, with a Bavarian accent, whose father ran a paper mill in Augsburg. After serving as a medical orderly in the First World War—the experience inspired his lifelong hatred of militarism—Brecht plunged into the German avant-

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garde of the twenties, making a name for himself as an outspoken, nihilistic poet-playwright with a gift for turning gutter idiom into poetry. In Germany, where literature had always spoken a highflying language unknown to human tongues, this was something new; as Ernest Borneman lately remarked in the *Kenyon Review*, "There was no precedent (a) for colloquial poetry; (b) for plain storytelling. There was no German equivalent to writers like Kipling, Mark Twain, or Hemingway." Brecht was impressed by, and freely borrowed from, the work of writers as disparate as Villon, Rimbaud, Büchner, Wedekind, Shakespeare, Kipling, and Luther, and he positively welcomed the charge of plagiarism, retorting that in literature, as in life, he rejected the idea of private property. Through the mouth of Herr Keuner, an imaginary character on whom he fathered many anecdotes and aphorisms, he scoffed at authors whose egotism compelled them to exclude from their work all notions and phrases that were not of their own invention: "They know no larger buildings than those a man can build by himself." (In this respect, as in several others, Brecht resembles Picasso, who once remarked, "To copy others is necessary, but to copy oneself is pathetic." In the early Montmartre days, according to Roland Penrose's recent biography, Picasso's reading matter included Verlaine, Rimbaud, Diderot, and the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Nick Carter, and Buffalo Bill; the same list, or one very similar, would serve for the young Brecht. In addition, both men embraced Communism, yet expressed themselves in styles that were utterly antipathetic to Socialist realism; both revolutionized the arts of their choice; and both, despite shortness of stature and slovenliness of dress, were immoderately attractive to women.)

Brecht's early manner was summed up, in 1922, by the German critic Herbert Ihering:

> This language can be felt on the tongue, on the palate, in one's ears, in one's spine. . . . It is brutally sensuous and melancholically tender. It contains malice and bottomless sadness, grim wit and plaintive lyricism.

A little later, there was the Brecht who, in collaboration with Kurt Weill, revolutionized the popular musical stage with "The Threepenny Opera" and "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," using the rhythms and slang of a depressed urban society to excoriate Western decadence, and bringing into the "serious" theatre the sardonic

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street-corner poetry of postwar Berlin. Already he was moving toward the vantage point that he was to make his own—"that interesting and largely neglected area," as Mr. Willett describes it, "where ethics, politics, and economics meet." In 1926, Brecht read "Das Kapital" for the first time. Marxism supplied a corrective to his anarchic tendencies, a remedy for his disgust with the world around him, and a mental discipline that delighted his love of logic and paradox. Hence, after 1928 we get Brecht the Communist didact, writing instructional plays in a new, sparse, bony style:

When I address you
Cold and broadly
In the driest terms
Without looking at you
(I apparently fail to recognize you,
Your particular manner and difficulties),

I address you merely
Like reality itself
(Sober, incorruptible, thanks to your manner,
Tired of your difficulties),
Which you seem to me to be disregarding.

From this period come "Die Massnahme," an austere analysis of revolutionary self-abnegation that is, intellectually, the masterpiece of Communist drama, and "Die Mutter," Brecht's stage adaptation of the famous Gorki novel. Both plays were savagely attacked in the Marxist press—the latter for being out of touch with working-class reality, the former because it denied the thesis that a good Communist is never torn between the claims of reason and emotion. (Brecht's failure to reconcile these rival claims accounts, as Mr. Esslin points out, for the fascinating ambiguity that runs through his work. The bald statement he wants to make and the poetry with which he makes it often pull in different directions; matter and manner are exquisitely at odds.) Like many of his Leftist contemporaries, Brecht was seeking a method whereby economic processes could be effectively dramatized; he hoped to see money and food someday displace power and sex as the drama's major themes. With most bourgeois writers, he said, "the fact that money-making is never the subject of their work makes one suspect that . . . it may be the object instead."

The next Brecht was the director who practiced, and the theorist who preached, "epic theatre"—a phrase he borrowed from Erwin Piscator in the twenties and went on defining until the end of his life. This, perhaps, is the Brecht who is best known in America, thanks to the energetic proselytizing of

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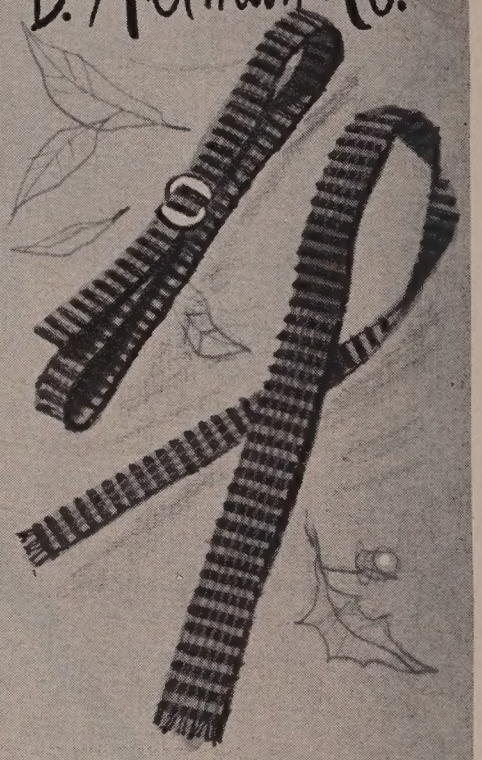

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Eric Bentley. For every American who has seen a Brecht production, there are probably a thousand who are armchair experts on the "alienation effect," the abolition of suspense, the prefacing of scenes with projected captions, the use of music not to intensify emotion but to neutralize it, the rejection of "atmospheric" lighting in favor of general illumination, and the outright ban on costumes and props that do not look worn or handled.

Of all works, my favorite
Are those which show usage.
The copper vessels with bumps and dented edges,
The knives and forks whose wooden handles are
Worn down by many hands: such forms
To me are the noblest.

Brecht's opposition to naturalistic acting was really, as he often insisted, a return to the older forms of popular theatre, including (the list is Mr. Esslin's) "the Elizabethan, the Chinese, Japanese, and Indian theatre, the use of the chorus in Greek tragedy, the techniques of clowns and fairground entertainers, the Austrian and Bavarian folk play, and many others." His refusal to permit actors to "identify" with their roles, and thus to create strongly individualized characters, sprang from his conviction that human identity is not fixed but infinitely mutable, dependent on particular social and economic circumstances; this is the Left Wing equivalent of Pirandello's theories, at once frivolous and despondent, about the many-faceted impermanence of the human ego. What Pirandello fatalistically accepted, Brecht sought to explain. His loathing of stage emotionalism is more easily accounted for. It was a violent reaction against the bombast of the conventional German theatre. Life in a Brecht production is laid out before you as comprehensively as in a Brueghel painting, and with many of the same colors—browns, grays, and off-whites. It does not seize you by the lapel and yell secrets into your ear; humanity itself, not the romantic individualist, is what it is seeking to explore. As Eric Bentley put it, "Brecht does not believe in an inner reality, a higher reality, or a deeper reality, but simply in reality." In 1936, Brecht stated his attitude:

The spectator of the *dramatic* theatre says: "Yes, I have felt the same. I am just like this. This is only natural. It will always be like this. This human being's suffering moves me because there is no way out for him. This is great art; it bears the mark of the inevitable. I am weeping with those who weep on the stage, laughing with those who laugh."

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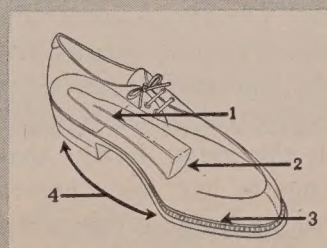

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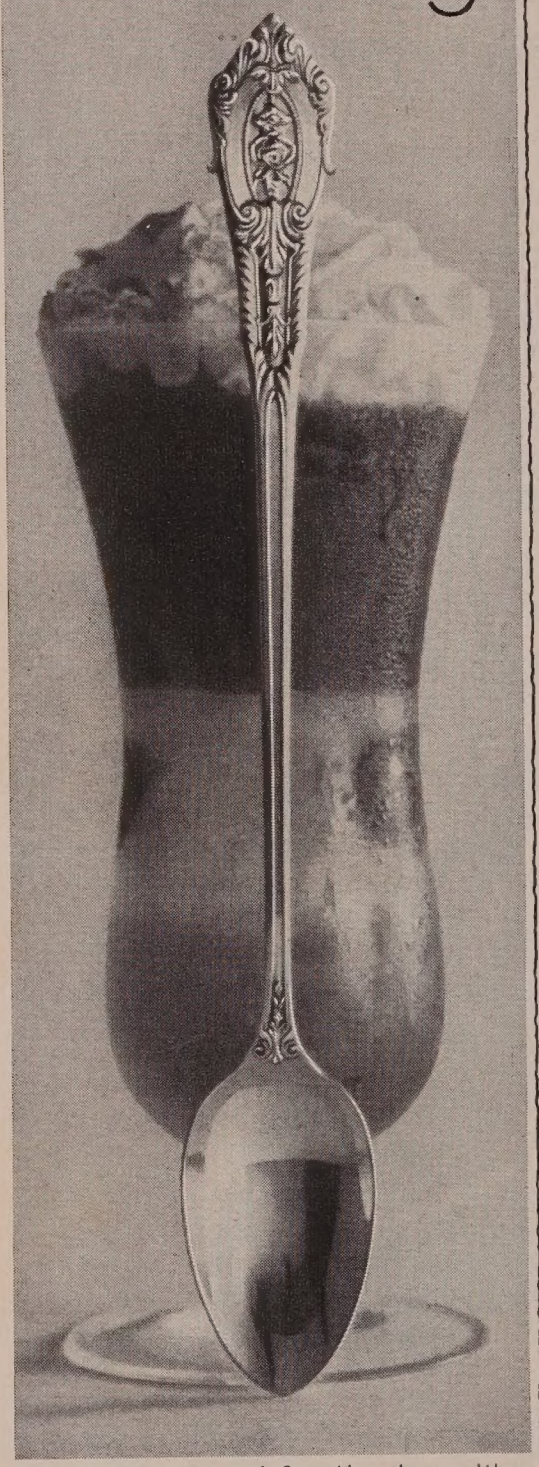

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"I should never have thought so. That is not the way to do it. This is most surprising, hardly credible. This will have to stop. This human being's suffering moves me because there would have been a way out for him. This is great art; nothing here seems inevitable. I am laughing about those who weep on the stage, weeping about those who laugh."

Nobody of any critical intelligence who is familiar with what passes for "great art" in London or New York could fail to applaud this succinct, startling, and unforgettable distinction between the audience that is all heart and nerves and the audience that tempers feeling with knowledge and observation. After an Anglo-American diet of gin and goulash, Brecht's theatre is as refreshing as bread and wine.

Two more Brechts, and the outline is complete. One was the mellow playwright who reached the peak of his creativity in exile. Between 1937 and 1945, Brecht wrote eleven plays, among them "The Life of Galileo," "Mother Courage," "The Good Woman of Setzuan," "Puntila," and "The Caucasian Chalk Circle." By that time, the ideological element was assumed or implied more often than it was stated. The five works I have named all deal with the tension between instinct, love, and emotion, on the one hand, and, on the other, a society that perverts or exploits all three. The church defeats Galileo by playing on his weakness for the good, sensual life. Mother Courage tries to protect her family by making money out of the Thirty Years' War, but the war, in the end, destroys her children. Shen Te, of Setzuan, finds that you cannot help those you love without injuring your neighbors. The landowner Puntila, all charity and generosity when drunk, is an efficient businessman during bouts of cold-blooded sobriety, from which, unavailingly, he begs to be delivered. In the last of the great plays, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," good-heartedness defeats the system. Grusha, the maid, is brought to trial for having kidnapped a high-born baby, but the judge decrees that the child belongs to her, since everything should belong to those who serve it best.

The last Brecht was the sage of East Berlin, at once the pride and the embarrassment of the Communist regime, which saw him laurelled in the West (especially at the Paris International Theatre Festivals of 1954 and 1955) and accused in Russia of being a "formalist" opponent of Socialist realism. Mr. Esslin's book goes deeply into Brecht's ambivalent relationship with the Party when he returned to Germany

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in 1948, after an inconclusive velitation with the Un-American Activities Committee. Before moving to East Berlin, he not only contrived, with characteristic guile, to obtain an Austrian passport, which would allow him easy access to the West, but gave the copyrights of his works to a West German publisher, who still owns them. When someone asked him, toward the end of his life, why he had elected to stay in the East, he is said to have likened himself to a doctor with a limited supply of drugs who is forced to choose between two patients—a syphilitic old roué and a diseased prostitute who is, however, pregnant. It seems clear, too, that Brecht's acquaintance with Hitlerism had left him with very little faith in the possibility of turning Germany into a true democracy overnight; hence he felt able to support an authoritarian government that, whatever its faults, was at least anti-Nazi and anti-capitalist. (I suddenly remember the occasion when I took Helene Weigel to the West Berlin première, three years ago, of "The Diary of Anne Frank." At the final curtain, the audience sat shocked and motionless, some people staring blindly ahead of them, others contemplating the ground, for a full half minute of silence, after which they rose and filed out unspeaking, with no smiles or nods of recognition for friends. Frau Weigel's face was rigid and masklike. Shortly afterward, in the restaurant next door to the theatre, she wept; and I should think she weeps seldom. Wiping her eyes, she shook her head and said firmly, "I know my dear Germans. They would do this again. Tomorrow.")

Early in 1949, in collaboration with his old friend Erich Engel, Brecht staged "Mother Courage" at the Deutsches Theater, in East Berlin. The style—light, relaxed, and ascetically spare—set the pattern for all his subsequent productions. As the tireless old protagonist, dragging her canteen wagon across the battlefields of the Thirty Years' War, Helene Weigel played in a manner that shrank utterly from flamboyance; her performance was graphic yet casual, like a shrug. At two carefully selected moments, she was piercingly and unforgettably moving—first, in the soundless cry that doubles her up when her son is executed, and, again, when, to avoid incriminating herself, she must pretend not to recognize his body. She walks over to the stretcher, wearing a feigned, frozen smile that does not budge from her lips until she has surveyed the corpse, shaken her head, and returned to her seat on

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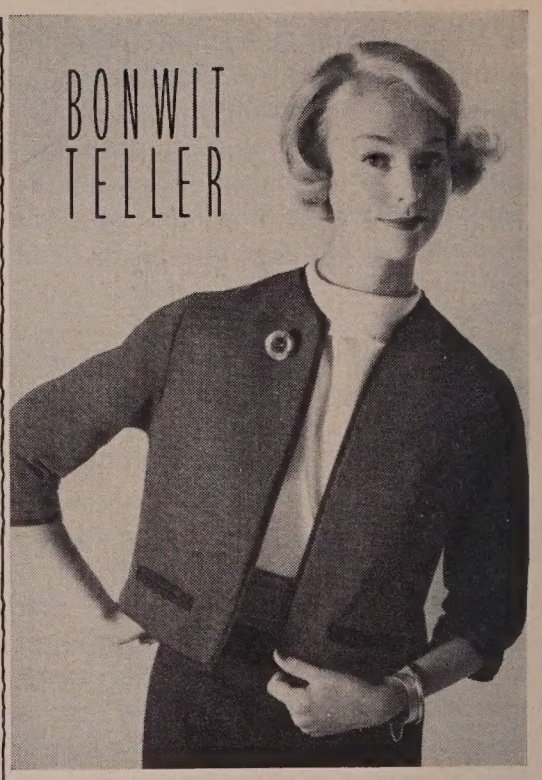
the other side of the stage. Then she turns to the audience, and we see, for an instant, the drained, stone face of absolute grief. These moments apart, the production achieved a new kind of theatrical beauty, cool and meaningful, by deliberately avoiding climaxes of individual emotion; with "Mother Courage," the broad canvas and the eagle's-eye view of humanity were restored to European drama after too long an absence.

That autumn, the company formally adopted the name Berliner Ensemble, and for the next five years it spent most of its time on tour. In 1952, a detailed, illustrated account of its first six presentations, complete with an analysis of the acting techniques and methods of stagecraft, was published in a huge volume, of well over four hundred pages, laconically entitled "Theaterarbeit" ("Theatre Work"). In the spring of 1954, the Ensemble moved into the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, and Brecht celebrated his homecoming with an extraordinary production of "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," which opened in June, and later astonished Paris and London. A concave white curtain covered the back of the stage, a convex white curtain swept to and fro across the front; between them, the vast revolve whirled around, bearing fragmentary settings for the journeying heroine to encounter, and long silken sheets adorned with Oriental landscapes came billowing down to indicate place and climate. Lee Strasberg, the artistic director of the Actors' Studio and a passionate upholder of Stanislavski's quest for emotional truth in acting, as opposed to the social truth sought by Brecht, saw the play while the Ensemble was in London. He concluded that what Brecht practiced was not entirely incompatible with what Stanislavski preached, and declared that the production was one of the best half dozen he had ever witnessed.

I met Brecht, for the first and only time, in Paris during the summer of 1955, the year before his death. Ovally built, and blinking behind iron-rimmed glasses, he sported a gray tunic of vaguely Russian cut, and conversed in wry, smiling obliquities, puffing on a damp little cigar. To judge by Ernest Borneman's description of him in the twenties, exile had changed his appearance hardly at all: "He was an eccentric in behavior, speech, and dress, as well as in politics. He wore clothes that kept a neat balance between those of a soldier, a workman, and a hobo. . . . The hair was sliced off abruptly after two or three inches' growth, all around the



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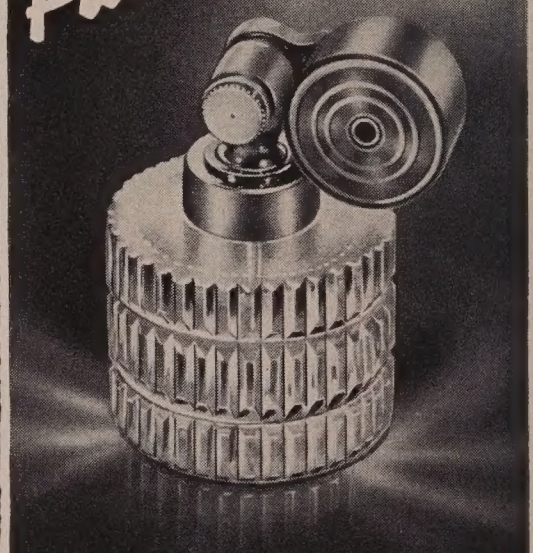

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head, and hung down . . . like the coiffure you see on busts of Roman emperors." Max Frisch, the Swiss playwright and novelist, has set down perhaps the best portrait of Brecht in his later years, and I am indebted to Mr. Esslin, whose forthcoming biography I've already mentioned with pleasure, for introducing me to it. Brecht met Frisch in Zurich in 1947, and would often, when the latter was embarking on a train journey, go to the station to see him off:

> Avoiding the crowd, he leaves the platform with rapid, short, rather light steps, his arms hardly swinging, his head held slightly sideways, his cap drawn onto the forehead as if to conceal his face, half conspiratorially, half bashfully. . . . He gives the impression of a workman, a metalworker; yet he is too slight, too graceful for a workman, too much awake for a peasant . . . reserved, yet observant, a refugee who has left innumerable stations, too shy for a man of the world, too experienced for a scholar, too knowing not to be anxious, a stateless person . . . a passerby of our time, a man called Brecht, a scientist, a poet without incense.

AFTER the Master's death, many people in the company, as well as outside it, wondered whether it could survive without his fiery presence. An interim answer was supplied by the Ensemble's triumphant East Berlin presentation, in January, 1957, of "The Life of Galileo"—a production begun by Brecht and finished by Engel. I saw it again this summer, and the play still seems to me, as it did at the first night, an incomparable theatrical statement of the social responsibilities of the intellectual. At the outset, it looks as if we were in for a straight fight between religious obscurantism and scientific discovery. The only progressive art, says Galileo, is "the art of doubt," a remark that echoes Brecht's own dictum "Skepticism moves mountains." But before long we arrive at the author's real purpose, which is to condemn Galileo for cowardice. Intimidated by the threat of torture, cajoled by the promise of a cosseted life, he abjectly recants, and emerges from the Inquisition chamber to be shunned by his pupils, one of whom shouts at him, "Unhappy is the land that lacks a hero!" Wanly, Galileo responds, "Unhappy is the land that needs a hero." Brecht goes on to show how one such concession brings a hundred in its train; within months, Galileo is backing the Church in social and political, as well as scientific and theological, affairs. The final tableau epitomizes the argument: in the foreground a choir polyphonously hymns the power of science, while in the

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background Galileo wolfs a fat roast goose. The play contains two scenes that exemplify, as sharply as anything Brecht ever wrote, his ability to make an intellectual position visible and tangible. In the first of them, a provincial ballad singer hails Galileo's challenge to Rome. As he does so, a riotous procession, reminiscent of a painting by Hieronymus Bosch, streams across the stage. Some of the marchers are clad in obscene masks, and coax a jangling music out of saucepans and brass bedsteads; others toss a straw effigy of a cardinal in a blanket; one, a child, is attired as the earth, with water squirting from its eyes at the loss of its position at the center of the universe; another clumps in horrendously on twenty-foot stilts, surmounted by a gigantic facsimile, acclaimed on all sides, of Galileo's head. The second scene that sticks in my mind is the one in which the liberal Cardinal Barberini, newly installed as Pope, turns against Galileo. At first, skinny in his underwear, waiting to be robed, Barberini refuses to countenance the Inquisitor's demand that the scientist be brought to trial, but as the robing proceeds, and he is draped, encased, and almost buried in the ceremonial vestments of his office, the Pope grows more and more receptive to the Inquisitor's plea, to which, at last, he consents. It is instructive, by the way, to contrast Brecht's attitude toward Galileo with Arthur Koestler's, in "The Sleepwalkers"—bearing in mind, of course, that Mr. Koestler's Marxism was once as deeply ingrained as Brecht's. According to the Koestler version, Galileo's pride brought about a disastrous and unnecessary breach between science and religion. Brecht, on the other hand, accuses Galileo of not having had enough pride (or self-respect) to make a breach that was healthy and necessary. Koestler wants to reconcile the physical with the metaphysical; Brecht strives to keep them apart. But whatever one thinks of the argument, it is impossible to deny the unassertive loveliness of Caspar Neher's décor for "The Life of Galileo"—three towering panelled walls of darkly glowing copper, enclosing an area into which informatively beautiful objects, such as Roman bas-reliefs and silver models of the Aristotelian universe, are occasionally lowered. The production proved that the spheres of the Ensemble would continue to revolve without the animating zeal of their great mover. Thus, Brecht demonstrated, posthumously, the truth of his own apothegm that no man is indispensable, or, if he is, he is up to no good.

The Ensemble today consists of six-

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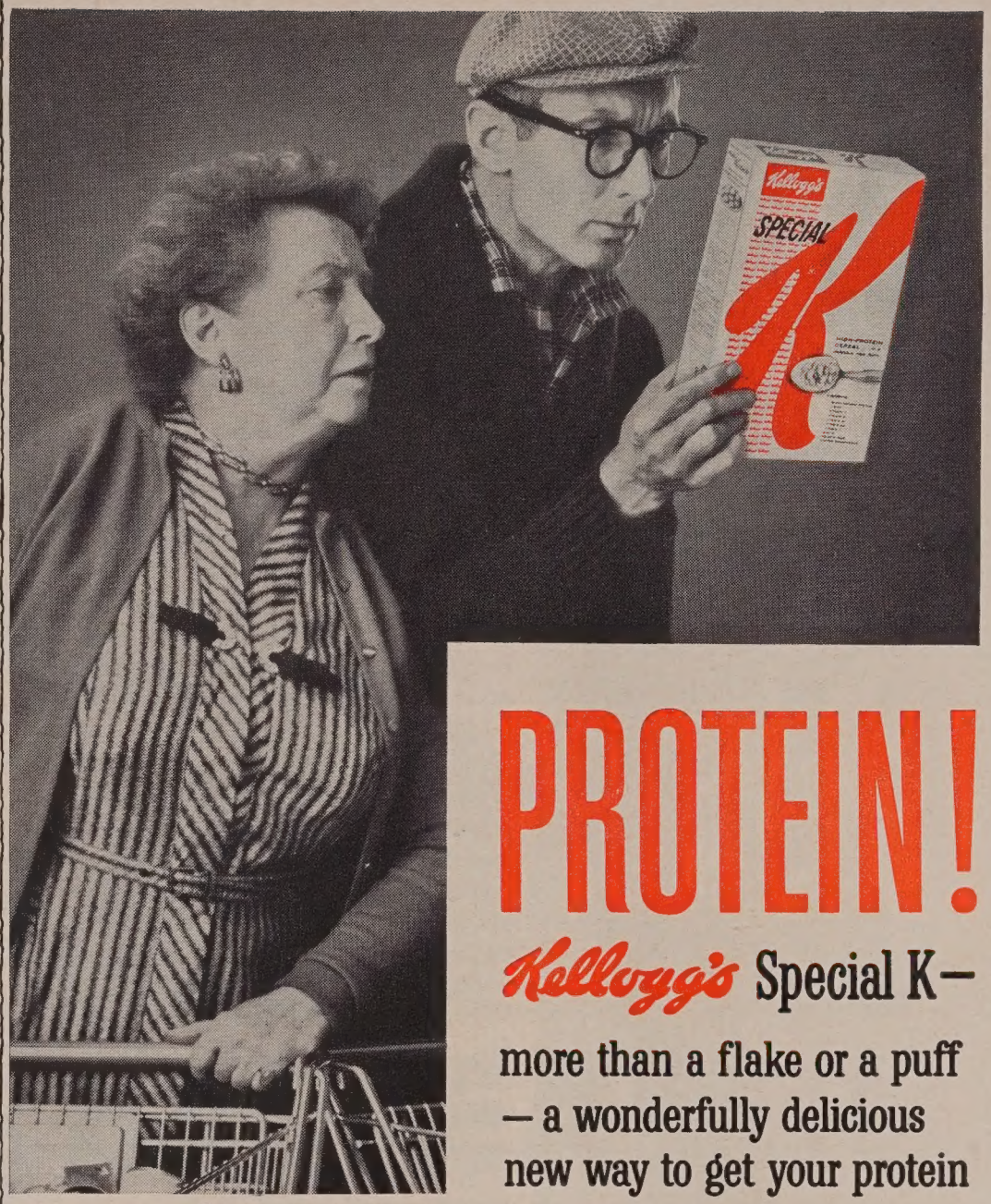
This summer, I attended two productions I had not seen before. One was "Die Mutter," Brecht's expansion of the Gorki novel about an illiterate Russian mother who begins by urging her son to abandon his revolutionary activities and ends up, after he has been shot, a convinced supporter of the cause. The play is outright agitprop, a mosaic of Marxist clichés, and the last scene shows the whole cast singing in praise of Communism while a film projector fills the backcloth with newsreel shots of Lenin, Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, and even—fleetingly—Stalin. It all sounds crudely hysterical until one sees the stealth and subtlety of the performance. There are no exaggerated Czarist villains, no exuberantly heroic proletarians; everyone acts with a detached calm that, if anything, reinforces the message. Weigel plays the mother as a quiet but relentless nagger. ("I picked out the nagging and decided to use it all through," she told me later. "I wanted to show that nagging could be constructive as well as nasty.") Looking like Nefertiti lined by years of labor over a hot stove, she permits herself one moment of pure lyricism. The son, who has escaped from Siberia, appears without warning at the house where his mother is employed as housekeeper. Entering from the kitchen, she sees him and instinctively registers chiding disapproval; then, uncontrollably, she flies to his arms, as weightlessly as Ulanova's Juliet flies to Romeo, letting both legs swing



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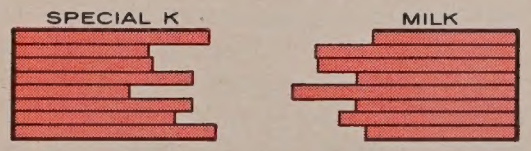

The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

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round the boy's waist as he catches her. Throughout the evening, one feels Brecht's passion for objects that have been durably used—a sofa, a soup tureen, a hand-operated printing press. Once, in a poem, he said that his wife chose her props with the same loving precision as that with which a poet chooses his words. Weigel's props, he declared, were selected

. . . for age, purpose, and beauty
By the eyes of the knowing,
The hands of the bread-baking, net-weaving,
Soup-cooking comprehender
Of reality.

After this, one of the company's oldest productions, I went to see the newest—"The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," described in the program as "*ein Gangster-Spektakel von Bertolt Brecht.*" Written in 1941, it is a jagged, raucous parody of Hitler's rise to power, told in terms of Chicago in the twenties, composed mostly in blank verse, and including several malicious revampings of scenes from Shakespeare and Goethe. Hitler-Ui is a small-time thug who, taking advantage of a falling market, blackmails the mayor of the city (Hindenburg) into allowing him to organize a really prosperous protection racket. When the mayor dies, Ui succeeds him. His plans to take over the suburb of Cicero (Austria) are disputed by some of the mob; he slaughters the dissidents with as merry a lack of compunction as Hitler showed in disposing of Ernst Roehm and his friends on the Night of the Long Knives. In the final scene, Ui is the boss, high on a rostrum spiky with microphones, through which he shrieks an exhortation that is cacophonously reproduced, at intervals of roughly half a second, by loudspeakers all over the theatre. The whole play is performed in a style that is somewhere between Erich von Stroheim and the Keystone Cops. The Roehm murders are staged like the St. Valentine's Day massacre; a truck drives into a garage, its headlights blazing straight at the audience, and silhouetted gunmen mow down the victims. The entire cast wears the sort of distorted makeup that one associates with puppets; the revolve whizzes around; and squalling Dixieland jazz interlards the scenes. Macabre farce on this level of inventiveness was something I had never struck before, in any theatre. Its quality was condensed in the performance of Ekkehard Schall as Ui—one of the most transfixing human experiments I have ever seen on a stage, and a perfect image of Brechtian acting. Schall, who is under thirty, plays Ui with a ginger mustache, a ginger fore-

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lock, a trench coat, and a hat with the brim completely turned down. He invests the part with all the deadpan gymnastic agility of the young Chaplin: clambering onto the back of a hotel armchair and toppling abruptly out of sight; biting his knuckles, and almost his whole fist, when momentarily frustrated; indulging, when left alone with women, in displays of ghastly skittishness; and learning, from a hired ham actor, that the golden rule of public speaking is to preserve one's chastity by shielding—as Hitler always did—the lower part of one's belly. Yet Schall can change gears without warning, switching from pure knockabout to sudden gloom of fearful intensity; the virtue of Brechtian training, as of Brechtian thinking, is that it teaches the infinite flexibility of mankind. The play itself is rowdy and Chaplinesque. What the production—and Schall, above all—has added to it is a fever, a venom, and a fury that make laughter freeze, like cold sweat, on one's lips.

In me are contending
Delight at the apple trees in blossom
And horror at the house-painter's speeches.
But only the second
Drives me to my desk.

Thus Brecht; and this production makes one glad that he was so driven. Its directors—Peter Palitzsch and Manfred Wekwerth—are both, like Schall, young men who were shaped by his tuition. The tradition, I would hazard, is safe. —KENNETH TYNAN

•

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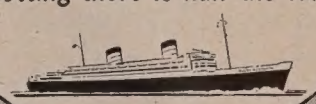

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THE RACE TRACK

Big A

COMING back to Belmont Park is always a pleasure, but I must say that, except for the opener, the racing has been dull. There has been nothing on the program to bring out the better horses, so just about all we've had has been an interminable procession of claiming races. Perhaps it's just as well that the meeting ends Saturday. Still, the Fall Highweight Handicap, which started the autumn season, lived up to its traditions, producing an exciting contest in which Mystic II, a French-bred five-year-old, brought off a 25–1 chance. Discard was second and Silver Ship third. Silver Ship, who had never been beaten at Belmont, was a hot favorite in the betting, despite the fact that he was carrying 140 pounds and giving up to thirty-one pounds to his opposition. He looked like a favorite, too, but no doubt his impost was more than he could bear, because he tired in the last furlong. As for the middle-of-the-week special, Wednesday's Vagrancy Handicap, it was just another of those filly affairs. Dandy Blitzen won.

I SUPPOSE the reason Belmont has been relegated to the status of a second-class meeting (it won't have the Futurity, the Champagne Stakes, or the Jockey Club Gold Cup this year) was to give an extra buildup to Aqueduct, which opens on Monday. That hardly seems necessary, though, because everybody is bound to be impressed by the magnificent, and expensive, new Aqueduct. After all, it cost thirty-three million dollars to build, and its architect, Arthur Froehlich, who has made a point of seeing racing plants all over the world (he flew to Hong Kong not long ago to have a look at the Happy Valley racecourse), says there's nothing like it anywhere. I'll string along with that.

At first sight, the grandstand, an imposing piece of architecture, reminds you of the one at Roosevelt Raceway, which Mr. Froehlich also designed, but Aqueduct is really much bigger, covering seven acres. It is a thousand and fifty feet long, three hundred and fifty feet deep, and a hundred and ten feet high, and has a million square feet of floor space, divided among four levels—

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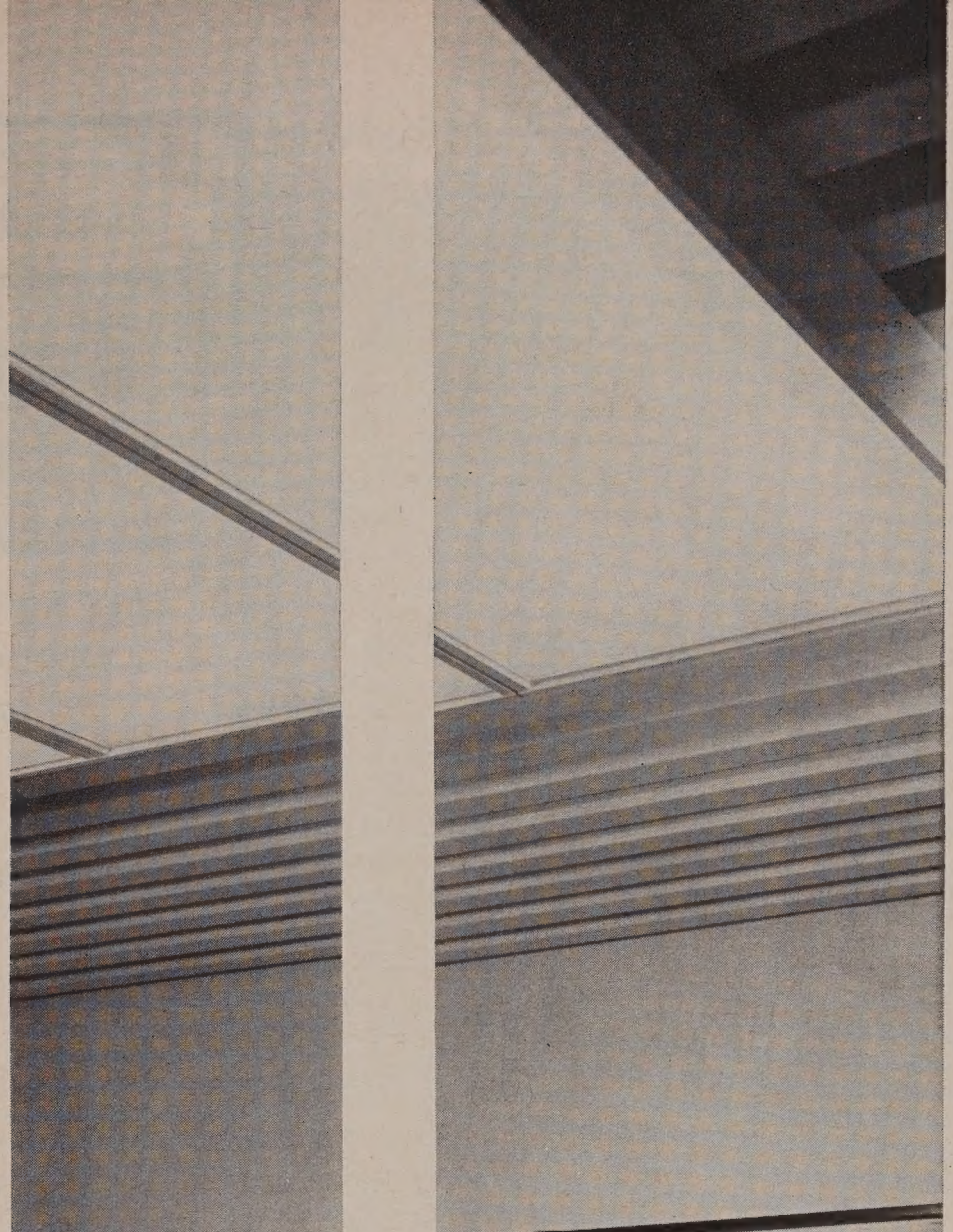

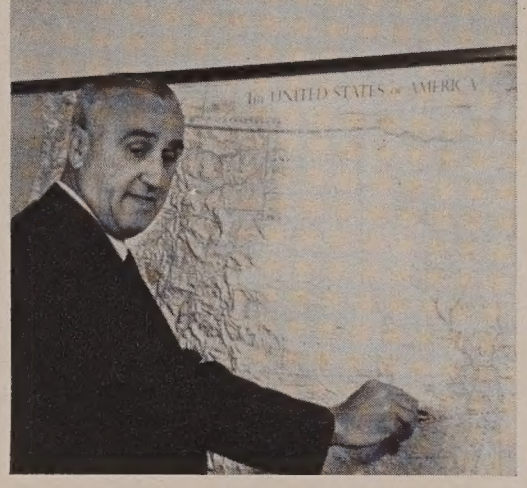

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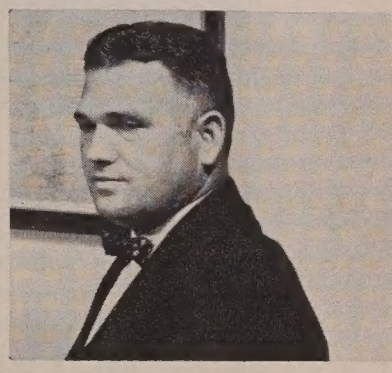

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a ground floor for the standees and three tiers of seats and boxes with room for twenty thousand spectators. The building is fully air-conditioned—cooled in summer and heated in autumn and early spring (the heating system will probably have a good test this year, since there will be racing at Aqueduct through November 30th)—and unless the customers are impatient, they won't have to climb stairs to get from one floor to another, for there are nine elevators and eighteen escalators. A man I know told me that he is going to spend his first afternoon at Aqueduct riding up and down on the escalators. It will be as much fun as winning a bet, he said.

The stand is a colorful one, inside and out; even the mutuel windows have been touched up with a variety of gay pastels. The color you'll see most is a vivid blue green called Aqueduct blue. Each section of seats in the grandstand is painted a different color, and the chairs in the boxes are upholstered in blue leather and are very comfortable. For dining, the Man o' War Room, on the second floor of the clubhouse, offers a superb view of New York's skyline, ten miles away. You can also watch the races in the clubhouse, by means of closed-circuit television.

As you've probably heard, it's now possible to get to Aqueduct on the Independent subway, and I expect that will bring horseplayers in droves. The management is confident that it can handle a crowd of eighty thousand, and I wouldn't be surprised if it had to someday. Nothing remains of the old Aqueduct except a furlong pole—the eighth pole, to be exact—and it's a memorial to Man o' War's victory in the Dwyer Stakes in 1920. You'll see it near the front entrance to the grandstand. The new furlong poles look like totem poles. Maybe they'll bring some luck to the railbirds. —Audax Minor

•

Executives do like girls who show some brains by not typing things that don't make sense and girls who settle down quickly after distractions. They like girls who can be trusted to put off a disagreeable task until it's too late.—*Detroit Times.*

In short, they just plain like girls.

•

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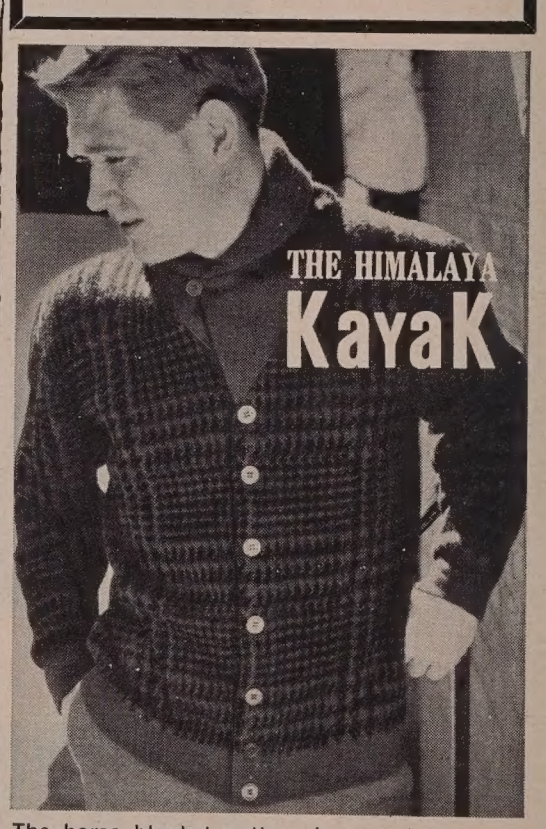

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Off Day for De Sica

VITTORIO DE SICA, the celebrated Italian triple threat, who can write, act, and direct, turns up simply as a performer in "The Tailor's Maid," and thus proves that as an actor he is a lot less discriminating about his material than he is as a writer or director. The film is, to say the least, threadbare, and although Mr. De Sica, with the help of a colleague named Ruggero Marchi, occasionally instills a little comic vigor into it, there just isn't enough dramatic invention around to sustain a full-length movie. The picture has to do with the adventures of various parents who are faced with the old, old problem of bringing up their children. Conspicuous among these worriers, of course, is Mr. De Sica, who portrays the tailor in the affair—a handsome buck given to making the business of fitting a lady into a dress as romantic as a caper in the "Decameron." He goes along happily and ardently twining his tape around his customers until he is suddenly distracted by the discovery that his daughter, a lass of sixteen, is having a high old time with a medical student in lonely corners of Rome. The youth's father is played by Mr. Marchi, and when he and Mr. De Sica get to debating whether or not the young ones should continue their gambols (Mr. De S. is pro, Mr. M. con), they whoop, grimace, and gesticulate with all the exuberance of a Keith-Albee pushcart act.

This is the main episode of the picture, but there are a good many others, mostly extraneous—something, for instance, about a zookeeper with six children who locks them in a monkey cage to keep them out of mischief, and something about a childless couple who, on being exposed to the charms of the husband's small nephew, decide that they'd better adopt a little one to brighten up their lives. As directed by Mario Monicelli, who had a hand in the success of "Bitter Rice," all this is unravelled most gently, but, even so, Mr. Monicelli never seems quite certain where his skein is leading him.

"THE GLASS TOWER" is a German picture that, except for the language barrier, could be substituted for

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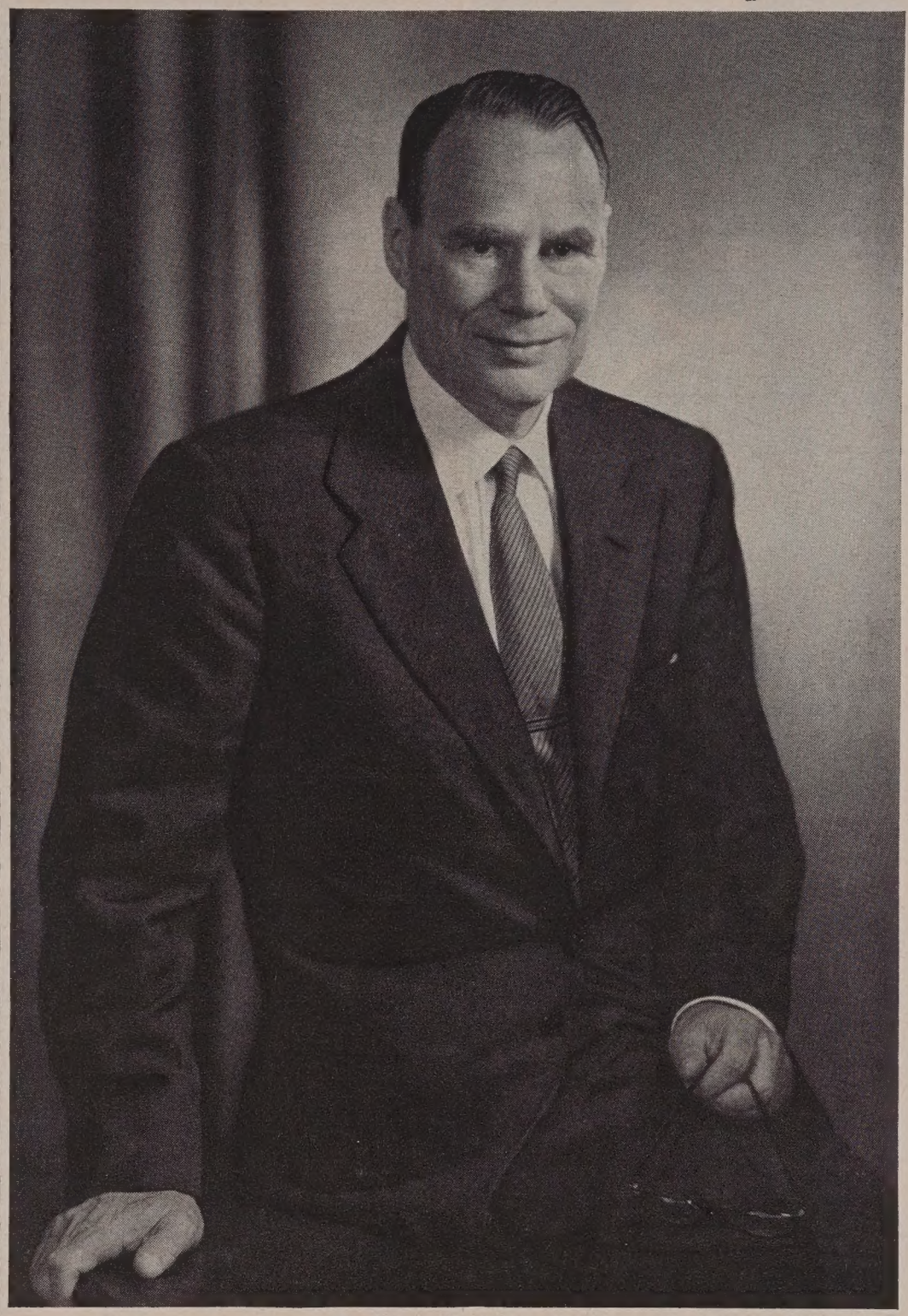

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any one of those dramas with which television diverts American housewives once Pop and the children are out of the way. It seems that there is a lovely lady who lives in an apartment in a skyscraper and is very unhappy. She broods because her husband, a billionaire, neglects her in order to concentrate on snatching up more power in industry. As it happens, the lady was once an actress, and when Daddy Warbucks shows signs of becoming absolutely gelid in her company, she decides to resume her acting career. Enter a playwright, as vibrant as Vic Tanny, whom our heroine used to know in the good old days. All kinds of backing and filling now begin, with the husband putting his foot down every time his wife mentions the subject of returning to the stage. Eventually, this leads to violence, and the picture winds up with some wildly confused melodrama. The leading participants are Lilli Palmer, O. E. Hasse, and Peter Van Eyck. Miss Palmer is pretty enough to make it hard to understand the attitude of Mr. Hasse, who plays her husband, while Mr. Van Eyck, as the playwright, never reads a line of dialogue from his works that would warrant Miss Palmer's taking another turn on the boards. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Thelma Smith went to Birmingham recently to have an operation on her ear. Her husband, Claud, had to go down on business the night before the operation so her doctor suggested they put a cot in her room and he could stay with her. By the time his business had been completed all the cots were taken so he decided to sleep in the easy chair rather than look for a place that late. Soon Thelma was sound asleep so Claud decided it would be more comfortable to just crawl in beside her. When the nurse came in to give Thelma a shot she had to wake them both to see who was the patient. Claud was right embarrassed and swore to himself this would never happen again. But alas the flesh is weak. Soon he was back in bed sound asleep again and this time a nurse had to awaken them to see whom to operate on. —*Guntersville (Ala.) Advertiser-Gleam.*

In a well-run hospital, *both* occupants of a bed are operated on.

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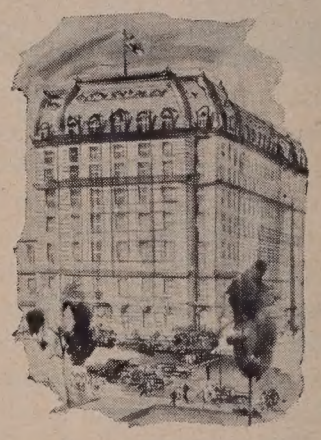

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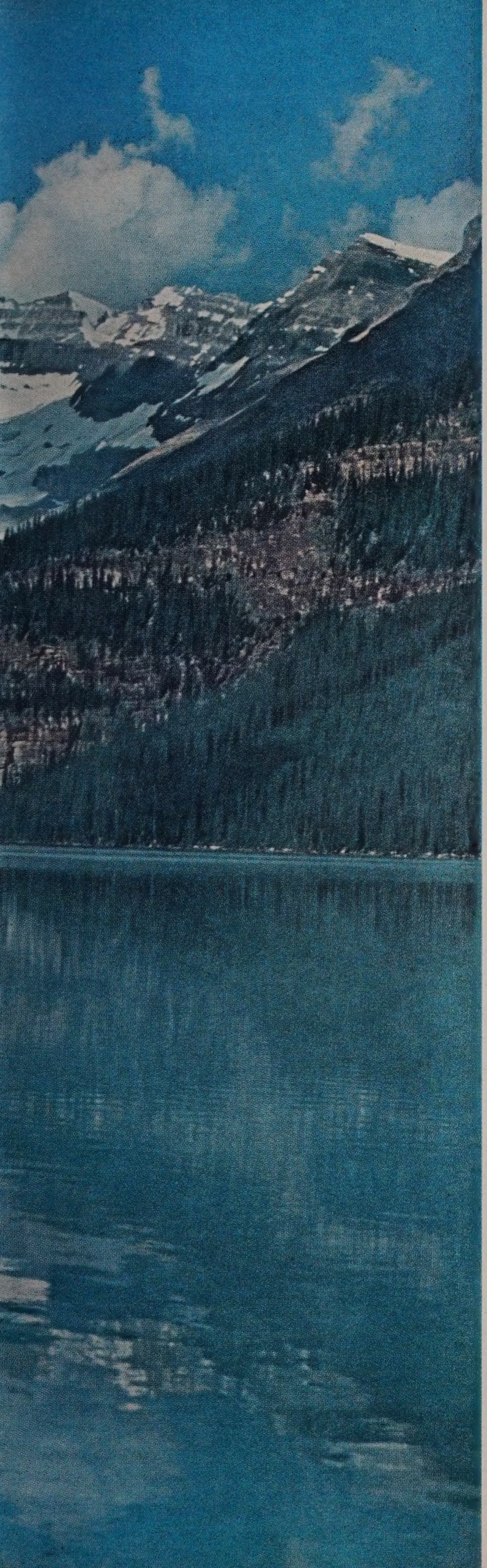

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If you think of Canada as arctic, then somebody tells you that roses bloom in Victoria at Christmas. If you think of mountains, then somebody mentions prairies. And if you think of Canadians as typically British, you then discover that Montreal is the biggest French-speaking city after Paris.

Nevertheless, there is one phenomenon that is as noticeable in Montreal as it is in Medicine Hat. And that is Canada's vitality. If dangerous Dan McGrew saw his country today he would have a heart attack. He would find thirty universities, two ballet companies and the best Shakespearean theater this side of the Old Vic. Not to mention a Muslim mosque in Edmonton.

As for industry, the oil business alone would make Dan's eyes pop. The Canadian firm that is affiliated with Jersey Standard spent thirty years and millions of dollars before they found oil in the west. Yet today, only twelve years since the first strike, Canada is seventh among the oil-producing nations of the free world.

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Traveler's note: Canada has thirty-seven national parks and no less than one third of the world's fresh water. Our photograph shows Lake Louise.

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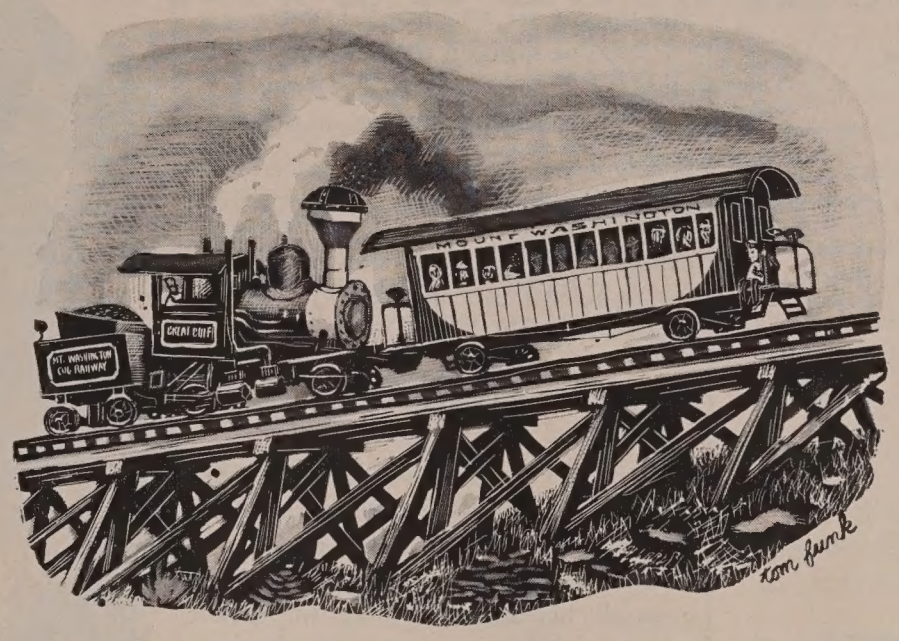
A REPORTER AT LARGE

RACK AND PINION



WHENEVER I get tired of the hot city, I crave railroads and mountains, and recently, tired of the hot city, I discovered that I could have a railroad and a mountain at one and the same time, scarcely a day's journey from New York. The mountain was Mount Washington, a six-thousand-foot wind-swept giant in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the railroad was the Mount Washington Cog Railway, which climbs a little over three miles to the summit and, in the course of the trip, moves from the summer heat of the Temperate Zone to some of the rigors of the arctic. One morning a few weeks ago, I packed a small overnight bag and drove out of the city, and nine or ten hours later I was in Bretton Woods, checking in at the Mount Washington Hotel, an immense white reminder of an unhurried past, with orange turrets, acres of porches, hundreds of white wicker rockers, and an unparalleled view of the Presidential Range, of which Mount Washington is the crowning feature. The light was fading when I arrived, but it had been a shimmeringly clear day, and from my window I could see, with varying degrees of distinctness, practically the whole range. Northward, to my left, stretched a long, imposing ridge, in silhouette, punctuated by Mount Clay, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Adams. To the south stretched another long ridge, this one lower, with graceful, gentler peaks—Mount Monroe, Mount Franklin, Mount Pleasant, and Mount Clinton. Almost directly in front of me I could see Mount Washington, topped with what appeared to be a tower and some other buildings. The summit seemed a long way off. On the dark, forested slope I could make out a narrow swath, and above the timber line, among scrub and rocks, something that looked like a track and trestle, climbing up and up and up. This, I assumed, was the right of way of the cog railroad, and I stood gazing at it until it vanished in the darkness and the ridges and peaks became one long black line.

The next morning was bright and clear—one of those mountain mornings that promise a warm day. At about noon, taking my bag, I started off for the base station of the cog railroad, at the foot of the western slope of Mount Washington, seven miles from the hotel. The road cut through the virgin spruce and fir of the White Mountains National Forest, ending in a complex of civilization: a parking space, already filled with cars from many states; a miniature railway yard, with a machine shop and a car barn; a large log cabin housing a souvenir shop and a restaurant; and several smaller cabins, where tourists could spend the night. Near the souvenir shop, a boulder bore the words, painted in white, "Welcome to Base Station, Altitude 2700 Feet," and in front of the shop, atop a wooden exhibition platform, was a fourteen-foot stretch of precipitously inclined track, leading nowhere, on which an antique engine rested. The engine looked astonishingly simple. It had four wheels (two large ones in back and two small ones forward), an open cab, painted bright red and green, and, at the front, mounted on trunnions, a tall, vertical black iron boiler with a silver smokestack. The boiler was shaped like a chubby bottle with a narrow neck; it reminded me of pictures I had seen of old-fashioned pepper-sauce bottles, and, sure enough, a sign nearby proclaimed the engine to be Old Peppersass, the line's original engine and the brain child of Sylvester Marsh, who built the cog railway. It had opened for business in 1869, and Old Peppersass had chugged her way up the mountain for twelve years with the trunnions keeping her boiler in a properly vertical position. I couldn't figure out what prevented this museum piece from sliding off the inclined piece of track, and I began to poke around. The engine was chained to the platform, but the chains hung loosely, and obviously were not what was keeping Old Peppersass in place. I peeked at the track underneath. There were two standard rails, as on any railroad, but midway between them was a pair of narrower rails connected by short, sturdy steel crossbars, four inches apart. Attached to the bottom of the engine was a cogwheel, about a foot and a half in diameter, and one of its teeth rested against one of the steel bars, holding the engine steady; if power were applied, I gathered, the cogwheel would start turning and the engine would pull itself, cog by cog, up the track.

I was still peeking under Old Peppersass when I heard a hiss of steam. Walking in the direction of the noise, off to one side of the souvenir shop, I came upon the real track—a single line, heading up the slope. There at the bottom, ready for the trip up, was a small wooden railroad coach, painted silver and green, and, behind it, a small locomotive, obviously a direct descendant of Old Peppersass, and, like her, painted red and green. The boiler, though, was not vertical but horizontal, or almost horizontal, being tilted slightly downward in front. Jutting up from the boiler's front end was a silver smokestack, its bulbous top covered with mesh. Evidently this boiler had been given its downward tilt in order to keep the water level as the train climbed the mountain. The coach, I saw, had its own cogwheel. The engine was No. 6, and bore the name Great Gulf. A grimy-looking engineer was walking up and down beside it.

"When you leaving?" I asked him.

"In five minutes," he said. "At one-fifteen."

"How long does it take?" I asked.

"Hour and fifteen minutes," he said.

"I notice that the engine is behind

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the car," I said. "She must push the car up the hill."

"You've hit it on the nose," he said.

"Doesn't look as though the engine and the car are attached," I said.

"You've hit it on the nose again," he said.

"What about coming down?" I asked.

"Coming down, the engine is in front of the car," he said, as if he were explaining things to a small boy. "The car is behind the engine. The engine backs down."

"Trip safe?" I asked.

"Try and find a safer one," he said.

THERE was a ticket booth nearby, and a round-trip ticket cost four seventy-five. Information about the weather on the summit was chalked on a small blackboard beside the ticket window: "Temperature: 47 degrees. Wind: NNW 13 m.p.h. Forecast: Clear, fair." It was a good 80 degrees down below in the bright sun, and I was happy to see a sign in the window reading, "Spend the Night on Top of Mount Washington. Mount Washington Summit House." I asked the ticket man about the Summit House. "Nothing like it," he said, "and with weather like this you might even get a sunrise." I must have shown surprise at the implication that the sun did not always rise in this part of the world, for he hastily added, "There's fog up there about twenty-five days each month, and clouds most of the rest of the time, so maybe the summit gets three or four good sunrises in a year. The wind hits hurricane force, of seventy-five miles per hour, just like that"—he snapped his fingers—"and it's blown as high as two hundred and thirty-one miles per hour. That was April 12, 1934. You can make arrangements to stay at the Summit House when you get there." He handed me my ticket, and I climbed aboard the silver-and-green coach. The car had forty-eight seats, and by the time we got going, with a great grinding noise, it was filled to capacity.

I had snared a front seat, and since we were being pushed from behind by Great Gulf, I had an unobstructed view. On the front platform of the car, a few feet from me, were two hand brakes and a brakeman—a young man in dungarees—sitting with his legs dangling over the side. He was eating a sandwich. The day was spectacularly clear, and the steep track went straight up to the sky. We crossed a wooden bridge over a swift-running stream,

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Edition	States	*Circulation	B&W Pg. Rate
1	Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin	608,297	$3,955
2	Illinois, Indiana	218,956	$1,860
3	Iowa	128,670	$1,160
4	Minnesota	116,748	$1,050
5	Nebraska	67,646	$ 625
6	North Dakota, South Dakota	82,225	$ 760
7	Wisconsin	76,277	$ 705
8	Iowa, Illinois, Indiana	347,626	$2,780
9	Iowa, Minnesota	245,418	$2,085
10	Iowa, Nebraska	196,316	$1,720
11	Minnesota, Wisconsin	193,025	$1,690
12	Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota	198,973	$1,740
13	North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska	149,871	$1,350
14	Illinois, Indiana, Ohio	320,412	$2,565
15	Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska	395,289	$3,065
16	Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota	540,651	$3,785
17	Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan	464,985	$3,370
18	North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas	217,241	$1,850
19	Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri	339,268	$2,715
20	Middle Atlantic, New England	138,385	$1,245

*A.B.C. Publisher's Statement 12/31/58

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and then we were in heavily forested country. Smoke and grit filled the car, and I could hear the rackety-rack of the cogwheels as their teeth caught the cograil. I turned around to take a look at my fellow-passengers, and, almost to a man, woman, and child, they had strange, forced half smiles on their faces, as though they were thinking, "My God, what am I doing here? But I'm here and I might as well be brave." The people in the last row seemed far down the mountain.

We chugged and climbed and racketed along. To the north and south, broad, overwhelming vistas of mountains spread out. Standing up, I could see the base station below, already tiny in the distance. Farther off, my hotel, with its gleaming white walls and its orange turrets, seemed like a castle in the valley. Sitting down again, I saw another little train coming toward us down the steep incline—the engine, with its tilted boiler, in front, and a passenger coach behind. As I was asking myself the inevitable question—what would happen when the two trains met—I spied a water tower perched on the slope, off to the right, and beyond it a wooden platform. Rackety-rack went my train, and then it stopped; the brakeman hopped off, ran ahead several yards, flipped over some heavy pieces of track, and waved to the engineer. Great Gulf started up again, rising slightly, and swung off the main track and onto a siding.

"Waumbek!" the brakeman cried, as the train pulled up on the siding. "We stop here to let the train coming down get by." Past us clacked the down-coming train—Tip Top was the engine's name—and the forty-eight people in its coach waved at the forty-eight people in our coach. I experienced for a moment the companionship and comfort that sailors must feel when their ship, after days on the lonely seas, meets another vessel, and I was further heartened by the thought that if Tip Top had made it, surely Great Gulf could make it. When Tip Top had gone past us, we backed onto the main track, and took on water. Once again the brakeman threw the pieces of track, and once again we started up the mountain. It was growing chilly, and I dipped into my bag, pulled out a heavy sweater, and put it on. There was snow in some of the ravines. The spruce and fir, which had been tall and strong a while back, were becoming smaller, and the vegetation in general looked gnarled and scrubby. We passed huge chunks of rock, many of them covered with

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Terry puts the Western touch on our oriental robe—a kimono of crisp stripes woven on white Cannon **terry.** There's "one for the Master and one for the Dame" in this easy-on favorite for loafing hours. **His** and **Hers** both in Small, Medium and Large sizes, in a choice of red or black stripes on white. **$10.95**

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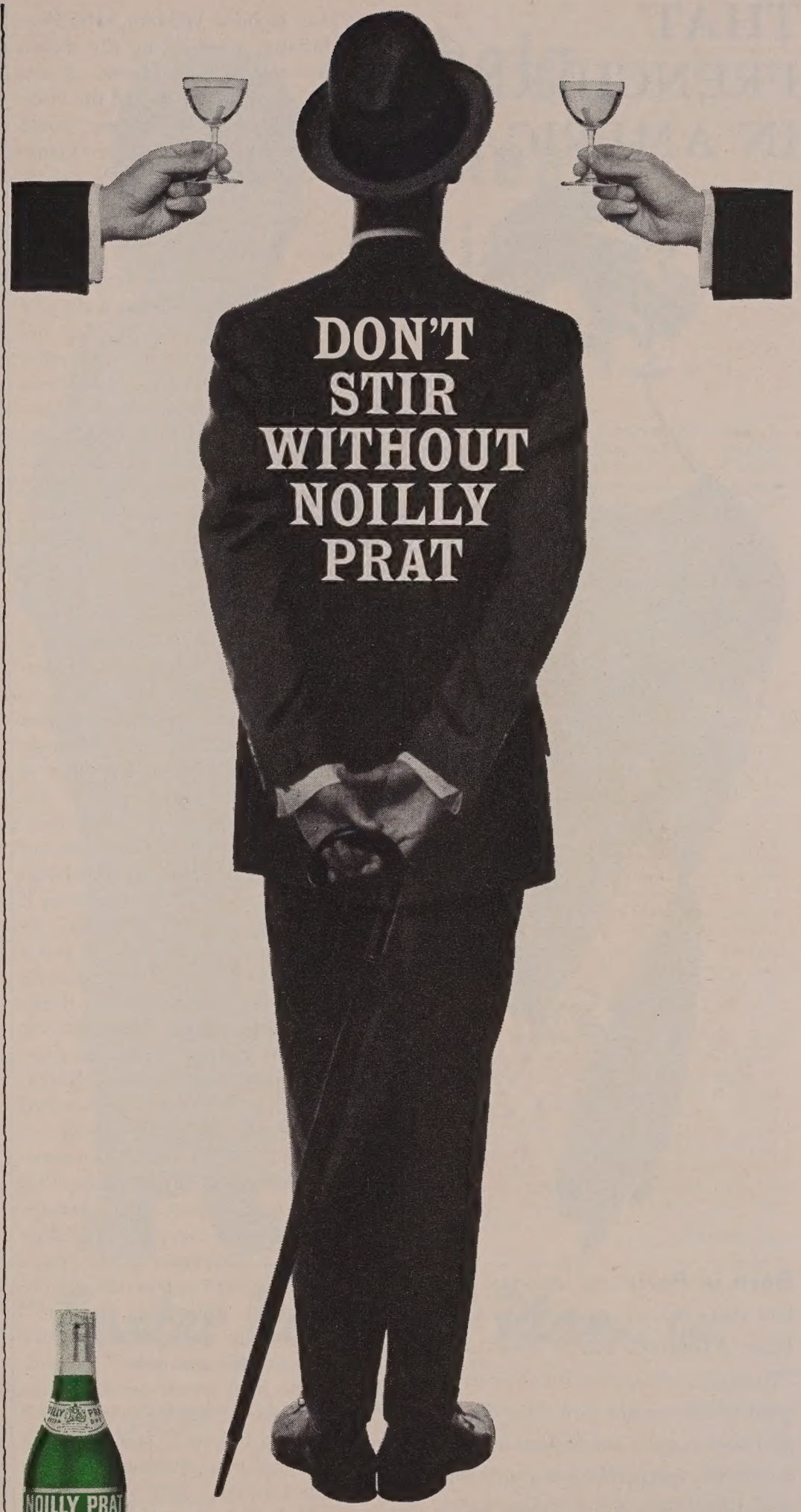
lichen. A brisk breeze blew more soot through the car. Below, to our left, lay a deep ravine, and at the bottom I could see hundreds of twisted, dead birch trees. The train huffed and puffed, cog by cog, higher and higher, approaching the rocky, barren ridge that I had seen the night before from my hotel window.

"Jacob's Ladder!" called out the brakeman. "Steepest part of the climb! Here we rise thirteen inches for each three feet we go forward. The grade is thirty-seven point forty-one per cent. Our average grade is twenty-five per cent—a thousand three hundred feet up to the mile. Here it's nineteen hundred and eighty feet to the mile."

Ahead was a high, steep trestle, its foundations resting on barren rock, twenty-five feet below. It looked like a roller coaster on the moon. "Ooh!" went several ladies in the rear of the coach as Great Gulf gave an extra heave and an extra puff, and the rackety-clack seemed to increase. Cinders flew through the car as we slowly, almost painfully mounted the trestle and swung around a bend. Once more we passed a siding, and waiting this time for *us* to pass stood an engine called Summit and a coach with forty-eight passengers. All hands exchanged fluttered greetings. It was ten minutes past two. Distances became deceptive, and the peaks of the Presidential Range seemed close enough to touch. We passed rock cairns, marking trails up and along the mountains. We passed three hikers, knapsacks on their backs; a tall hiker stood close to the track, snapping pictures of the train. We passed more water tanks. To the left was a deep gulf, plunging down thousands of feet; to the right several buildings unexpectedly appeared. We passed a small monument, stuck among the rocks and bearing a sign that I had plenty of time to read as we chugged by. The monument had been put there to commemorate Lizzie C. Bourne, daughter of Judge Bourne, of Kennebunk, Maine, who perished, just below the summit, in a storm, in September, 1855; Miss Bourne was twenty-three years old. Then I saw another monument, in memory of two young men who had died within a few yards of the top of the mountain, in January, 1932, while climbing along the railroad's right of way. And then, a moment later, the train rounded a curve and stopped. We were at the summit.

I STEPPED from the car into a cold, brisk breeze. The sky was as clear as it had been below. A long, two-



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story gray wooden building, with dormer windows, stood facing the station platform—the Summit House. I was on top, no doubt about it, and the vistas were as startling as anyone could wish: peaks, peaks, peaks, toward Canada, toward Maine, toward Vermont, and southwest toward the Connecticut River valley. I walked into the Summit House, pushing open a heavy door, and found myself in a large room with heavy beams along the walls and a huge fireplace, in which a log fire was crackling, at one end. At the other end was a counter piled with souvenirs: hats and whistles bearing pictures of Jacob's Ladder with an engine and coach steaming up it; metal paperweights in the shape of Jacob's Ladder, with a little train ascending; and so on. Several hikers, wearing woollen shirts and heavy shoes, were lounging in front of the fireplace. I walked over to a corner of the room, where a group of people were sitting at a long table, addressing picture postcards. When one of them finished, he dropped his cards into a box, labelled "Mount Washington, New Hampshire," that stood on a bare counter. A young man was sitting behind the counter, and as fast as the cards were dropped into the box, he took them out and stamped them "Mount Washington, New Hampshire." I asked him if he was the postmaster. "Oh, no," he said. "Colonel Teague, who is president of the railway and the Summit House, is the postmaster. He's a third-class postmaster. New Hampshire is filled with third- and fourth-class postmasters. Down in Crawford Notch, where there's a fine hotel, the Crawford House, why, the managing director of that hotel, Mr. Edgerton, he's a fourth-class postmaster, and he has a stamp that says 'Crawford House, New Hampshire.' It's a smart idea, and a prestige item, to have a postmaster on the premises. This is the highest post office in the East. That's a distinction, isn't it?" I said it certainly was. "This counter is all there is to the post office," he said. "I send the mail down on the trains to the base station. Staying overnight?" I said that I'd like to. "Just step over there," he told me, pointing to the far end of the counter, "and talk to Peter Lund. He's the manager up here. Graduate of Harvard." This identification was made in a tone of deep admiration. He put reverent emphasis on "Harvard," and even more reverent emphasis on the word "graduate." "I'm at Exeter," he added proudly.

Peter Lund turned out to be a slim,

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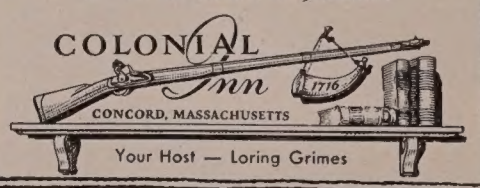

Your Host — Loring Grimes

relaxed-looking young man with large eyes. When I told him that I'd like to stay on top overnight, he said that he had just the room for me, and led me to it; it was on the second floor, down a long corridor. The room looked out upon a water tower, a bunkhouse connected to the Summit House by a stone tunnel, and what I took to be the entire western half of New England. "You hit a wonderful day," Lund said. "Clear as clear can be. But anything can happen any minute—wind, rain, sleet, clouds that can roll in from nowhere and make it impossible to see even one inch out that window. When you've washed up, come downstairs and have a cup of coffee. I'll be in the kitchen, just behind the main room and the dining room. We serve sandwiches all through the day, and you may want one of those, too. The American cheese is great." Just then, a bell began tolling heavily. "Train's about to leave," said Lund. "We give the people a few minutes' notice before a train heads back down."

Lund departed, and a little while later I joined him downstairs for a cup of coffee and an American-cheese sandwich. I was embarrassed at the wolfish way I ate. "Old mountain air getting you?" asked Lund. I nodded, and he ordered me another sandwich. The coffee was pungent, and it tasted good. Lund, a keen observer, remarked, "Not bad coffee, is it? We have nothing but the best up here on top of the world. People who come up here, especially people who climb, need hot coffee more than anything else. I've seen hikers straggle in here looking like drowned muskrats after half a day on the side of the mountain in desperate weather, and a cup of coffee fixes them up in a jiffy. We keep big pots going all the time. Running out of coffee would be like running out of oxygen. Let's take a walk."

We went out by the main door and crossed the railway tracks just as another engine and car came around the curve. The name of the engine was Waumbek, and the coach was filled to capacity, as usual. When the train stopped, the forty-eight men, women, and children got off and began wandering around. Lund and I admired the scenery on all sides. He pointed out trails leading down the mountain—the one leading to Tuckerman Ravine, for example, a natural amphitheatre, where skiing is possible until late June. "Over there," he went on, indicating a promontory, "is the Lion's Head, on the Huntington Trail. Some people think it looks like a lion's head. Some people,

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Ninh Ngoc Ny, Vietnamese, age 6. Mother dead. Father works occasionally. Earns $10.00 per month. Child's 13 year old brother looks after house and younger children. Family fled Communists in north. First lived in refugee camp. Now live in Saigon. Situation desperate. Lack food, clothing, everything. No money for school fee. Child sad, distressed. Wants to be teacher when she grows up. Help to this child means life for whole family. Will keep family unit together. Help urgent.

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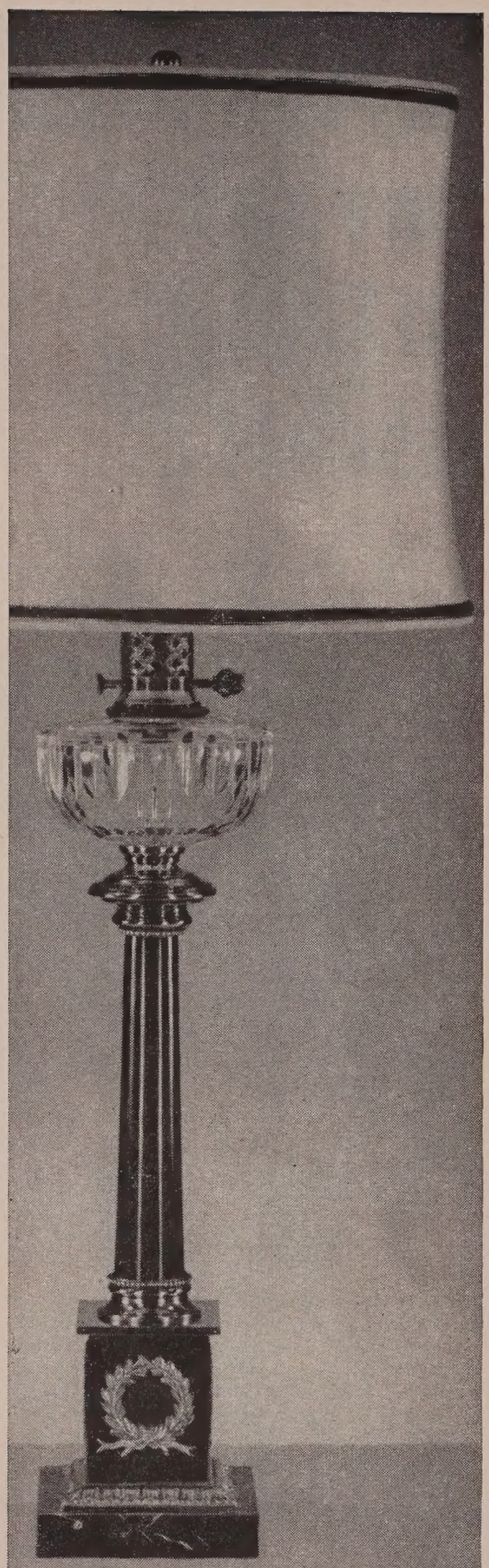

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including me, think it just looks like a rock." He pointed to a tiny stone hut beside a small body of water on a plateau to the southwest and below us. "That's the Lake of the Clouds hut, and the lake is the Lake of the Clouds. It's about five thousand feet up, and it's the source of the Ammonoosuc River. I hate climbing. I started down from here to the Lake of the Clouds once, and I got a little ways and looked back up, and I said to myself, 'Oh, no! If the top is that far away here, think how far away it'll be if I reach the hut.' So I scampered up again, fast." Lund said that since 1953 he had spent his summers working on the mountain, first at the base station, as a ticket seller and dispatcher, and then, starting in 1956, at the top. "Once you're up here, you're *yourself*," he said. "And if you want to go down, there's always the old cog railway." We stopped near a weather-beaten frame building anchored to rocks near the Summit House. "The Mount Washington Observatory," Lund said. "Open all year round and operated under a contract with the United States Weather Bureau, although it's not an official Weather Bureau station. Weathermen stay here all through the long winter. It's hit forty-seven degrees below zero here! Never in recorded history has it been warmer than seventy-one degrees." He pointed north. "There's the Presidential Range," he said, "and beyond you can see Berlin, New Hampshire." He pointed east. "Far beyond, on the horizon, you can see the Atlantic," he said. "Sort of a desolate feeling comes over you, doesn't it? All these big chunks of rock, and all so darn *old*."

For another half hour, Lund and I meandered around the summit. He pointed out the "carriage road," for automobiles, up the eastern slope of the mountain (five dollars a round trip for each car and driver, a dollar for each additional occupant); the water tower; a building where the Air Force tests icing conditions on planes; a helicopter landing strip, where helicopter blades are checked for ice formation; and a television control station (WMTW-TV). The structures lent a grotesqueness to the summit. They seemed haphazard and ugly and, in the literal sense, unnatural, sitting up there on the highest point in New England. They were also, in an indefinable way, disturbing, and the incessant drone of some sort of machine in the television control center (the station's studios are down in Portland, a million miles away) added to the incongruity. One

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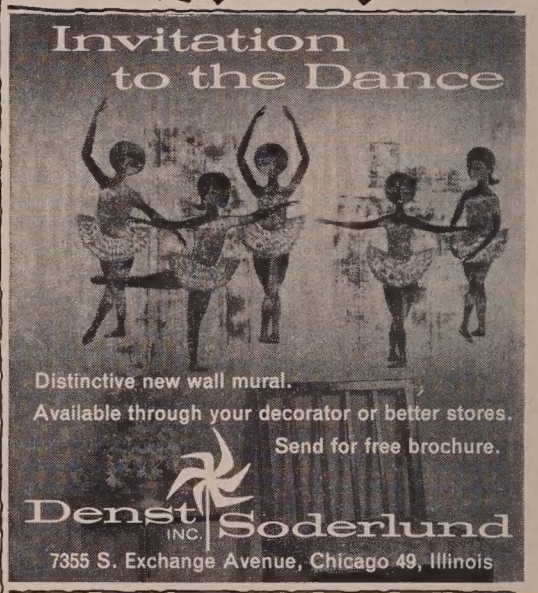

would think that on top of Mount Washington it would be possible to escape from noise, that Chinese torture of American life, and especially of American urban life. Well, on this mountain, communion with nature is now accompanied by communion with the sort of extraneous racket one hears on Lexington Avenue, say, where the buses whine their way right through one's apartment, shifting gears. Scrambling up over jagged rock to the water tower, Lund and I saw a brass marker set into the highest rock. The marker said that the rock was 6,284 feet above sea level—the official United States Geological Survey figure for the height of the mountain. "Sixty-two hundred and eighty-eight is considered by many to be the correct height of the mountain, although the figure sixty-two hundred and ninety-three is well regarded by some," Lund said, mysteriously. I was impressed by all the figures. A cold, cold wind was blowing when we headed back to the sombre Summit House, and clouds were forming to the north and west. "You never can tell," said Lund, with pride. "Anything can happen—hurricane weather, pea-soup fog, or a glorious sunset."

IN the dining room, I had a robust supper of steak, potatoes, peas, ice cream, and coffee. Afterward, I walked out into the big room with the fireplace, and saw a group of overnight guests hovering near a cardboard box on the mantel. A pencilled sign beside it read, "The Remains of Lizzie C. Bourne." I glanced into the box. It contained a few small bones. Lund happened past, and I asked him about the bones. "Just a gag," he said. "Some old chicken bones. We put them in a couple of years ago, and they got the visitors so excited we left them there. People have all sorts of notions once they get on top. Lots of folks think that the carriage road is for mule teams, and they keep asking when the mules will leave for the base. I used to have a little push button on the desk over there, where people register for rooms, and almost everybody wondered what it was. I'd always tell them it was the panic button—just press in case of panic. Scared them half to death."

I left Lund and wandered about outside the Summit House once more. It was getting on toward seven, and the last train chugged down the track, rounded the curve, and disappeared from view. By now, darkness was setting in, and it was *really* cold. The sunset was disappointing—thin, ragged col-

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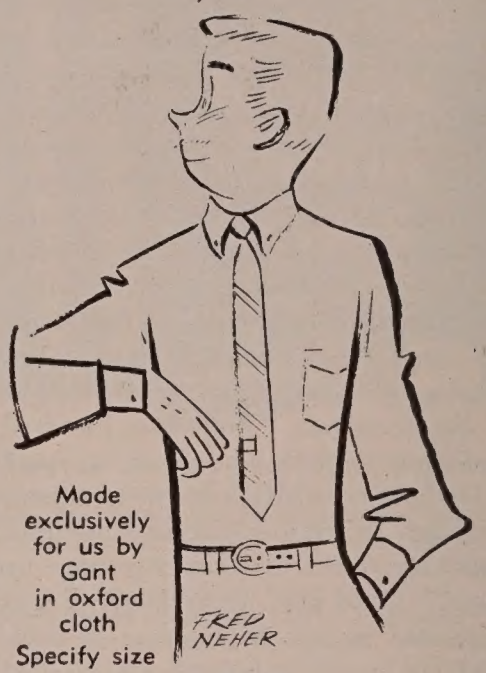
ors in a grayish sky. The wind had begun to blow more smartly, with overtones of something still stronger to come. I went back inside, sat down in front of the fire, and fell into conversation with a slim, fair-haired young man, who introduced himself as Dr. Lawrence Bliss, of the University of Illinois Botany Department. Before I knew it, Dr. Bliss and I were talking botany. The railroad, he told me, climbed past a lot of interesting vegetation—first balsam fir and red spruce, and then the small, scrubby growth I had noticed on the way up. "The Germans have a word for it—*Krummholz*," he said, and explained that that meant "gnarled wood." He went on to say that sixty species of plants that grow on the top also grow in the arctic, the Alps, northern Asia, and Greenland, and reeled off the names of several alpine shrubs that I could have identified that afternoon if I had known anything about botany: mountain cranberry, bilberry, crowberry, Labrador tea, Lapland rosebay ("a little rhododendron"), and diapensia. "A balsam fir, which ordinarily reaches a height of sixty or eighty feet, may be dwarfed to twelve inches up here," he said. "That's due to a combination of factors—the high winds, the fog, and the temperatures, which are low but, of course, not so low that nothing can grow at all."

Lund sailed past and called out happily, as he disappeared into the kitchen, "Wind blowing, blowing, blowing."

"Even the dwarfed trees are confined to protected spots," said Dr. Bliss. "My work has taken me to the Western mountains—Western United States, that is—and I am comparing the rates of growth and the environmental factors here and out there. It's fascinating. Actually, this is alpine tundra—tundra being a treeless, barren area. One speaks of alpine tundra in high altitudes, arctic tundra in high latitudes." Dr. Bliss excused himself for a few moments, and returned with two objects—a slim book, by Dr. Ernst Antevs, titled "Alpine Zone of Mount Washington Range" and a gnarled stick of wood stripped of bark. "This is alpine willow from right here on Mount Washington," he said, handing me the stick. Its surface was bare, bleached, and almost shiny. "It's been twisted by wind erosion, and the wind has removed all the bark, and eventually the wood would have gone, too. As for this fine, authoritative book, you might enjoy reading about where you are and what sort of thing you can find here."

A shirt with tapered sides



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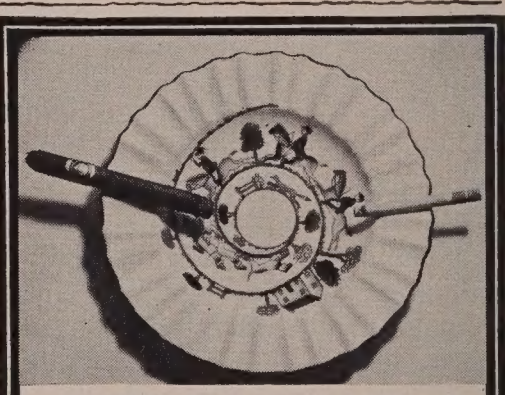

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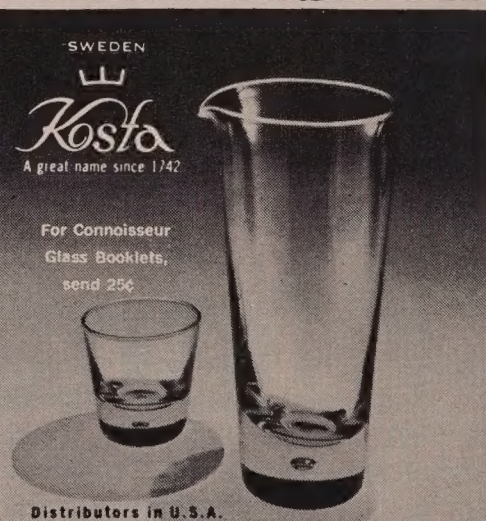

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He left me, and over the next hour or so, with the fire burning brightly and the wind rising intermittently to a howl, I learned a good deal from Dr. Antevs' book. I discovered that I had come to a very old spot indeed—that the arctic flora Dr. Bliss had talked about found a haven here after the last continental glacier said its farewell, about fifteen thousand years ago. "Glacial striae . . . and perched boulders show that the last Pleistocene ice sheet on the Presidential Range reached elevations of at least 5000 to 5300 feet," I read. I began to wish that I had brought along an extra sweater. I also wished that the railroad ran at night. "During the growth of the last continental ice sheet, which covered the northern half of North America, the climatic belts and the life zones were gradually pressed southward in front of the ice," Dr. Antevs went on. "With the subsequent melting of the ice, these belts migrated northward behind the retreating ice edge. The arctic flora . . . represents plants that either colonized the mountains shortly after the release from the ice or found a refuge in this cool region at a later date when the surrounding lowlands and hills became uncomfortably warm and crowded. . . . In lee of the prevailing winds, if only behind a low ledge or in a shallow depression, the vegetation is richer in species and is comparatively luxurious in appearance owing to the deep green of meadow herbs." Dr. Antevs pinpointed a spot in Labrador similar to the spot where I was reading his book—the coast at Hopedale, latitude 55½° N, seven hundred and seventy-five miles to the north of Mount Washington. I learned that there are no reptiles, amphibians, or fish on the summit but that there is a plenitude of spiders, that there are a few flying squirrels, that a woodchuck or groundhog once wandered almost to the top, and that in 1893 a chipmunk lived in a rock crevice directly beneath the Summit House. There are plenty of red-backed mice, and three thousand species of insect have been collected, but most of them were entomological carpetbaggers, blown up by the winds. Only one butterfly is known to be indigenous—*Œneis semidea*. I also learned that, except for juncos, white-throated sparrows, and an occasional bald eagle, birds rarely make the top; the winds are too strong.

By the time I had read this, rain was pelting down, and the windows of the Summit House were streaming. An old magazine article, framed and hanging on a wall, caught my eye, and I

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walked over to read it. The evening was certainly an educational one; I now learned that there has been a hotel or inn at the summit since 1852, seventeen years before the cog railway was built, and that many people of fashion used to come up by way of the carriage road. The ferocious winds, I read, are caused by the fact that the peak stands at the junction of two major storm tracks—one coming in from the Atlantic, the other travelling eastward across the United States. A musician at the Summit House seventy years ago, when an orchestra played dinner music for the guests, left the place one night, between numbers, and never returned. Presumably, he was blown off the mountain. More recently, a lady stepped from a railroad coach one afternoon, wearing a light, strapless dress, and it had been whisked right off her. Often, the fog on the mountain freezes into pellets, called rime. These can whiz through the air with the force of bird shot. Within a few hours, an exposed piece of pipe can collect a sheath of rime a couple of feet in diameter.

Also on the wall were several pictures of a bundled-up lady—Florence M. Clark, the first woman to reach the top of the mountain by dog team. She did it in 1932. And hanging near the photographs was her favorite passage of verse:

Oh, God! Give me mountains with hills at their knees,
Mountains too tall for the flutter of trees,
Mountains that know the deep shadows of death,
That have kissed a pale star and felt its last breath,
And yet lift the dawn in a gold-rimmed cup!
Oh, God! Give me mountains and the strength to climb up!

All I wanted at that point was the strength to climb up to my room. When I reached it, the wind was howling without letup. I tried to go to sleep but didn't make out very well. The wind screamed, the panes rattled as the water cascaded down them, and the entire Summit House shook as though in agony. Just as I was at last dropping off, there came a gentle tap on my door. It was Lund, cheery as ever. "Isn't it wonderful!" he said. I could hardly hear him over the screech of the wind. "I'll wake you up for the sunrise!" he cried happily. "Anything can happen on Mount Washington!"

I AWOKE to the sound of a gale and looked out my window. I could see nothing. I looked at my watch and found that it was past seven. I concluded

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that somehow I had managed to get to sleep, and also that I had not missed the sunrise, because there had been no sunrise to miss. When I went down to breakfast, I ran into a disconsolate Lund. If there had been a sunrise, he assured me, he would have rung a gong. "Typical foul weather," he said. "Mostly we don't see much else in the mornings. But I like it this way." I asked him why, if that were the case, he was looking so blue. "Oh," he said, "*that's* because someone got me up at five-thirty with some problem about an oil tank. The phone to the base station is on the blink. They can hear us, but we can't hear them. The wind's seventy-five to eighty miles an hour; that would be a hurricane anywhere else, but it's a breeze up here. A work train has just come up, and a window in the engine blew out. Typical—typical of the weather, I mean. The first passenger train will get here a little after ten and leave at ten-thirty. I suggest you take that one. Meanwhile, have some breakfast."

After orange juice, eggs, bacon, toast, and three cups of coffee, I stuck my head out the door. There was fog everywhere, and I couldn't see the railroad tracks. About nine, the fog began to clear, and for a moment I could make out the buildings I had seen so clearly the day before, and even some of the adjoining peaks. Then the fog closed in again. At about ten, the first passenger train made it to the summit, and some twenty minutes later the warning bell rang. I said goodbye to Lund, and climbed aboard. No smoke came from the engine as it started backing down. We were going downhill, cog by cog, without benefit of steam. I could hear the clackety-clack of the cogwheels on both the engine and the coach, and a young brakeman kept turning the wheels of the hand brakes. He worked furiously. Since I could see nothing out the windows, and the front of the car was considerably lower than the rear (where I was seated this time), it was an eerie descent. Around Jacob's Ladder, the fog suddenly cleared away, and half of New England once again lay before me. The rest of the trip was mercifully uneventful. At Waumbek, an ascending train pulled onto the siding to let us pass. At last, we clacked slowly into the base station. I had been up and back by cog railway, and I felt as though I had been a pioneer traveller on a jet over the Atlantic. At the base, the sun was shining brilliantly and a large crowd was waiting to take the train up the mountain. "How was it?" a

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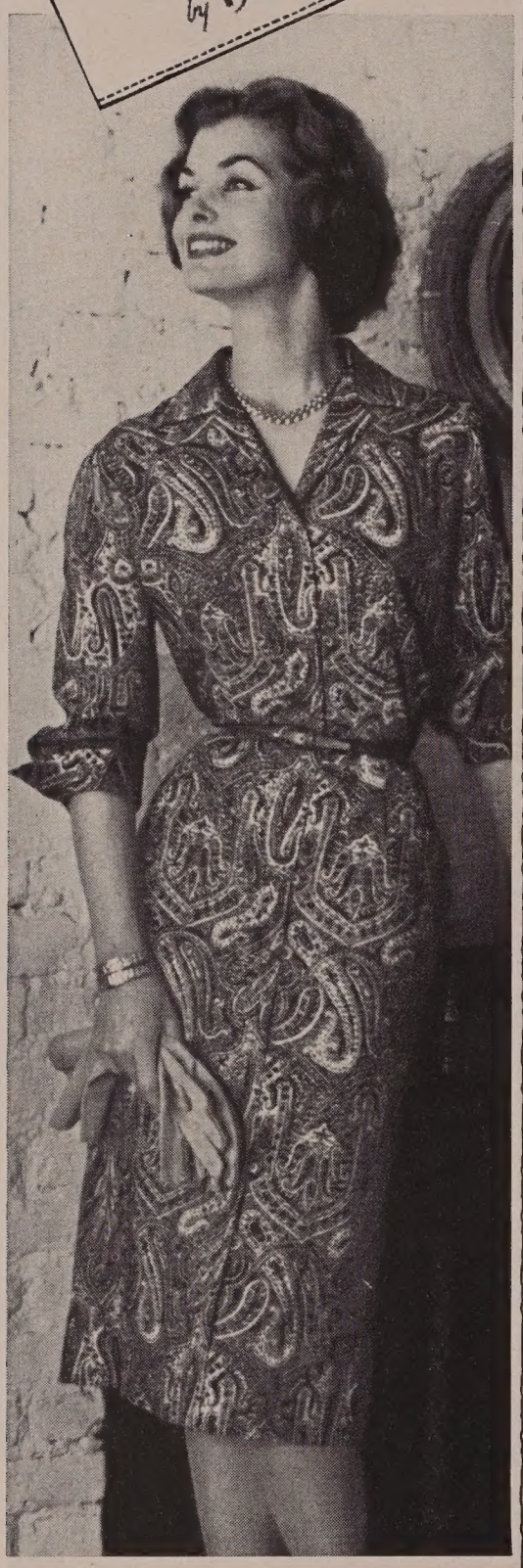

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lady with two children asked me. I had read somewhere that P. T. Barnum, after his first ride on the cog railway, remarked expansively, "It's the second-greatest show on earth." So I said, "It's the second-greatest show on earth, Madam."

AS I was walking away toward my car, a sturdy, athletic man in his late forties said hello. He introduced himself as Arthur S. Teague, president of the Mount Washington Cog Railway and of the Summit House. "Hope you had a good time on top," he said. "We heard you had some typical weather, but it's been fine down here, and reports from on top say it's clear up there now, too. That's the way it goes."

"Anything can happen on Mount Washington," I said.

"You can say that again," said Colonel Teague. "I see you've come under the influence of Peter Lund."

The Colonel added that he would ride back to the hotel with me and tell me a few things about his railroad. In an age when most railroad men are unhappily predicting that passenger travel on their lines is doomed, Colonel Teague is convinced that his railroad not only is here to stay but is headed for its most glorious days. "I'll never give up steam, though," he said as we drove along. "Out West, on Pikes Peak, there's a cog railway that has diesels, but never on Mount Washington. No, sir! It wouldn't be the same without steam, even if there is some soot and noise. That's part of the charm and the thrill. We use a ton of coal for each trip to the top. It costs me seven dollars a ton at the mine, in West Virginia, and nine dollars a ton to ship it here. Some people call this a rack-and-pinion railroad. The cogwheel is the pinion, and the cograil, with those crossbars, is the rack. There are forty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty bars between the base and the summit—all U. S. Steel crucible steel—and the cogwheels mesh with each and every one of them. Every two or three years, we have to regrind all the cogwheels, and every twenty-five years we have to replace the whole road—ties and trestles and all. I can run more than forty thousand people up in a season; when I started to work here, in 1933, we could only run up seventy-eight hundred. I have seven locomotives, seven passenger cars, a work car, and an oil tank car. All sorts of problems! I have to pump water to the top by means of a Pelton water wheel. Sends water up there at twenty-four hundred pounds

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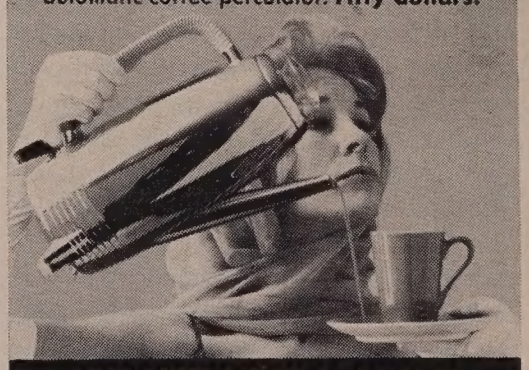

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of pressure per square inch, and costs me five cents a gallon. We get heat up there from an oil burner and electricity from a diesel at the TV station."

Colonel Teague admired the view from the car. "Isn't it beautiful around here? I never stop thinking how beautiful it is! Years ago, a railroad brought passengers direct from the Bretton Woods-Fabyan station of the Boston & Maine to the base; before that there was nothing but a logging road. The Boston & Maine trains were plush, with parlor cars and all, but nowadays the Bretton Woods-Fabyan station isn't used for passengers—just for freight. It's part of what's happening to railroads all over the country, and a pity, too. There used to be heavy, elegant summer passenger travel around here. Now everything is buses and planes and private cars. But the old cog railroad still runs. We start in the middle of June, and this year we're keeping it running till about Columbus Day. Someday I hope to winterize it. Think of that! Up Mount Washington in the winter! It would be the most beautiful ride in the world. People are funny about going up. Everybody's in a hurry these days; they'll stand around the base station and argue that they haven't got enough time—have to make Portland by dark, or something. Or else the price is too high, or they're scared. Eventually, though, most people climb aboard. Once in a while, ladies get frightened and we have to stop on the mountain and help them back on foot. No fun, *that!*"

We turned into the broad, sweeping driveway of the hotel. Colonel Teague and I walked through the lobby—approximately the length of the concourse in Grand Central—and took seats on the back porch. We rocked in silence for a few minutes, enjoying the grandeur of the mountains. "There's a train waiting on the siding at Waumbek," Colonel Teague said at last, pointing up the slope to a small puff of smoke. "That speck slightly above is a train coming down. Isn't this a fine place to watch a railroad?" I said that it certainly was. "You know," he went on, "in the old days some folks would come down the hill on slide boards—plain boards that fitted onto the cograil and whizzed down like toboggans. They'd just climb aboard and let her slide, and they'd make the three miles in two minutes and forty-five seconds. Devil's shingles, those boards were called, and they were mostly used by employees of the railroad. From 1877 to 1907, a daily paper was published at the sum-

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mit. It was called *Among the Clouds*, and it gave news of events on top. Each morning, a fellow slid down with copies. The paper was founded by Henry M. Burt, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and after his death the great ravine to the left of the tracks as you go up was named after him. It's filled now with dead birch, from the hurricane of '38. That hurricane! Took out twenty-three hundred feet of track and all of Jacob's Ladder. Sent the Ladder spinning over upside down. I walked up the hill the morning after the storm and saw the wreckage. Later that day, I climbed right up to the top, and a fellow in the weather station said, 'Understand you boys had quite a little blow last night.' Took us until the following July to get back into operation. The railroad had to stop in 1918, during the first war, and again from '43 to '45."

As Colonel Teague talked, he kept an eye on the mountain. He spoke of the origins of the cog railway, and of Sylvester Marsh, who first had the notion of running a railroad up Mount Washington. Marsh was born in Compton, New Hampshire, in 1803, and as a young man headed west to Ashtabula, Ohio, where he shipped pork and beef to Eastern cities by way of the Erie Canal. When he was about thirty, he went on to Chicago, then a village of a few hundred people. Marsh continued his meat-packing activities, developed many new tricks of that trade, and became one of the wealthiest men in growing Chicago. He created a product known as Marsh's Caloric Dry Meal, and he is said to have invented the coffee percolator, although he never took out a patent on it. He did take out patents on air brakes for railway cars. He lost all his money in the panic of 1837, made another fortune, and, in 1855, moved to Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. Three years earlier, he had climbed Mount Washington, in the company of a pastor from Roxbury. They had a rough time. Weather conditions were typically severe, and the two men got lost and were forced to spend the night without shelter. While Marsh was being buffeted by the wind and rain, the notion of a cog railway popped into his head. There were no cog railways in this country then. Eventually, he built a model locomotive and track, which he presented to the New Hampshire legislature, requesting a charter to build a railway up Mount Washington. The model caused considerable merriment among the solons, and one legislator suggested that while the lawmakers were at it, they give Marsh permission

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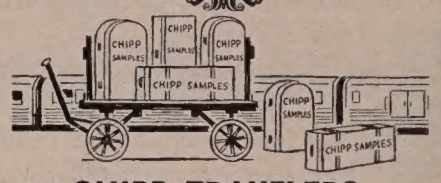

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to extend his project as far as the moon. Nonetheless, in 1858 he received his charter.

Troubles lay ahead. The Civil War forced Marsh to put his plans aside, but after the war he began soliciting funds. He built a larger model—a seventeen-pound engine that chugged up twenty feet of track behind a car with a fifty-pound pay load—and exhibited this in an office he had on Washington Street, in Boston. A good many people came to watch the model work, and a few were won over, but Marsh finally had to put up a good deal of his own money to get a real engine built. This was constructed at the works of Campbell & Whittier, in Roxbury, and in 1866 Marsh gave it a demonstration run over an experimental stretch of track on a shoulder of Mount Washington. The engine was Old Peppersass, and the demonstration was successful. A company was financed, and the road was extended to Jacob's Ladder in 1868 and to the summit early in 1869; the first train arrived there in July. When Old Peppersass was retired, she did quite a bit of travelling around the country. She was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, in 1893; stayed eleven years at the Field Museum, in that city; moved on to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St. Louis, in 1904; and was then bought by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. In 1927, the B. & O. brought her out for its "Iron Horse" fair, held in Maryland. In 1929, the engine, then sixty-three years old, was shipped back to the base station of the cog railway, which by that time was owned by the Boston & Maine. To celebrate the homecoming, the Governors of New Hampshire and six other states and hundreds of guests were invited to a gala on July 20th. Old Peppersass was scheduled to climb up the mountain just once again, to prove that the old iron horse was as good as she used to be. After Governor Charles W. Tobey, of New Hampshire, officially welcomed the engine, six trainloads of important guests started up the mountain, pushed by newer engines. Then Old Peppersass began to climb, with an engineer named Jack Frost in charge and five passengers aboard. The engine moved up without difficulty, and although the plan was to stop at the top of Jacob's Ladder, it was decided to keep going. Within half a mile of the summit, another decision was made—to back down then and there. Old Peppersass performed beautifully for half a mile of the return journey. Then, suddenly, a tooth broke off the cogwheel,

Attention All Readers of Page 85

Did you get the message? Are you sold on trying the wares of the Whiskey Distillers of Ireland (we're one of them) so jovially expounded in the above-mentioned page? Then you must be facing a great decision: Which of the eight brands of Irish Whiskey to try? So, attention, please!

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and Old Peppersass jumped up. When she came down, she was off the tracks, roaring down the ties. Jack Frost hollered "Jump!," followed his own advice, and landed safely. So did the others, except one man, a photographer, who inexplicably stayed aboard for at least 1,572 feet before falling off; he was shattered to bits against the rocks. A moment later, Old Peppersass herself took off from the ties at a curve and came to a stop below Jacob's Ladder. Miraculously, her boiler had not exploded, but she had made her last trip, and high time, too. Following repairs, she was put on permanent exhibit at the base.

Colonel Teague said that he himself had got into the railroad business by running into another Colonel Teague—Henry N., a Dartmouth graduate, veteran of the Spanish-American War, and hotel man, who had purchased the cog railway from the Boston & Maine for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in 1931. The road was losing twenty-five thousand dollars a year (the publicity resulting from Old Peppersass's leap had been no lure to tourists) when Colonel Henry bought it, and he watched the operation for a while without making any changes or noticeably reducing the deficit. In 1931, the current Teague was working toward a Bachelor of Science degree in engineering at Clemson College, in South Carolina. One day, the older Teague happened to visit Clemson and the younger Teague was asked to show him around the campus. The two men talked about the possibility of their being related (they were not), and Colonel Henry said that if Arthur ever wanted a job, he could have one. In the summer of 1933, Arthur went up to New Hampshire, and was put to work in the ticket office of the railway. He and the elder Teague hit it off from the start. By this time, Colonel Henry had decided that to break even he needed more trains—a scheme that would require switches. Soon the two men were putting their heads together on the matter of developing switches, but it took some doing, and it was not until 1940 that the present switches were put into operation. Arthur Teague entered the Army in 1941, rose from lieutenant to lieutenant colonel in seventeen months, landed at Utah Beach on D Day, and later received the Distinguished Service Cross. He got back to Mount Washington in 1946. Back in 1940, Dartmouth College had taken over the mortgage on the railroad, and in 1951, when Colonel Henry died, the stock went outright to the college, which owns the road today but leaves the op-

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eration of it pretty much to Colonel Arthur.

Colonel Teague was still looking at the mountain. "Train just going over the horizon," he said. "I can't keep my eyes off the hill. We grossed about a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars last year, but our expenses are high. Road maintenance is thirty thousand dollars—for tracks and trestle and so on—and we spend thirty or forty thousand dollars for maintenance of locomotives; this year, for example, we'll have to spend ten thousand for a new boiler. Then, there is twenty-five thousand dollars for labor, and twenty thousand dollars for coal, and ten thousand dollars for insurance, and ten thousand dollars in real-estate taxes. We're tided over by the souvenir shop and those tourist cabins near the base. Look at her chugging up there now! That wisp of smoke means a great deal to me." He pointed at another toy train, headed up, cog by cog. "Oh, there are a lot of things I'd like to do. I'd like to have the summit proclaimed a national forest. I'd like to move the top switch down somewhat, so that we'd have three equal sections on the road. We could make it up the hill in fifty minutes then. But mostly I want to keep going, smoking away like a steam engine!" He pointed to the plume of smoke. "Number 4 is at Waumbek," he said, with a glance at his watch. "And right on the button, too!"

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine*]

Some of his hardest work came as a result of the sinking of the *Andrea Doria* of the Italian Line in 1956. Walt, who handles the Italian Line account, was asleep when the news came over TV, but Cindi was watching a late show.

"I think she woke me shortly after 1 A.M.," Walt says. "I know she didn't see me again for three days."

Walt quickly rounded up a reporter, a cameraman and a helicopter and flew out to the scene. "As the ship was sinking," he says, "I was thinking, planning ads to counteract this unfortunate accident. I roughed out a two-page layout over the Atlantic, finished it next day. It appeared in a national magazine: cost $79,000."

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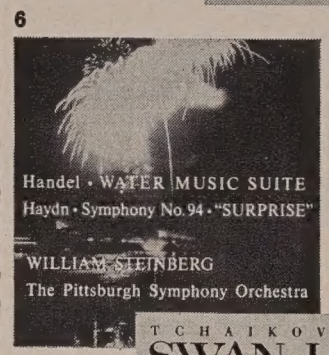

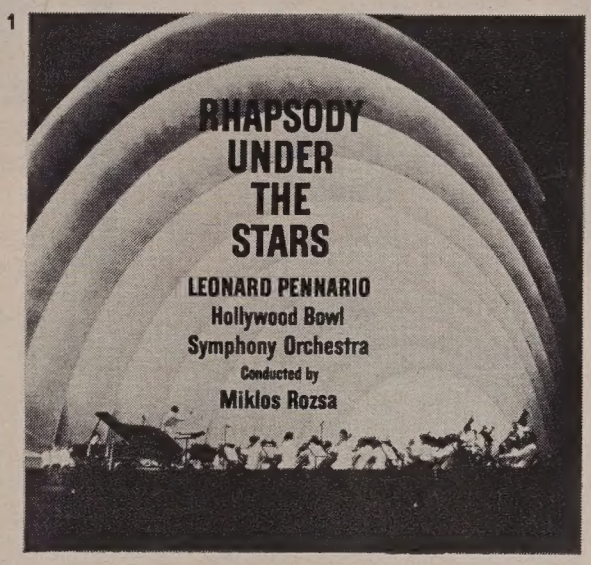

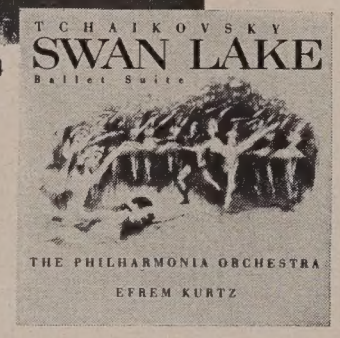

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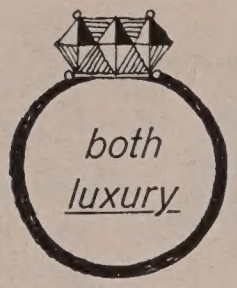

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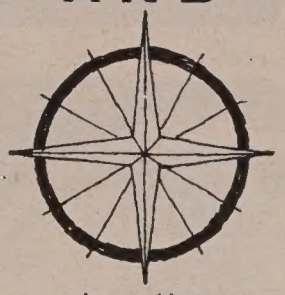

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 3

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S visit gave Londoners a big lift, and may have given him one, too. His enormous popular success was more than anybody had expected, apparently. Before he arrived, it was assumed that since he was not paying a state call, after all, the crowds were not likely to turn out for him, there being none of the gala trimmings of a royal welcome, nor any of the accompanying picturesque pomp. (Such trimmings are generally an occasion for cheers, but not always, as the glacially quiet onlookers past whom the President of the German Federal Republic drove to Buckingham Palace last October proved.) The American President rode hatless into town with the Prime Minister last week in an open but not particularly spectacular Rolls-Royce that had been lent by a London businessman for his use during the visit, and was cheered all the way. His somewhat sporty-looking vehicle undoubtedly added to the informality and to the good humor of his appearances in the London streets. He and Mr. Macmillan, sitting packed together in its low-slung rear seat, from which a graceful descent appeared tricky, looked like a couple of elderly, genial uncles being shown around the town by an affluent nephew, and the crowd rose to the sight. The City gave Mr. Eisenhower a welcome on Monday, when he went down to St. Paul's to see the American Memorial Chapel. Again the atmosphere was distinctly informal. After the Eisenhower party had gone into the cathedral by a side entrance, the crowds around the great West Door were allowed in to swarm up the nave and stand anywhere, higgledy-piggledy, waiting to see the President emerge from the chapel and sign the Distinguished Visitors' book. When he raised his hand to them before leaving, they silently and beamingly waved back. Wherever he has been in London, there have been people clustering along every curb to wave, their fluttering handkerchiefs and brandished newspapers looking like tiny individual specks on the great breaker of human hopes that his visits are rolling across Eu-

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rope. It has somehow been a touching spectacle.

The most important thing, probably, that Londoners drew from their meetings with the President, even though they met him from the sidewalk only, was the chance to see for themselves that he is in chipper good shape. To judge by what everybody is saying, his look of health and vigor, his habit of taking off his hat and overcoat even when a fresh wind made the open Rolls a touch nippy, and his clambering briskly out to clasp the first outstretched hand of the day have made a cheering impression. The visit has been of significance in scotching the man-in-the-street notion that the President was still an ailing man. In the Downing Street television chat, his simplicity and directness came over rather better, most Londoners seemed to think, than the Prime Minister's urbane style, which appeared a shade uneasy. This much heralded tête-à-tête, described in advance as historic, has come in for a good deal of acid criticism here, as making history only in its cast of characters and its setting. Its content, as was disappointedly noted, included no new information, and it struck some irreverent listeners that the two statesmen had moments of sounding disconcertingly like the Brothers Cheerybles. There has also been much disgruntled press comment on the plight of the world's newspapermen and women, who were given the run of a splendid mansion in Carlton House Terrace—a mansion scaled to swallow a couple of débutante balls a night without noticing them—and equipped with every modern method of dispatching news to waiting readers, and then were daily presented with solemn communiqués of tosh about the menus and the weather at Chequers. Ordinary citizens, whose expectations of being let in on the conversations between the President, the Prime Minister, and their advisers were evidently less hopeful than the journalists', remained unmoved. In the purely local view of the visit and its repercussions, numbers of British unquestionably feel that it was Mr. Macmillan who set off the current chain reaction of dropping in on capital after capital to give and receive ideas, and who was responsible for the President's coming here, with his face turned toward the summit and Mr. Khrushchev—both of them destinations ardently desired for him by public opinion in Britain. The Conservatives now hope for an election as soon as possible, and cautiously seem to think that they will win it. However that may be, Londoners of all parties, without a doubt,

A QUIET HOME FOR DUCKS

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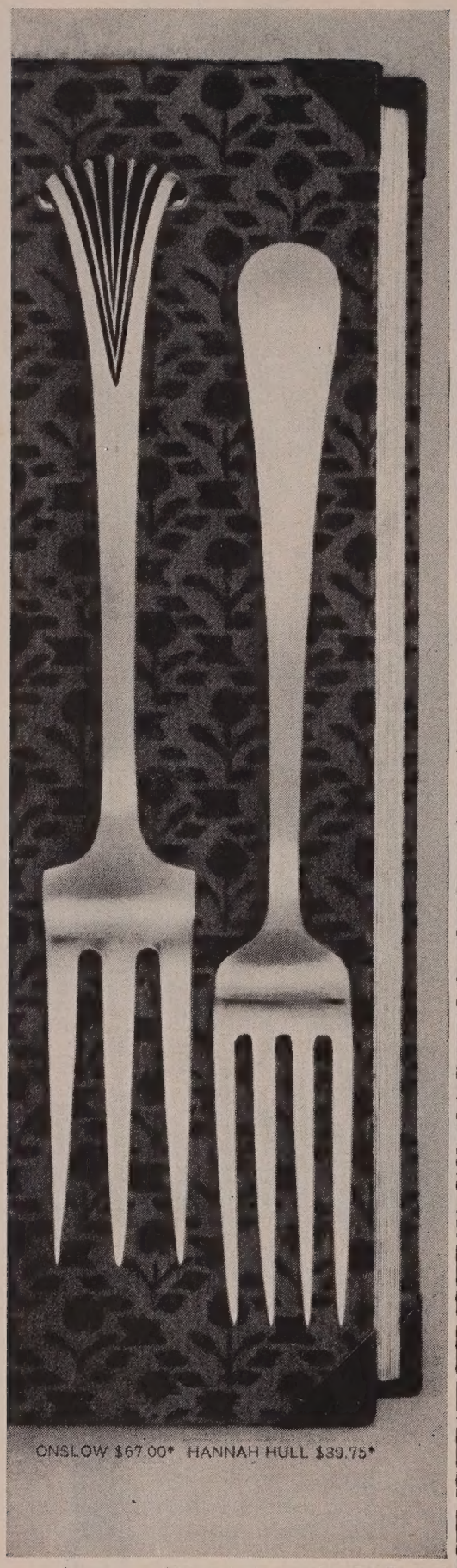

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TUTTLE STERLING

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are sincerely pleased to have had the President with them.

THE Tate Gallery has a vast major exhibition on the theme of the Romantic movement (it will run until September 27th), and also has had a rumored unexploded wartime bomb, which sent a team of Royal Engineers rattling about in the gardens at the rear of the Gallery. The bomb did not affect attendance at the exhibition and has now been declared a false alarm anyway. The show is a splendid, rich, exhausting one of nearly a thousand items, and was arranged by the Arts Council as a tenth-anniversary celebration for the Council of Europe, nine of whose fifteen member nations—Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden—have lent paintings and other national treasures. The Romantic movement, one of the great turning points in the adventures of the human spirit, covers the years between 1780 and 1848, when Europeans, profoundly influenced by Rousseau, the French Revolution, and Napoleon, discovered a new passion for nature and solitude, for the hero, for violent surges toward liberty, and for the antique runes and ballads of the past. It produced, among others, Wordsworth, Shelley, Beethoven, Goethe, Victor Hugo, and, finally, in its most dangerous modern manifestation of nationalism and power worship, Hitler. It also produced the modern tourist industry, since it began the fashion of going expensively to look at uncomfortable drafty mountains and inaccessible waterfalls, instead of staying sensibly at home, as the rational eighteenth-century men and women had done.

The Tate exhibition is split up into rooms labelled according to the principal themes that inspired Romantic painting, such as pastoral wild animals, the cult of the exotic, and images of power—the last gallery being dominated by David's enormous equestrian canvas of a young, impossibly handsome Bonaparte crossing the Saint-Bernard Pass, which is a loan from the Musée National de Malmaison, and by another hypnotic study of power, the English artist George Stubbs' terrific painting of the orange-and-black striped barrel body of a lazily crouched tiger. The French government has also lent the great Delacroix from the Louvre—"The Massacre at Chios," with its hopeless group of Greek families huddled together waiting for death or slavery and perfectly representing the

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Romantic enthusiasm for libertarian movements and tragic violence, in exotic garments and wild places, if possible. The two commanding geniuses of this remarkable exhibition, however, are undoubtedly the English Turner and Constable, with their great compositions (which had such a formative, inspiring impact on French painting) of air, light, and flying clouds splintered into rainbow particles. The show is drawing big crowds, and has a second section, for those whose feet are holding out, at the Arts Council's beautiful house, at No. 4 St. James's Square, where Romantic-movement water colors, drawings, manuscripts, and volumes are on view. At the latter exhibition is an excessively romantic Byronic item consisting of three tresses of dusky braided hair cut from the heads of the three Macri sisters—the famous Maids of Athens, all under fifteen—in whose house the poet lodged in 1812, and one curled lock, labelled curtly, in his handwriting, "Whose this is I don't recollect."

THE most important of the new theatrical productions, incidentally, has a link with one of the Romantic poets. Henry James records in his notebooks how he got the idea for his story "The Aspern Papers" when he was told by a friend that Byron's mistress Claire Claremont was, almost unbelievably, still alive, in great age and poverty, in Florence, and was thought to possess priceless letters from Byron, which a literary man had tried to acquire by moving into the house where she lived. James, of course, translated the English poet into an American one—Jeffrey Aspern—and Michael Redgrave has switched the story into a play, which opened recently, with much praise from the critics, at the old, blitzed Queen's

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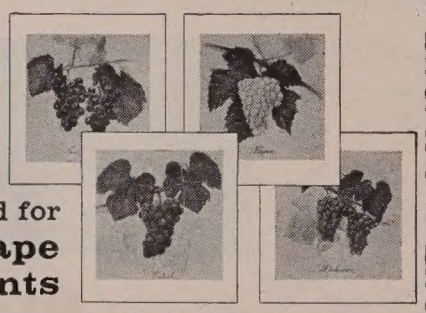

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Theatre, now handsomely redone. Redgrave, who plays the covetous editor of Aspern's works (the narrator in James's story, and referred to in the play as "H.J."), has made a skillful, intelligent dramatic version of the not very fast-moving anecdote, and one that even the Old Master himself might have approved. Beatrix Lehmann, as the aged lady, and Flora Robson, as the pathetic spinster niece making a tremulous bid for love, are both superb. Miss Lehmann, in extraordinary mummified makeup, is particularly blood-chilling in the scene where she catches H.J. red-handed at her locked box and gives the tremendous, contemptuous cry "You publishing scoundrel!" It is curious how in the play, far more than in the story, one misses Byron. The long-dead Aspern is spoken of as a god, but he never sounds as though he had the proper passport to Valhalla among his papers. What is sadder, though, is that H.J.—here appearing in the handsome flesh and in the less presentable act of forcing himself, under false colors, into an old lady's household, lying, prying, and even peeping through keyholes in his pursuit of the poet's letters—should come out so embarrassingly close to his ancient hostess's lacerating description of him. Michael Redgrave has wisely omitted the cold-blooded detail of his coming ready-armed with a bogus visiting card to take in the old girls, who might otherwise connect him with Aspern, but even with such care Redgrave's H.J. seems merely an intrusive bounder when deprived of the intellectual reasoning that James works out in the story—a disturbing thought to ardent James admirers.

ON several hot weekends this summer, which has been so good that people say solemnly that there has been nothing like it since 1911, the roads to the coast out of London and in the southwest holiday area have all but come to a complete standstill with crawling traffic. Making it pretty certain that next summer's roads will be even more of a problem, the British Motor Corporation (the name under which Morris and Austin merged in 1952) has just unveiled two new baby cars—the Morris Mini-Minor and the Austin Seven—which have caused great public excitement and will undoubtedly sell like hot cakes as soon as the unofficial strike that is at present awkwardly holding up production is settled. The mini-cars, as everyone calls them, are the British answer to the strong Con-

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tinental competition of the Volkswagen, the Renault Dauphine, and the minute, elegant Fiat; cost less than any of them, at just under five hundred pounds, including purchase tax; are nippier, with a maximum of seventy-two miles per hour; and swallow less gas, giving up to fifty miles per gallon. They are no beauties to look at, certainly—their design being squat in order to fit the engine sidewise between their tiny, wide-set front wheels—but their leg room is astonishing. Every day, the B.M.C. showrooms on Piccadilly are packed with family parties waiting their turn to hop in and out of these obliging midgets. One thing that Londoners, in particular, approve of is that the cars can nestle comfortably in an eleven-foot parking space. The mini-cars have jumped the gun on the autumn motor show but are already its novelty and sensation.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Eggs are my favorite food. They are the finest form of protein . . . superior to meat, and should be eaten by everyone, including heart cases. Don't worry about their cholesterol content, so long as you cut out other fatty foods such as butter, cream, ice-cream, etc. The other day I decided to take my eggs raw . . . the yolk only, minus the white. Egg white contains a toxic substance called avidin, which is rendered innocuous by heat. In the past when I ate the whole raw egg including the white, after a few days a dull feeling developed in my head. Years ago, when I went on a diet of the raw egg yolk only, after a few weeks I caught a cold.

I decided to try again. I worked out a very delicious dish . . . the raw egg yolk thoroughly mixed in apple sauce, sprinkled with wheat germ flakes . . . delicious! In two weeks, down I came like clock-work with a cold, something I never get anymore. And this in spite of massive doses of vitamin C as soon as the first sniffle came. Evidently there is something valuable for me in the egg white. This ought to be a lesson to some people who think that everything they eat should be raw.

On the other hand, this may not affect other persons as it did me.—*J. I. Rodale in Prevention.*

Still, we like to think that you're the typical American.

•

Mrs. E. D. C.: Does anyone know the entire parody on Hamlet's famous soliloquy which begins:

"To is or not to were
That is the wasn't.
Whether 'tis nobler to be
when it isn't
Or to be not w.en t'was or
t'were or shall be
Or having been to be not yet
as it were . . ."

—*Washington Star.*

No, thank God.

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October 5 & 6
Buffalo
Statler Hotel
September 11 & 12
Charlottesville
Paul's Below the Steps
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La Salle Hotel
September 23, 24 & 25
Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
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Los Angeles
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Nashville
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September 17 & 18
Pittsburgh
Penn-Sheraton Hotel
September 30, October 1
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October 7 & 8
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Kahler Hotel
October 16 & 17
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Manger Hotel
September 10
St. Louis
Bel Air Motel
September 18 & 19
San Francisco
St. Francis Hotel
October 2, 3, 5 & 6
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FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR a long time now, we've had hats in vivid colors, designed to counteract any threat of Amish sobriety from the grays and blacks of the rest of the costume. Recently, however, colorful city suits and coats have brought about a compensatory nudge toward black and white where millinery is concerned. (Color is still predominant; this is just a *tiny* trend.) The French, who always appear to go into mourning for their sprightliest moods, have sent Bergdorf Goodman an irresistible collection that includes a tiny black velvet Breton, by Patou, with loops of black satin ribbon rising up in front and black satin streamers cascading down the back as far as the waist; there is also a small black velvet sailor, by Svend, that has white feather wings sprouting at each side of the low crown. As for Mr. John, whose new establishment, at 24 West 57th Street, retains his hatted-lion and flowered-knight-in-armor décor, he is making a constructive black-and-white to-do about unborn calf. Like everyone else, he is playing around with feminine versions of men's hats, but he has also taken a great deal of lively inspiration from what little boys clap on their heads; e.g., he uses this speckled black-and-white fur to make little quartered beanies that are worn well back, and (most fun of all) to make visor caps, of the Prince Charles persuasion, whose slightly bloused crowns snap firmly down on the visor. Up at Chanda's, at 6 West 57th Street, the great man is using lots of flat white feathers interspersed with tips of black coq for a sort of ermine-tail effect, one result being an extra-deep pillbox, approaching the Cossack in height, on which a winged blackbird has alighted far above one ear, and another result being a small sailor of flat white feathers with black velvet facing the brim and a blackbird, backed by a red rose, at one side.

In general, the most charming thing about the new custom millinery is that it has lost all semblance of rigidity, except when it comes to trim little bowlers and other hats of riding-habit origin. Pillboxes are rounded or draped, and seldom perch as of old; fedoras have brims that ripple, making them anything but masculine in effect; and lots of hats are soft and punchable to the point of practically inviting assault.

THOUGH Mr. John calls his collection Napoleonic, I feel that he must be referring to the Little Napoleons of Al Capone's time, because now, more than ever before, he is favoring deep-crowned cloches with undulating brims (often down on the back of the neck) that suggest the twenties. Some of the brims are so large and floppy that they dip to chin level. A good many of these hats are of velours or velvet, and a good many are covered with fine stitching, for surface interest; the stitching may either line up in neat little rows or writhe and wriggle at a great rate. More restrained cloche hats may be of velours in the murky, muted colors that Mr. John likes, but in these cases, just to be sure there's no sternness anywhere, he clouds his issues with double veiling—a layer of tulle, say, with cross-barred veiling superimposed. Magnificent fur hats abound, among them a huge beret of ranch mink—with a circle of net on top, for ventilation—that can be worn back, like a snood, or tossed around any which way. Hamster fur makes a frolicsome and enveloping cloche with the skins worked round and round on the deep crown, and an extra-floppy brim consisting of pie-shaped sections. Gray possum is converted into a towering tube that has an inset of bright-blue satin ribbon encircling it part way up; the same type of hat is also shown

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in the furriest possible beige mousse felt, with mauve panne set in about an inch above the minuscule brim. For evening, there are all kinds of pixie turbans and caps, many of them involving gold mesh or cellophane-striped net or jet fringe, with intricate veiling casting a blur over all. One turban, for instance, is of black mesh made lumpy by great big black chenille dots that are themselves covered with gold mesh and dotted with rhinestones, while a small red velvet pillbox is studded with jet and has a jet-spangled veil to finish it off There's more than a hint of Grandma's attic in these, but it was Mr. John who did the snooping, and that makes a difference.

THE large and merry collection of French hats ready for your custom order at Bergdorf Goodman includes some pliable beauties by Paulette, many of them in wool jersey, for extra maneuverability. A deep cap of gold jersey has muted gold-to-orange feather pads all around its edge, to give you a jagged hairline; white jersey with black leopard spots makes another deep cap, and this one has long white jersey ends to wrap in any number of ways. (All the custom milliners have discovered the fact that women occasionally dash around in sports cars with the top down.) To make room for majestic hairdos, Paulette has devised a black velvet beret that puffs out above an inch-wide band of gold elastic mesh. A shallow cap of turquoise velvet, from Patou, is worn so far back of the hairline that only its tailored bow appears in front; bowknots of wool dot the face veil and also the cascade of gathered veiling down the back. Balmain contributes a tall toque made all of tulle, and a wide, fat pillbox of black velvet that has a spiral twist rising above the forehead. There are enchanting pillboxes from Svend, too; one is of beige felt made soft by inverted pleats at the front, back, and sides (a beige-and-white feather *cocarde* lies flat on the top of it), and another is of taupe melusine, with two tailored bows on the lower edge that slant forward on the temple.

CHANDA is up to all kinds of tricks with bowlers and fedoras and the like—usually with face veils to give them an extra-trim air—but he manages to make them look different from anyone else's. One difference, of course, is in the fabrics he uses. The boldest possible blanket-plaid fleece (to go with a nutria sports coat, say) appears in one of his Belle Brummells—that is, a hat

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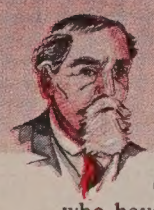
with a deep, square crown (a black kid bow dresses it up in front) and a brim that turns up sharply over the face. This fleece also appears in a small, flat bowler and in a half pillbox—just a cuff over the head, with a bow above the hairline. He makes every kind of mannish shape in lamés, too, for evening. (Most custom milliners are resigned to the fact that we won't wear hats for a formal evening, but Chanda is a dogged man.) In lots of his hats, Chanda likes a forward-tilted look. A tiny black velvet pillbox comes well down on the forehead and has a black feather fancy spurting upward in front, or else in back, depending on the way you wear it. Also ducking down on the forehead is a little wrapped cap of cerise satin; this one has a curl of matching ostrich up the side back. In a 1912 mood, Chanda likes feathers veiled to resemble a printed fabric, the most startling being peacock feathers in the form of a coachman's hat, and the nicest, to my mind, being black-and-brown feathers in the form of a small sailor that tips forward. Other 1912 nostalgia results in some monumental "restaurant" hats, to wear with long dinner clothes. These have very wide, bloused crowns that fall over medium brims, as in a black velvet Breton piled with black ostrich feathers for an even more top-heavy look. I can't imagine wearing one, but I thought you should be kept informed of what's going on here.

NOWHERE do peaked-crown fedoras flop and ripple and slouch more than at Walter Florell's. He is given to making them of highly elaborate fabrics, like ombré soleil in what he calls electric-eel hues. (One soleil ranges from peacock blues and greens to reds, and I'm still in shock.) And there are luxurious lamés, too. The most imposing fedora is of white mink—the crown creased from front to back, in the authentic way—and it sports a ranch-mink band, I swear. Other mink hats around here can be very youthful. A deep cap of white mink with an ingénue curled-back brim that is caught at the side front by a black velvet bow would make a young girl look like a real *poupée vivante*. Then, to go with almost any mink coat you own, there's a round cap of brown, gray, and white mink, the skins swirled like a pinwheel.

TOBY COPPOCK's appeal is especially for *les petites*—in size, that is. He has a conspicuous knack for deepish pillboxes that curve behind the hairline



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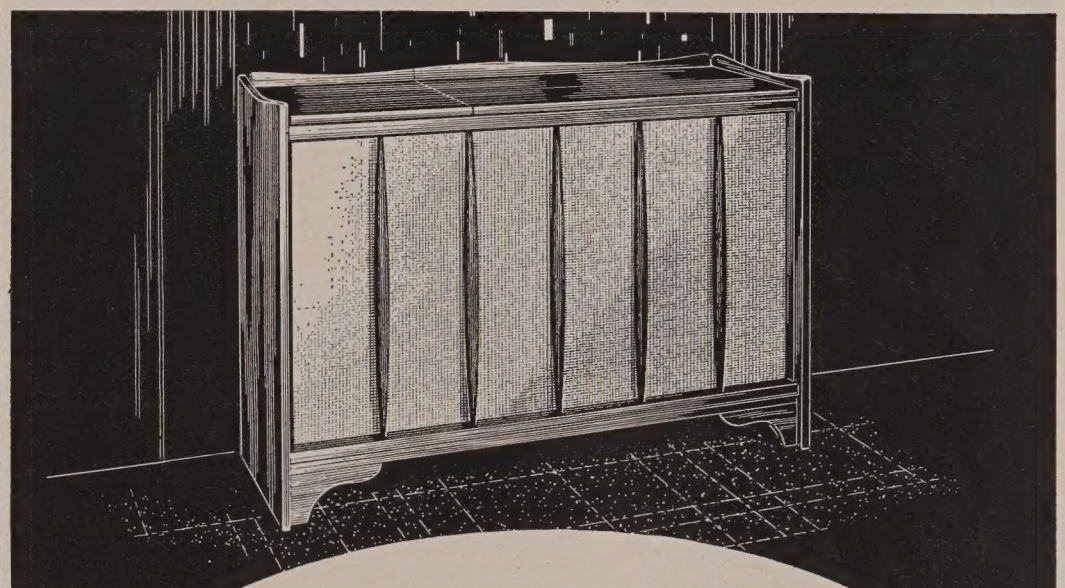

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and are irregularly draped; this year they may be of black satin with a black feather whip making a slender arc on top, or of black velvet with black burnt goose feathers, backed by a red rose, curling forward on one side. Others twist into a sort of unicorn drape, first pushing forward and then ending in a rose-tipped horn at one side. They're charming—particularly one that is shown in velvet of an unusually lovely red-violet—and only faintly absurd. Fun with feathers is involved in a rounded pillbox of black velvet leaves; the fun comes with the black ostrich tendrils that hover over it. Another pillbox (a stunner) has a velvet top draped to a peak and surrounded by gray-and-white speckled hen feathers, with the fluffy underfeathers making a foamy surface here and there. More peaked hats? Well, there are some, tilted toward the back, that are done in natural, iridescent coq feathers, and one wild number is of beige chicken feathers through which matching ostrich feathers poke out here and there, like bursting straw stuffing. Toby's tailored hats are really round, like space helmets, but, unlike space helmets, they're designed to be worn back of the hairline. They're apt to have a three-quarter-inch roll around the edge, and, more often than not, an impertinent tab sticking up at the top. In a black velvet version, this tab is decorated with a rhinestone drop.

TATIANA, of Saks Fifth Avenue, is another expert at draped, deepish cap shapes, and she loves to trim them with ribbon ends, flaring well upward, which she calls "!!" (in print, that is; she has given up trying to pronounce it). Many of her half turbans—draped and fairly high, but covering only the top of the head—are endowed with !!. I particularly admired one of black-and-brown satin ribbon, with big loops of the stuff rising in back like tail feathers; a shower of partly stripped coq feathers sprays out around these, and a veil dotted with small black, brown, and gunmetal beads completes the job. Tatiana has always favored unexpected height toward the back—witness a draped cap of purple velvet with a big loop of the velvet sprouting rearward and surrounded, at its base, by black grosgrain ribbon bows. This year, she is using lots of mosaic effects, such as heart-shaped felt inserts around the crown of a cloche in a contrasting color. And she likes braided velvet, as in a blue velvet hat with a round crown, which is separated from the fat,

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small braided brim by a band of cocoa grosgrain.

SPEAKING of Grandma's attic, as I was a little while ago, I must report that Robert Dudley is on a real chenille kick. He makes trim bowlers of persimmon-colored chenille with veils to match, and beautiful Oriental turbans, with the high peak slanted toward the back, of black chenille, which is interwoven with black satin ribbon around the edge for a swathed look. Another hat, of the peaked-pillbox variety, is of green chenille leaves on net; long matching maline scarves are attached and can be draped around the throat or—better still—around the hat itself, for extra soft bulk. Still more chenille, in shades that Mr. D. labels "coffee" and "mink," is all appliquéd leaves, and it's most strikingly used in a tipped-back Cossack number that has a slight, and flattering, hint of brim in front. Among his tailored, Beau Brummell things is a top hat of gray melusine with Kelly-green and kingfisher-blue grosgrain ribbon interlaced around the high, square crown; others are decorated with cockades inspired by Mr. Dudley's recent visit to the Dublin Horse Show.

UNDER YOUR HAT: Hairdressers are invariably voluble and often incoherent, but many of the top ones seem to have reached common ground where this year's coiffures are concerned. All say that the hair should be smoother (which, they will tell you, naturally involves a permanent wave) and, in general, should look oval, rather than bulbous, with roundness at the crown and a smooth taper down close to the ears. They like side-swept bangs, for shortening the chin and making your sloe eyes even more mysterious. Carita, at Bendel, has come up with what she calls a Big Dipper hairdo, created for Cardin in Paris; it's close to the head and extends well down on the forehead, with a little curl swirling forward at the outer end of one eyebrow. (Carita has a new shop, at 740 Madison Avenue, near 64th Street, which is called the Late Edition shop, since it stays open until eight o'clock, for pre-party prinking.) . . . John Bernard, at 22 East 65th Street, favors the sleek, rounded-crown look, too, and likes to cut the hair across bluntly (instead of tapering it with a razor), to give it more shape and substance. . . . Speaking of giving mass to fine hair, Emile-Bock, at 19 East 57th Street, still features a Protein Bath, which, sprayed on the hair before a setting or a permanent,

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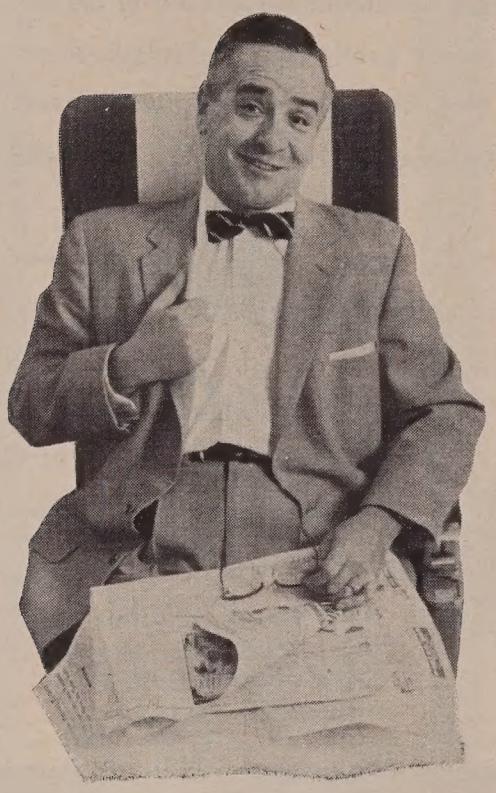

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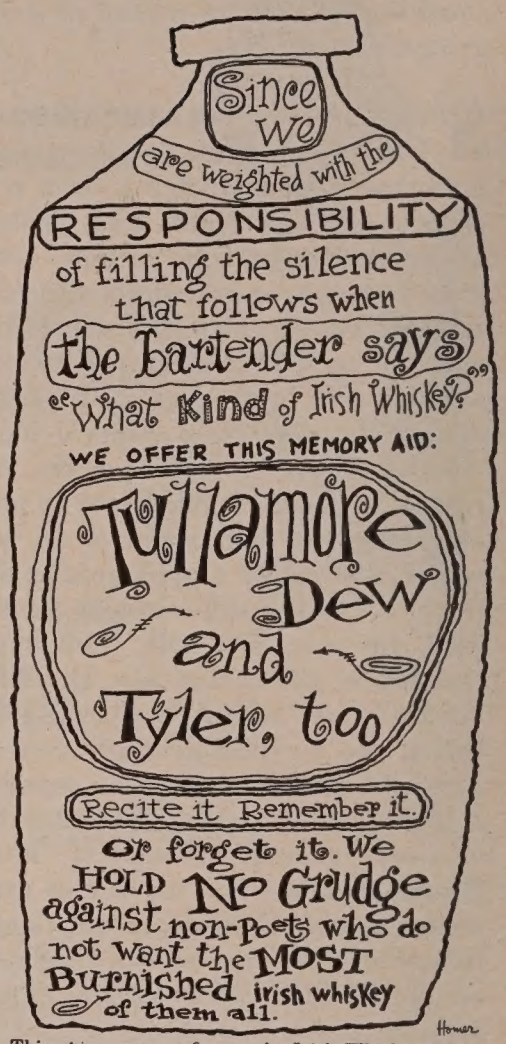
manages to leave it with a great deal of bounce. They sell the stuff for home use, too.

Plenty of productions issuing from our best hairdressers' salons owe a lot of their grandeur to hair pieces by Joseph Fleischer, who has a retail outlet at 12 West 27th Street. Pieces of real hair (usually not dyed, unless you want an extraordinary color) are hand-knotted on net, to make half wigs, and imperceptibly streaked, combining many shades of the same color, as nature does, and also making it possible to blend the hairpiece with graying hair or with hair that "touches up" in a slightly different tone each time you use a color rinse. These half wigs can be used in many ways; among the new models is one that is smooth down the sides and curves forward on the cheeks for a Victorian effect—but it can also make a coronet or a ponytail. Then, there is a scarf of hair, with a part in the center, that is forty inches long, three inches wide, and straight, except for curly ends. You can wrap this like a turban, sweeping it low over the brows for a bang effect, or braid it, or Bardot it, using one half to make a curly topknot and allowing the other to descend over one coquettish shoulder. Half wigs are around twenty-five dollars in dark colors, and thirty dollars for gray or blond. . . . The new hair dyes everywhere get subtler and subtler and more natural in effect, with no brassiness or harshness. Michel, of Helena Rubinstein's salon, for instance, mixes her new Crowning Color tints as though to a doctor's prescription, and you emerge looking really luminous.

I have become increasingly restive about women with brunette skins (or tanned ones) running around with lipsticks in bluish tones. (The pale-mauve ones look dreadful on anyone over twenty-five, to my mind.) For autumn colorings, Scandia has produced a knockout of a lipstick called Midnight Sun. A glowing coppery russet, with a bit of brown in it, it's just right on women who have ivory or tanned skins. (Saks Fifth Avenue will have it at the end of the month.) . . . Eyes are still getting passionate attention from cosmeticians, all in pursuit of more color. A newish notion is liquid eye-liner, to be applied with a fine-tipped sable brush. Estée Lauder's eye-liners are beauties, and Germaine Monteil is out with one that has its brush inside the bottle. (Idol-Eyes, it's called.) Hazel-eyed women might like to investigate, among many colors, Monteil's nutmeg shade for the liner and a heavenly laurel green for the eyeshadow. . . . Women who really fuss



This chiaroscuro refers to the Irish Whiskey Distillers' message on page 85, and is offered by R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., 655 Madison Ave., New York City, U. S. agents for Tullamore Dew, 86 proof, 8 years old. Dial TEmpleton 8-8800.

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about their makeup should know that Lord & Taylor has gone in for the products of Deidré. (The Deidré salon is at 510 Madison Avenue, at 53rd, in case you want experts to show you some tricks.) The ones at L. & T. include custom-made face powders and foundations, and also many unusual conceits, like a shadower to make your nose look shorter or narrower, or to make a cleft appear in your chin or interesting hollows in your plump cheeks.

Lilly Daché has imported all sorts of strange electronic machines from France, and a physiotherapist in her salon is ready to give you an electronic facial or an electronic spot-reducing treatment, or whatever. Since each customer presents a separate problem, I can only mention a few highlights, like the Traxator, a sort of suction gadget for spot reducing, which, when run up and down the back of the neck, does a marvellous job of relaxing you as well. You can also have vaporized ozone (that's what I was told) steamed on your face, to nourish and cleanse it. An hour's treatment (fifteen dollars for a facial, seven dollars for the ozone) makes you look and feel as bright-eyed as an I.B.M. calculator.

That warmly feminine perfume Réplique is arriving in a new and handsome guise, encased in Marcel Franck's latest atomizer, which operates on a brand-new principle and produces an incredibly fine spray. The case can be locked for travelling; when you want a spray, you insert a separate flacon of gas and let go. The principle is too mysterious for me, but somehow the neutral gas acts merely as a propellant for the perfume, rather than as a participant in it. Moreover, the same device can be refilled with toilet water or cologne. The price is fifty-five dollars for the atomizer, three flacons of gas, and three ounces of Réplique, at Saks Fifth Avenue and other stores. Another great scent, Femme, now comes—in the form of a concentration heavier than toilet water, called Parfum de Toilette—in a metered spray atomizer; an ounce and a half is $5.50.

Braced for action? —Lois Long

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Against the Tide

ALTHOUGH it may not always have been apparent, I have endeavored to keep particularly black prejudices of mine out of these columns. However, in reporting on furnishings for the kitchen, as I propose to do, I am going to find it difficult to preserve a

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detached air, because this is a subject that—in my case, at any rate—seems to arouse strong emotions. For example, I can't help asking myself whether, in the course of installing all the modern mechanical blessings that no woman in her right mind would consent to be without, it has been necessary to set up for the whole country one rigid pattern—what I think of as the dehydrated kitchen, where a family is lined up on high stools to breakfast at a plastic counter, and where the impersonal atmosphere differs by not one push button from that of millions of other kitchens. I am, you will say, hopelessly crotchety and hard to please, for not only am I bored to death by the impeccably standardized kitchen but I am even more offended by what seems to be its only alternative—the kitchen given over to that bogus decorative effect tagged "provincial," in which reproductions of what are piously hoped to be Early American or French peasant interiors are installed on the basis of quaintness. Figuring that there is something wrong with the theory (on which a lot of housewives apparently operate) that a beautifully mechanized kitchen automatically takes care of the quality of the cooking, and suspecting that the characterless quality of those pastel decorations somehow gets into the very taste of the food, I have done some picking and choosing among today's luxurious kitchen furnishings with a view to bringing a bit more ease and warmth into a room where, so the people who take surveys tell us, a middle-income-group woman spends half her life—and sometimes it seems a good deal more than that.

William Gold, 425 East 53rd Street, gets my idea exactly, or, at any rate, he has lately been producing for a non-assembly-line kitchen some floor coverings that any woman would be happy to spend half her life walking on. By setting such varied materials as ceramic tiles, vinyl, rubber, and asphalt in a patented new cement called Groutite, which is waterproof, durable, and in itself quite agreeable to look at (it comes in any color that is wanted), Mr. Gold has created designs of the utmost originality—warm and vivid or given a sort of stylized primness that is highly becoming to the rather simply furnished kitchen. Among the Gold designs eminently suitable for kitchen floors are one in which rich terra-cotta vinyl and off-white Groutite form a Moorish-looking, roughly star-shaped pattern; a deep-yellow vinyl ground against which narrow ceramic tiles with a wavy blue

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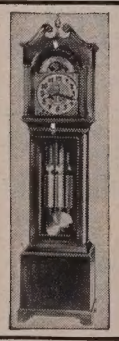

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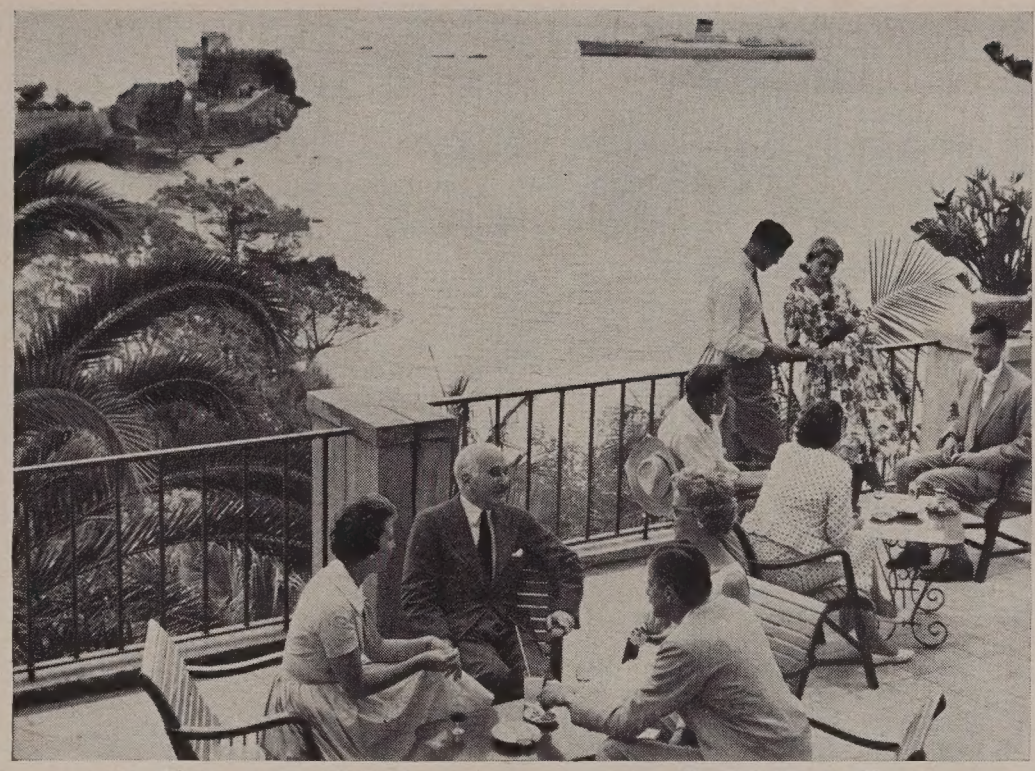
pattern make widely spaced horizontal stripes; pale-blue vinyl bordered by ceramic tiles with a Della Robbia pattern of garlanded fruit and flowers; and rectangular sheets of vinyl simulating warm-gray marble and laid like flagstones, with the help of dark-gray Groutite. Actually, there is not much point in describing the Gold collection, since most of the flooring is custom-made and any desired design or combination of colors can be provided. Prices of the various arrangements run from $1 to $5 a square foot, installed.

WITH the vogue for vinyl tile approaching the proportions of a cult in decorator circles, I must surely risk appearing hopelessly out of step if I venture to say a good word for Armstrong's old-fashioned inlaid linoleum, yet its life expectancy (as a generation of housewives can testify) seems eternal, and its patterns include, along with numerous undeniably banal numbers, a few that are very good-looking. One of these—a lifelike imitation of a red brick pavement—would make a most attractive floor for a kitchen that didn't aspire to the elegance of the Gold floorings. This costs around $4 a square yard (installation runs about a dollar a yard, in most cases), at S. Aronson, 233 West 14th Street, and at Bloomingdale, where, by the way, a large and well-chosen selection of vinyl floor coverings can also be found.

IN the course of a recent visit to the showrooms of Woodson Wallpapers, at 26 East 55th Street, where I had gone to inspect the firm's latest collection (I shall have more to say about that later in this exercise), I came upon a brand-new design copied with remarkable fidelity from some beautiful old Spanish tiles—black, yellow, violet, and vivid-green tiles, seven inches square and laid in a Moorish arrangement on a white background. The paper was intended, I was told, for a dado, such as is to be seen in the old houses of Andalusia—"or, of course," my informant at Woodson went on to say, "it could be used effectively as a floor covering." Here was news indeed, and if it wasn't just loose sales talk, then "effectively" was a miserable understatement, for this would certainly constitute one of the most splendid floor coverings imaginable. To make doubly sure about the feasibility of putting wallpaper on the floor, I called on Peter Guertler, at 245 East 84th Street, who has thirty-odd paperhangers and painters working under him and is generally conceded



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by the trade to be a past-master at fancy wallpapering jobs. Mr. Guertler told me that he has had fourteen years' experience with the papering of floors, and that if the job is done the right way, the results are perfectly satisfactory. The right way, it seems, requires a superior quality of paper, such as is to be found in the Woodson collection (Mr. Guertler has also installed a good many Katzenbach & Warren papers underfoot); a perfectly smooth floor, preferably of cement or linoleum (plain wood won't do); and two or three coats of fine lacquer. Such an installation, he estimates, would remain in practically mint condition for five or six years in a much-walked-on area, like a kitchen, and considerably longer in, say, a bathroom, where there is less traffic. Woodson's tile paper costs $10.50 a roll, and I am assured that Guertler's services are not unduly costly.

Dorothy Liebes, who it has heretofore given me great satisfaction to reflect would one day have to answer at Heaven's judgment seat for her part in starting the unfortunate craze for metallic threads in textiles, is now showing, in a group of window blinds at Edward Fields, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd), one design, called Bianca, that not only escapes this monotonous feature but, to my taste, is clearly a departure in the right direction. In it, the superb Liebes technique of weaving shows up to new and altogether striking advantage. The blind in question—the only one in a large group not to have been done in metallic thread—consists of irregular horizontal slats of a brown Puerto Rican bark called *enea* (it looks very like stick cinnamon) laced together with the exquisite Liebes weaving in dead-white cotton, nylon, or chenille, or a combination of the three. This costs $3.65 a square foot, and the same white weave can also be ordered with slats of various other woods, priced at from $3.75 to $4.50.

Shown along with the Liebes blinds are some non-metallic window shades of Edward Fields' own creation. These, too, are of the Puerto Rican bark, but in this case it is woven together with cotton or nylon threads in clear, fresh colors, which make either borders or perpendicular stripes. One that I thought exactly right for a kitchen window has broad stripes of scarlet-and-white cotton, and somehow gives the countrified effect of a red-and-white checked tablecloth; another has narrower and more widely spaced red stripes; and a third has a border of blue

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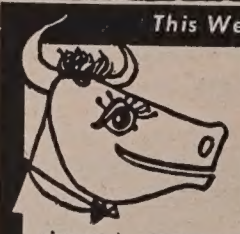

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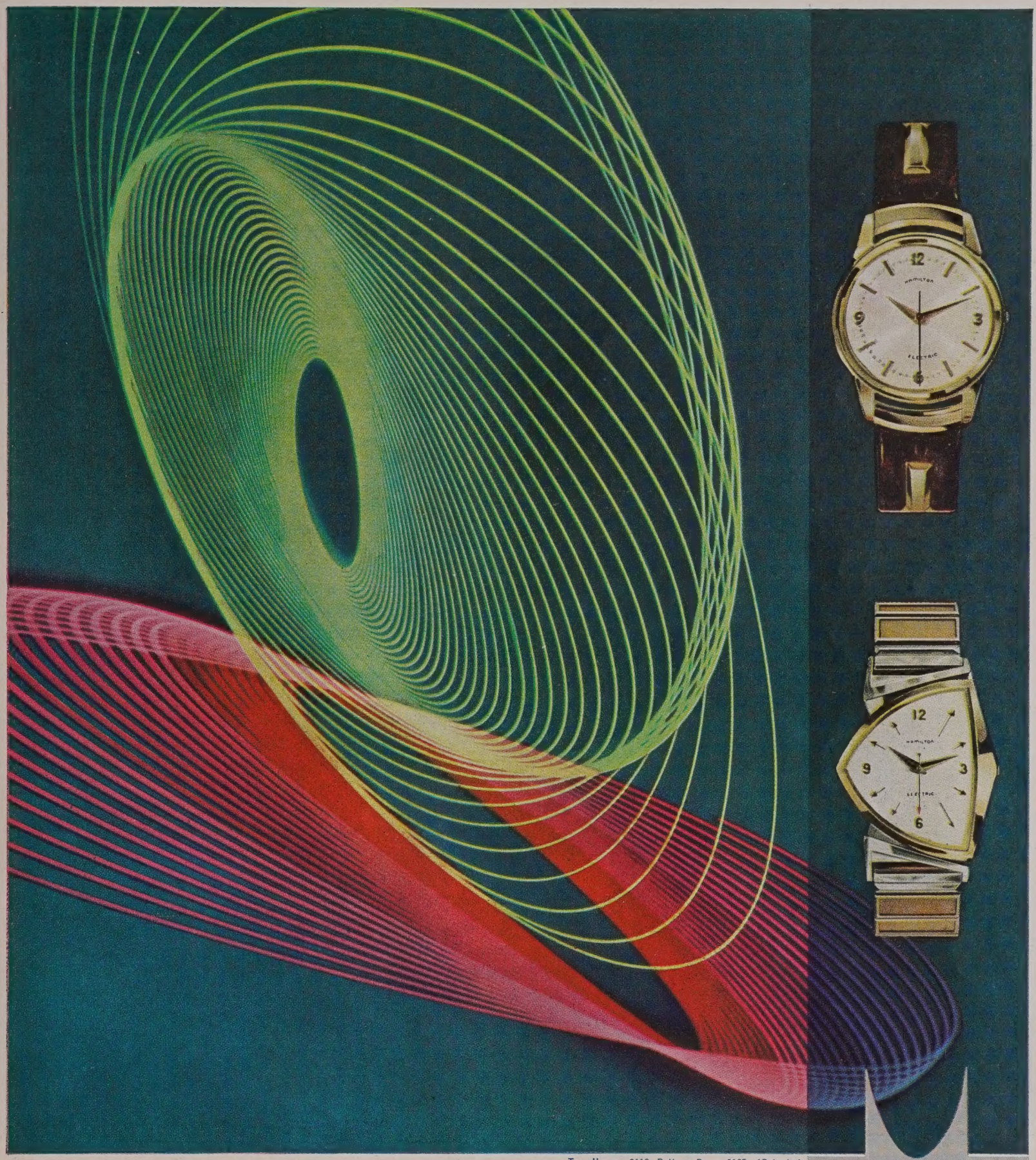

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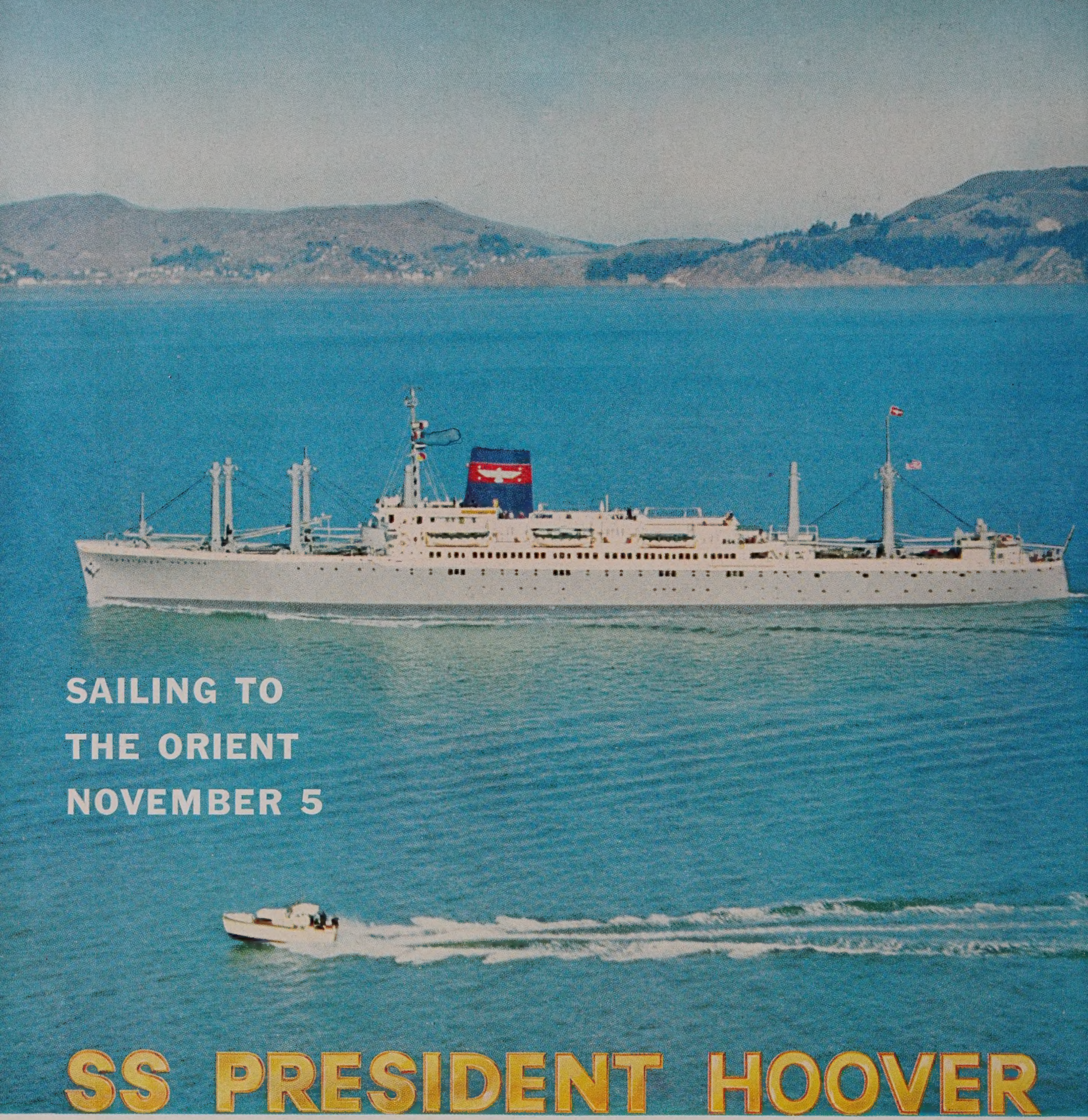

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and white. These run from $1.35 to $2.46 a square foot, and Fields executes the same designs in matchstick, rather than *enea*, at approximately the same prices.

TO get back to the Woodson wallpapers—for covering walls, not floors—I suspect that the impressionable customer will be hard put to it to make a choice among the many enchanting designs here. Provided you don't associate charm with sugary prettiness, charm is the word for these papers, which have gaiety, style, and an imaginative feeling for decoration—in short, charm. Most of the patterns that seem happily suited to kitchen walls are floral arrangements of an unconventional distinction: dogwood blossoms on a ground of Chinese-lacquer red; widely scattered geraniums and blue irises on a dead-white ground; prim little bouquets of mixed flowers making crisscross stripes; an allover pattern of small blue cornflowers; a gorgeous arrangement of anemones done in violet, brilliant yellow, deep blue, and the freshest green; a tailored plaid made up of small cerulean-blue flowers; and so on, through a great variety of hand-printed papers, many of which—particularly the design of the scattered flowers—could serve for ceilings as well as walls. Prices run from $7.50 to $10.50 a roll, through decorators.

GENERAL ELECTRIC has brought out some new and particularly handsome wood grains in the plastic sheeting it calls Textolite, any one of which might well be used in a wallpapered kitchen to cover areas where special protection is needed. The reproductions of walnut, cherry, and maple are especially successful and, on a wall behind the range, or behind the sink, would be hard to tell from genuine wood panelling. The Textolite is also available in patterns of beige and pinkish-gray marble, which would lend themselves admirably to the same use, and in solid colors, but these I found less attractive. It comes in sheets of seventeen different sizes, ranging from twenty-four inches by sixty to forty-eight inches by a hundred and twenty, and is for sale at the various Dykes lumberyards around town and at the Butler Lumber Company, 220 West 14th Street, priced at from seventy-five to eighty-five cents a square foot.

IF I were cataloguing these kitchen furnishings in the order of their importance, I should, before having

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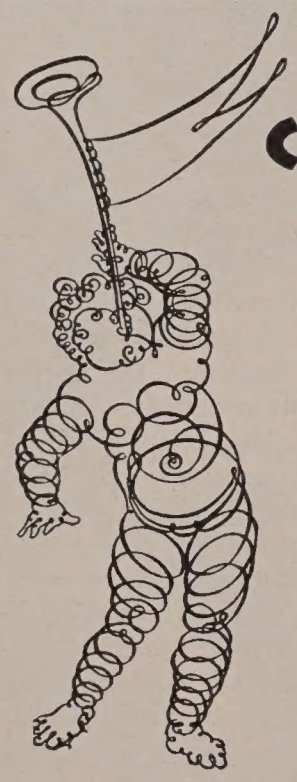

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my say on the subject of walls and floors, have preached a little sermon on exhaust fans and easy kitchen chairs—two bits of self-indulgence that are further proof of how right Voltaire was about the superfluous being so necessary. With the weather what it is, I am not sure I wouldn't consider the advantages of a notably efficient blower, put out by General Electric, even before installing the kitchen stove. This very desirable appliance consists of an eleven-and-a-quarter-inch fan set in an adjustable plastic panel that fits windows from twenty-five to thirty-six inches wide. The panel screws onto the interior of the window frame, so it is possible to close the sash with the appliance in place, while the fan itself can be lifted out of its moorings easily when it needs cleaning. The blower is to be had at Bloomingdale, Macy, and Stern, for $29.95.

My own choice for that second essential to kitchen bliss is a nice low rocker, but since nice low rockers are apt to look a little foolish in modern kitchens, I would settle very contentedly for one of Georg Jensen's rattan easy chairs, which seem exactly right for sweet, relaxing work like shelling peas or poring over a cookbook. The seat and back are in one long, graceful curve, and the chair is wonderfully comfortable. The price is $45.

NOT long ago, I visited the General Electric showrooms to see the company's new portable air-cooler put through its paces, but since the room the demonstration took place in was already air-conditioned to a chill that would have been bitterly complained of in January, I could make no reliable estimate of the machine's efficiency, so the G.E. people obligingly offered to let me borrow it for a couple of days. The thermometer just as obligingly took an upward turn that provided a cruel test for such a contraption, and in consequence I am now in a position to state authoritatively that this is the season's unqualified blessing for anybody who, for one reason or another, doesn't want an air-conditioner. The cooler comes in a neat plastic housing eighteen inches long, fourteen inches high, and thirteen and an eighth inches from front to back, and contains a three-and-a-half-gallon reservoir, from which water is constantly sprayed, by means of a clever distribution system, onto a filter pad that encloses three sides of the interior. The air within the machine is cooled by evaporation, and a blower ejects it. That isn't all there is to it, of course, but then

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my only aim is to report on the cooler's performance, leaving a description of its mechanics to my betters. I should say right off that the blower does not perceptibly lower the temperature of a room; it simply cools the area touched by its air stream. In my home testing, I set the cooler up alongside a fairly powerful fan, and by switching the two on alternately I detected differences that were all greatly in favor of the cooler. At its lowest speed (the motor has three speeds, the lowest being recommended only for use while sleeping), the air stream is very gentle and pleasantly refreshing, and at full speed, although the jet never attains the violence of a powerful electric fan, it has a cool freshness that is delicious. The cooler plugs in on standard household voltage and requires no installation or water connection; there's an opening in the front for pouring the water in, and one filling is good for eight or nine hours. The price of the model I tried is $59.95 (there is a slightly smaller model, at $49.95), and the stand that was sent along with it costs $6.95. The G.E. people claim that the purchase of the stand, which has large rollers, is optional, but from my experience I would say emphatically that it is a very necessary part of the setup; in fact, without it the cooler can hardly be called portable, for when the thing is lifted it must be held perfectly level (almost an impossibility) to avoid the risk of spilling water from the reservoir. Moreover, although the machine when empty weighs only twenty-eight pounds (and who hasn't struggled successfully with a suitcase that heavy?), those added three and a half gallons of water make it too much for a housewife to lift with any ease. However, if the cooler is set up for the season in one spot, no stand will be needed, since it performs splendidly sitting on a table or chair on its own bottom. At Macy, Altman, Bloomingdale, and Hammacher Schlemmer. —S. H.

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CORRIGENDUM

For the words "ILLEGIBLE, *Governor.*" appearing at the end of State Bank of Pakistan Notification No. FE-76|59-SB, dated the 25th May 1959, published on page 894 of the *Gazette of Pakistan, Extraordinary*, dated the 30th May 1959, please *substitute*

ABDUL QADIR,
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Compiler of Gazettes.

—Bulletin received from the government of Pakistan.

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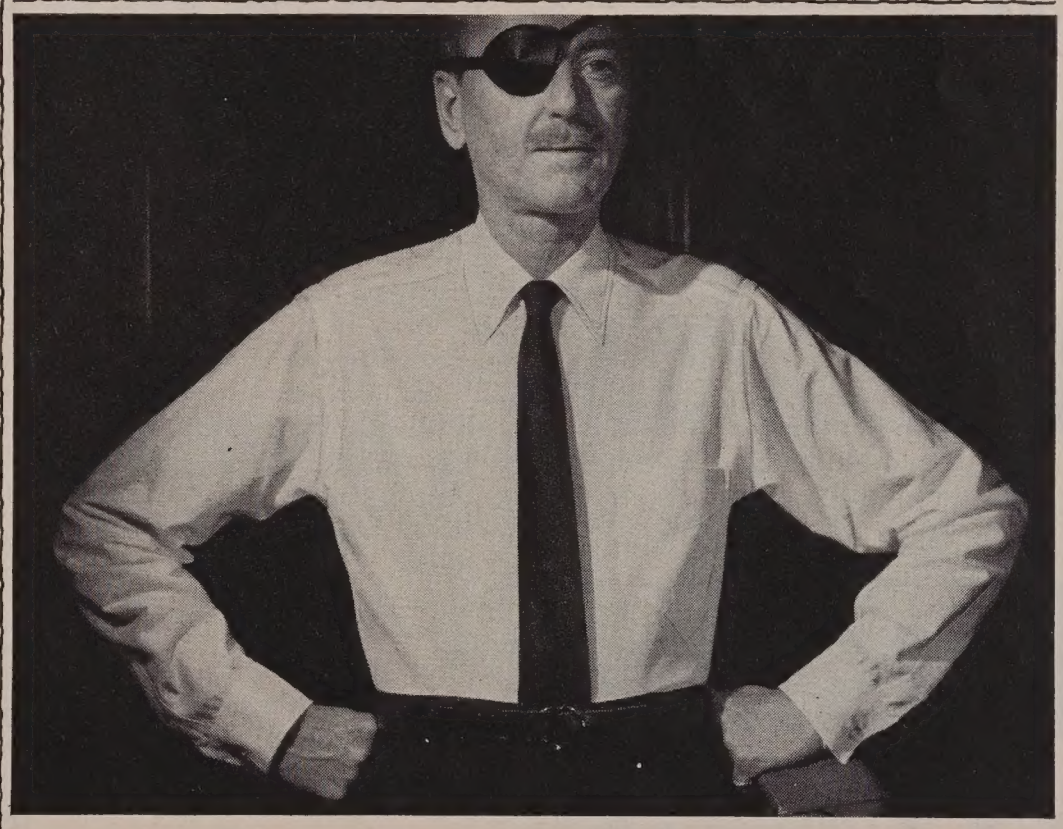

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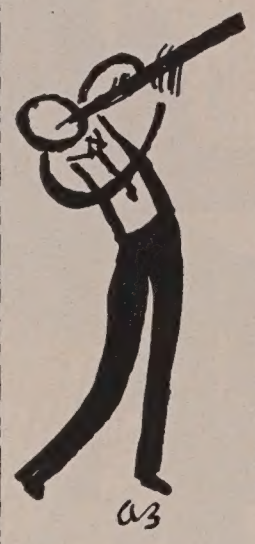
Jazz Records



ONE of the minor mysteries of jazz is that it is a notably hardheaded, unsentimental music that attracts an uncommon amount of sentiment. A widespread manifestation of this emotionalism is the sharp, clinging nostalgia that has gathered, like mussels, around certain types of jazz. In large part, this nostalgia has been caused by the astonishing rapidity with which the music has changed in the half century that it has been around. Thus, no sooner had the New Orleans style of playing been perfected by King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, in the twenties, than the form declined, leaving its admirers with a few recordings and a hatful of yearning. The same melancholy surrounds the Ellington band of the early forties, the Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday recordings of the late thirties, and boogie-woogie pianists like Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and Pete Johnson. The most recent examples of this keening over the immediate past have been the multifarious endeavors to revive the glories of the big-band era, brought so precipitately to a close after the Second World War. In the past four or five years, there have been attempts by both alumni and newcomers to re-create the bands of Count Basie (the 1937-1941 version), Jimmie Lunceford, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington, and Glen Gray. The old Basie band, in particular, has been restored, with varying degrees of success, in several dozen recordings, ranging from a tight, furry West Coast attempt made several years ago by Shorty Rogers, in which only one Basie alumnus was involved, to several recent efforts populated almost entirely by ex-Basie personnel. These nostalgic exercises, however, have had one highly beneficial result; they have restored to the public view such men as Jo Jones, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton, Shad Collins, Emmett Berry, Buck Clayton, and Buddy Tate, who, though they were driven into semi-obscurity by the disappearance of their natural

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habitat, now generally play with more authority and imaginativeness than ever before. This is strikingly true of the two trumpeters, Clayton and Berry, who have demonstrated a solidity and a freshness that are admirable in a music chiefly dominated by less talented successors.

Graduates of the Basie school (an institution that has settled, in recent years, into a ponderous bureaucracy), Clayton and Berry also are part of a small, distinctive group of trumpet players who appeared in the wake of Louis Armstrong in the thirties and who developed a singular, subtle, and affecting lyricism that epitomizes the best aspects of the swing era and has been equalled by only a few men, of whatever persuasion. Some of the original group (Hot Lips Page, Frankie Newton) are dead, others (Doc Cheatham, Bill Coleman, Joe Thomas) are largely unknown, one (Sidney de Paris) has suffered from his recent musical associations, and another (Harold Baker) is going strong in the Ellington band.

Clayton, who has made nearly a dozen successful records under his own name in the past few years, has been the luckiest of them. A slim, extraordinarily handsome man of medium height, whose face tends to float upward at the corners when he plays, giving him a sudden Mephistophelean appearance, he performs in a style whose imperturbable liquid continuity is based on a flawless balance of restraint and emotion. Unlike Coleman Hawkins or Dizzy Gillespie, he is, though a consummate musician, not a great improviser; completely aware of his own limitations (in contrast to Roy Eldridge, who sometimes sounds like a man singlehandedly trying to inflate a blimp), he restricts himself to an agile, ceaselessly exploring form of embellishment. In a medium-tempo blues, Clayton, whose tone has a smooth, soft, hammered-gold quality, as if sheer use had worn away all its original edges and rough surfaces, is apt to open his solo by stating, in a hushed, almost placating fashion, a three-or-four-note riff, which he may repeat or alter with added notes and short, skipping runs. This abruptly gives way to a nearly imperceptible lagging behind the beat, which he achieves by gently hitting the same note four or five times a split second after the beat. He then returns to the beat and finishes the chorus by linking simple related melodic figures that suggest a man humming an improvised tune to himself. In the course of several choruses, Clayton, who has developed a talent rare among jazz

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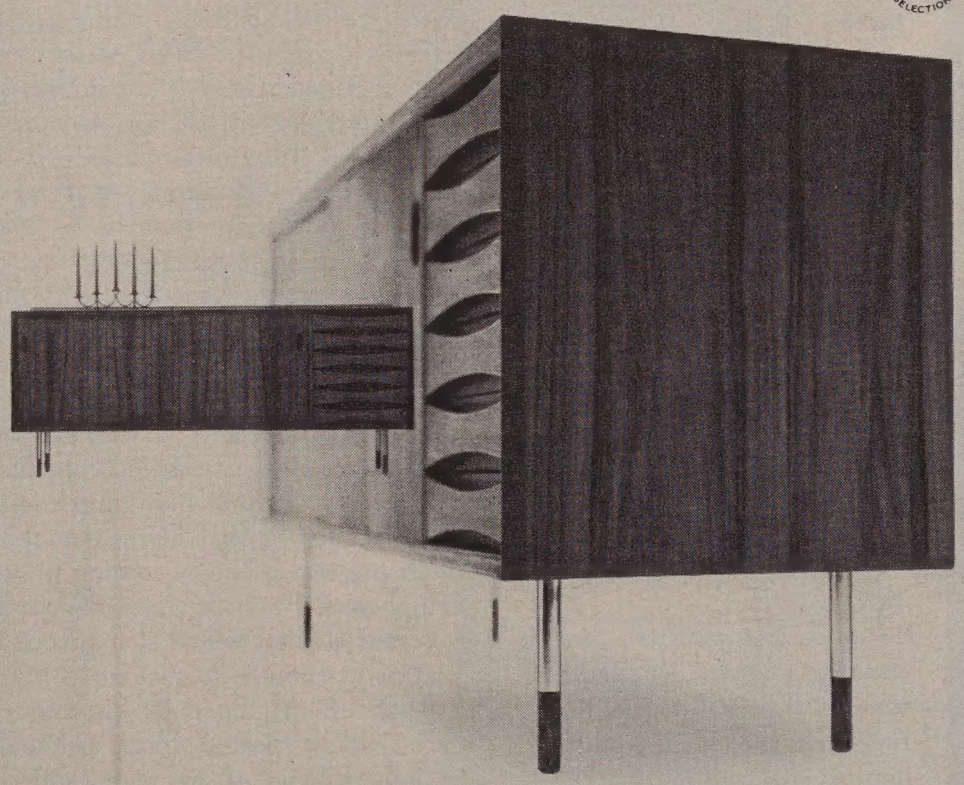

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musicians, will gradually and logically work toward a climax—most jazz soloists leave off pretty much where they began—by slightly increasing his volume, incorporating high, probing, yelping notes, and, in general, momentarily allowing his passionate qualities to catch the sun. But Clayton's style is remarkable not so much for the notes he plays as for its urgency and sweetness, which are without fail accented by his poignant, underscoring vibrato—a wide vibrato that lasts only a second and whose light earnestness gives each phrase a stirring, now-I-really-mean-it air. Clayton frequently employs a mute. Unlike Cootie Williams, who, by constantly waggling his mute about with his hand, emits an indescribable series of bulging vowel sounds and windy growls, Clayton keeps his mute tightly in place—his occasional Williams-like wa-wa effects seem to be only a kind of safety valve—producing a clear, distilled, highly compressed version of his open-horn style, in the manner of a man trying to carry on an articulate conversation with his mouth closed.

Compared to Clayton, Berry has a hustling, daring style, which is, however, no less controlled. Short, round-faced, and wearing the expression of a man peering through a Venetian blind, Berry, despite his greater restlessness, is even more sparing of his notes than Clayton, who sometimes suggests a soft-spoken Southern woman. Berry has a hoarse, glowering tone, which usually develops a congested rasp. At the same time, he frequently gives the impression of putting the shot, for he delivers his stark, often vibratoless phrases in an insistent, heave-ho manner that makes him seem far louder than he is. Marvellously adroit at juxtaposing the expected and the unexpected, Berry may play the first half of a chorus in a jabbing, reiterative way, and then, just as one is prepared for a repetition or a slight variation (like Clayton, Berry is primarily an endlessly skilled embellisher), he will slip into plunging, mountain-goat phrases that bump through a couple of octaves before coming to rest. Nonetheless, Berry has a stubborn, introverted quality, which stems from his invariably seeming to play in a minor key—an effect gained by his frequent use of slightly flatted notes, as though the forcefulness of his tone and approach had pushed him past the more conventional ones. Berry, too, often employs a mute, and with tantalizing results. Whereas a mute seems to compound Clayton's lyricism, it conceals Berry's, reducing him to a metallic,

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CLAYTON and Berry play superbly in a couple of recent neo-Basie efforts—"Basie Reunion" (Prestige 7147) and "Songs for Swingers: Buck Clayton with His All-Stars" (Columbia CL 1320). The first includes such ex-Basie men as Clayton (Berry does not appear in this one), Shad Collins, Paul Quinichette, Jack Washington, and Jo Jones, together with Basie's present bassist, Eddie Jones, and Basie's most indefatigable imitator on the piano, Nat Pierce. The five numbers, all of them extended, are reruns of old Basie ones. The performances, with the exception of those of Clayton and Jo Jones, who is forced to haul a feet-dragging Pierce after him most of the way, are mixed. Collins is a pleasant, loose-boned version of Clayton who always seems on the verge of a classic phrase; Quinichette pushes his staccato, humping duplication of Lester Young's work into a garble of knees and elbows; and Washington, a once admirable baritone saxophonist who has apparently played only the alto saxophone in late years, sounds impassioned but inexact. Clayton more than makes up for these deficiencies. In the medium-slow "Blues I Like to Hear," he begins in his familiar sidestepping way, pulls himself into the second chorus with a brief, scraping growl, and ends up by sailing through the third chorus—his temperature doubled—with perfectly spaced high notes and a steadily intensified beat. He takes three comparable choruses in an up-tempo version of "John's Idea." These begin with an exhilarating break, in which, by fluttering rapidly up and down through a cluster of three notes, like a bird in its bath, he sets up a delicate tension that never falters. During the opening and closing ensembles of "Baby Don't Tell on Me," a slow, rocking blues, Clayton, muted, plays alternately dancing and musing obbligatos behind the other horns, recalling his work behind Paul Robeson in "King Joe," a blues recorded in the early forties with the Basie band, in which Clayton's hollering, from-afar phrases managed to both deflate Robeson's pretentiousness and emphasize the booming, Grand Central Station quality of his voice.

Clayton is joined in the second recording by Berry and such former Basie associates as Dickie Wells, Earl Warren, and Buddy Tate. (The rhythm section, which is only adequate, is made up of three men, two of them non-Basie graduates.) There are eight numbers—

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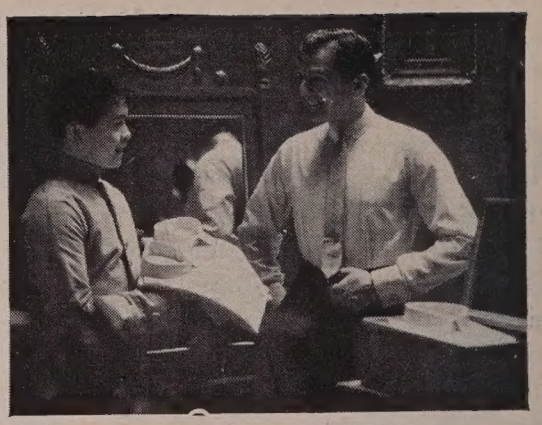
three blues, three standards, and a couple of Clayton originals. It is Berry, and not the leader, who steals the thunder, as if Clayton had, out of politeness, deferred to his guest or had simply been bowled over by his absolute authority. In three numbers—"Swinging at the Copper Rail," "Outer Drive," and "Night Train"—Berry, playing open-horn, performs with an assurance and imaginativeness that he has rarely shown on records. Indeed, his two choruses in "Outer Drive," a medium-tempo blues, are close to classic blues improvisations. Tate, a tenor saxophonist who has been celebrating Herschel Evans for a couple of decades, and Warren, an alto saxophonist who switches profitably to clarinet for two numbers, in the fashion of an updated Benny Carter, are in good form, while Wells, sadly, continues to sound as if he were trying to remember what made him one of the great trombonists. But each time Berry arrives, the door bangs open, the lights go on, and the nostalgia vanishes.

Check List

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET AT MUSIC INN: VOLUME 2 (Atlantic 1299). Perhaps the greatest pleasure afforded by the Modern Jazz Quartet in this day of the vacuous, non-stop soloist is its extraordinary collective sense, which stems in large part from the ceaselessly inventive, almost seismographic background piano work of the group's leader, John Lewis. (His compatriots are still Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay.) Lewis's accompaniments, which have been equalled only by pianists like Earl Hines, Jess Stacy, Duke Ellington, and Thelonious Monk, come in three grades: the purely supportive, in which he uses discreet, frequently offbeat chords or short, repetitive single-note figures that tap the soloist along while planting the open spaces with perfectly placed clumps of sound; the weaving of these ingredients into a stronger but still subordinate melodic-rhythmic net, as if he suspected that the soloist might falter; and a full-fledged melodic line that forms a fragile and often beautiful countermelody. All three techniques are in superlative evidence in this recording, which ranks with the best work of the M.J.Q. The title is misleading, for only two of the six selections, which include a long ballad medley, three standards, and two Lewis compositions, were recorded at Music Inn. The



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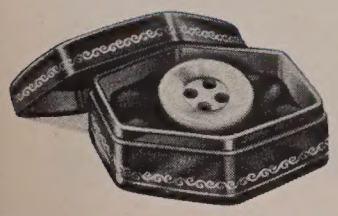

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ballad medley—"Star Dust," "I Can't Get Started," and "Lover Man"—is remarkable. Jackson and Lewis solo simultaneously in each of the melodies for a chorus or two, constructing, in the center section of "I Can't Get Started," a memorable stretch of delicately crisscrossing, butting, tug-of-war counterpoint. In "Midsömmer," one of Lewis's more introverted tunes, he and Jackson revolve around one another in a slow, jostling fashion, and, with the help of some triangle playing by Kay, suggest wind in the pendants of a glass chandelier. Lewis employs all three approaches in the Music Inn selections ("Bag's Groove" and "Night in Tunisia"), which were recorded last summer in company with Sonny Rollins. In "Bag's Groove," a medium-slow blues, Lewis inserts old-fashioned riffs and Basie-like fragments behind Jackson, and in backing up Rollins, who, playing in his wriest manner, sounds as if he were attempting to mimic the melody, he uses fat, lolling chords, steady, chugging dissonances, and then a gradually intensified rhythmic figure, all of which act as antidotes to Rollins' facetiousness. Jackson takes a stunning triple-time solo in "Yardbird Suite" (with Lewis playing stop-time chords and Kay keeping a steady rhythm), in which his mallets move so quickly that they seem, like a jet plane, to leave the sound behind. Kay plays with precision and a tight, unwavering beat that, particularly in "Yardbird Suite" and "Festival Sketch," resembles the rock-bound rhythmic sense of Dave Tough.

PORGY & BESS REVISITED: STEWART-WILLIAMS & CO. (Warner Brothers WS 1260). Ten selections from Gershwin's opera, played largely as solos by such men as Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Lawrence Brown, and Hilton Jefferson, who are accompanied by an expert, self-effacing big band. Williams' recent return to recording after a decade of silence has been rather uneven, but in at least two of these numbers, "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" and "I'm on My Way," he displays all the majestic aural bulk that shouldered the Ellington band along for so many years. Stewart equals him, in his own fashion, in "It Ain't Necessarily So," and Brown, who has always suggested a richly napped Tommy Dorsey, delivers a rendition of "Summertime," muted and open-horn, that is a model of melodic embellish-

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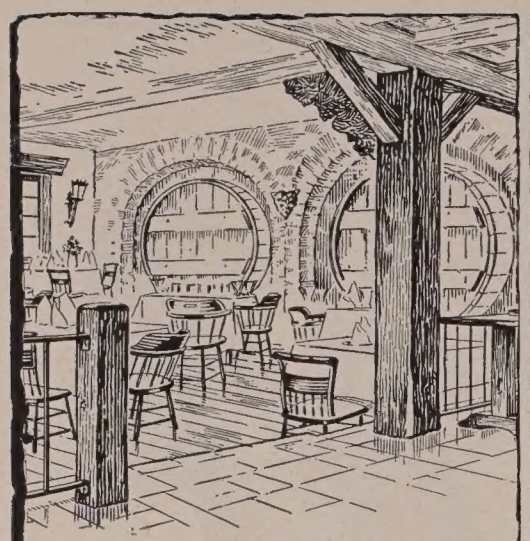

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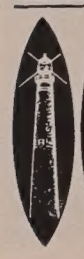

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ment. All in all, a minor monument to lyric jazz playing.

BACK O' TOWN: KING OLIVER WITH JELLY ROLL MORTON AND CLARENCE WILLIAMS (Riverside RLP 12-130). This invaluable set of reissues includes a couple of duets between Oliver and Morton, made in 1924 or 1925, and ten small-band numbers, recorded about four years later, with—among others—Oliver, Clarence Williams (piano), Charlie Irvis (trombone), and Cyrus St. Clair (tuba). The highly melodic duets, which were done when Oliver was near the height of his powers, are striking reminders that without Oliver there would probably have been no Louis Armstrong. (Ironically, while Armstrong improved, Oliver declined. By the time Armstrong entered his best period, in the late thirties, Oliver, who had been regarded as nonpareil in Chicago in the mid-twenties, had become a poolroom attendant in Savannah, where he died, sick, penniless, and forgotten, in 1938.) The small-band numbers, six of which are given over to blues vocals by Sara Martin, a lesser version of Bessie Smith, are also full of delights: Oliver's growling, needling accompaniment to Miss Martin; a muted, wa-wa Oliver solo, in "Squeeze Me," that is done with a calm, stately lyricism; a remarkably affecting tuba smear, in "Mistreatin' Man Blues," that is one of the rare moments in which the tuba discards its clownish aspects and becomes a persuasive jazz instrument; Irvis's hoarse, muttering solos; and Williams' neat umpah arrangements. The sound, by and large, is clear and balanced.

WHAT IS THERE TO SAY? THE GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET (Columbia CL 1307). In recent years, Mulligan's various quartets, which depend principally on a polite, glee-club counterpoint, have lost much of their flavor through the sheer repetition of materials and approach, while Mulligan's own playing has become increasingly strained and inflexible. This record, which contains eight selections, is no exception. It is, however, notable for the work of the trumpeter Art Farmer (Bill Crow, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums, are also on hand), whose style incorporates a dense, singing tone and a rigorous combination of sustained notes and agile, gull-like dips and climbs. (Astonishingly, his work rolls into one a good many of the characteristics of

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Bix Beiderbecke, Rex Stewart, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis.) He is in flawless form in a long, up-tempo blues, "Blueport," in which he takes seven choruses and then engages in a harrying, shouting exchange of breaks and choruses with Mulligan. It's a stirring performance.

EARL'S BACKROOM AND COZY'S CARAVAN: THE EARL HINES QUARTET AND THE COZY COLE SEPTET (Felsted FAJ 7002). The first side of this record is irrefutable and welcome proof that Hines' playing, which had lately seemed to be faltering, remains almost wholly unimpaired. (The second side is taken up by some undistinguished small-band efforts led by Cozy Cole.) The best of Hines' three numbers, which include two blues and a minor-key composition, is "Brussels' Hustle," a fast blues. (He is accompanied by bass, drums, and, unfortunately, a tedious saxophonist who solos at unconscionable length.) In the course of more than a dozen solo choruses, Hines demonstrates his never-let-either-hand-know-what-the-other-is-doing approach. There are spilling upper-register figures pitted against outrageous broken rhythms in the left hand, swollen concert-hall chords that pull at cheerful, self-admiring arpeggios, and a beat whose intensity grows in direct proportion to the number of divisive techniques Hines applies to it.

SOULVILLE: THE BEN WEBSTER QUINTET (Verve MG V-8274). Three of the seven numbers here—a lilting version of "Lover Come Back to Me," a slow, swaying "Makin' Whoopee," and a contemplative shuffle-along blues—are indispensable recordings, in addition to being precise and enlivening definitions of such fatigued words as "graceful," "poignant," "fresh," and "irresistible." Webster's accompanists are Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, and the drummer Stan Levey.

BLUES FROM THE GUTTER/CHAMPION JACK DUPREE (Atlantic 8019). Dupree, who is forty-nine and was born in New Orleans, is one of the last of the itinerant blues-singing pianists who earlier in the century blanketed the Midwest and South. His singing resembles that of the late Big Bill Broonzy, without Broonzy's occasional lacklustre heaviness, and his playing, though it lacks the originality of, say, Pinetop Smith's or Jimmy Yancey's, has an

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attractive directness. He is enmeshed most of the time in a harum-scarum accompaniment, which includes the alto saxophonist Pete Brown as well as guitar, bass, and drums, but in two numbers he manages to shake himself free. The first is a slow, thumping blues, "Can't Kick the Habit," in which he dissects the sorrows and evils of drug addiction, interspersing his words with eerie, mourning falsetto "oohwee"s. The second is a medium-tempo "talking blues," called "Strollin'," in which Dupree's heel provides a loud, steady counterpoint as he intones, between emphatic rests, such words as "Some people say that a black cat bone make things disappear" (pause—clack, clack, clack), "Made my little girl disappear from me" (pause—clack, clack, clack), "But I'll find her, though" (pause—clack, clack, clack), "Long as I can stroll, everything will be all right." An extremely infectious number.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

MARIN

Marin
saw how it feels:
the first raw shock
of Labrador current,
the surfacing gasp
at jut of rock,
bent sails, and wedged
trees. He wrote it—
Stonington, Small
Point, and Cape Split—
through a pane so
cracked by the lode-
star sun that he
swam back, blinded,
into himself, to
sign the after-
image: initialled
mountains, ledged
towns white as
Machias after
the hayrake rain,
sun-splintered
water, and written
granite—dark light
unlike what you
ever saw, until,
inland, your own
eyes close and, out
of that sea change,
islands rise thick,
like the riptide
paint that, flooding,
tugs at your vitals,
and is more Maine
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—PHILIP BOOTH

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LOOK, LADY!

THE roads to Rome are varied, and while eventually the Engels were to take most of them, it was unfortunate that their first had been by way of Naples. In one brief stroll in that anomalous seaport, Mr. Engel had been offered a dubious camera, a worthless fountain pen, a spurious wristwatch, a packet of unorthodox postcards, and (unknown to Mrs. Engel) somebody's sister. He arrived, therefore, in the Eternal City with a definite wariness of all things Italian, and an instantaneous distrust of any suggestion made to him by anyone other than his wife and the Roman hotel porter, on whom he came to lean as on a brother. In fact, Mr. Engel felt on safer ground with the porter than with his wife, whose approach to the unfamiliar was fearless. She was as innocent as she was enthusiastic, he believed, but while he hesitated to tamper with either quality, he felt that as a combination they invited trouble, so from time to time he ventured mild warnings, which Mrs. Engel brushed aside.

"Just because they offered you those postcards in Naples you're suspicious of everything," she said one day. They were having tea in the chandeliered lounge of their hotel, and she had borrowed Mr. Engel's pen to address some postcards of her own, which she had spread on their tea table. "There's been nothing like that here in Rome," she went on. "Just that little man with the cameos, and they were all right. Well, they weren't genuine, but they were perfectly *nice*."

Mr. Engel blushed. "I wouldn't have told you about the postcards," he said, "except that I wanted you to be careful."

"They wouldn't offer things like that to a woman," said Mrs. Engel, putting Mr. Engel's pen down on her plate while she refilled her cup, "so I don't see what I'm to be careful of."

She sipped her tea. Mr. Engel removed his pen to a plate that had no crumbs on it. "That's what I'm trying to tell you," he said patiently. "It isn't only the postcards. I don't think you ought to rush at people here the way you do."

Mrs. Engel put down her cup. "Who do I rush at?" she asked.

"Everyone. And these Italians are funny about women. They might—Well, they might misunderstand you."

Mrs. Engel looked interested rather than impressed. "At my age? What would they do?"

"How would *I* know?" said Mr. Engel hastily—but some of the insinuations of the insistent men in Naples came back to him, and he could only repeat that Mrs. Engel ought to be more cautious.

"Well, I'll try," she said doubtfully, "but I think it's silly." She went back to addressing her postcards, and Mr. Engel moved the cream pitcher out of range of her elbow. "You know," she said, while continuing to write, "even if you'd bought those postcards, they'd probably have turned out to be just views of Paris. They substitute them. Well, that's what they *do*," she said, in answer to Mr. Engel's look of astonishment. "Didn't you know that? And the other things, like the watches with no works—they don't think they're being dishonest about them. It's just that they're so poor, and they think we're so rich." She made a cross on the front of a postcard that showed part of their hotel. "The thing is," she went on, "I don't want to miss anything, and if I'm cautious about everything, I might. For instance, if I had been cautious with Look Lady I would have missed all sorts of things."

"Look Lady?" asked Mr. Engel.

"Aquilino, our taxi-driver. That's what he says all the time—'Look, lady'—and every time he says it you jump, and every time he wants to show us something that isn't a church you go all stiff. You're even suspicious of *him*."

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Engel.

"Yes, you are," said Mrs. Engel, "and whenever I ask him to show us something different—something that isn't just a monument—you turn green."

"I do not," said Mr. Engel. "I just don't know where he'll take us."

"But that's what's wonderful," said Mrs. Engel. "And he knows places the other taximen don't know. Like the very first day we had him—even the porter didn't know where that restaurant was, but Aquilino did."

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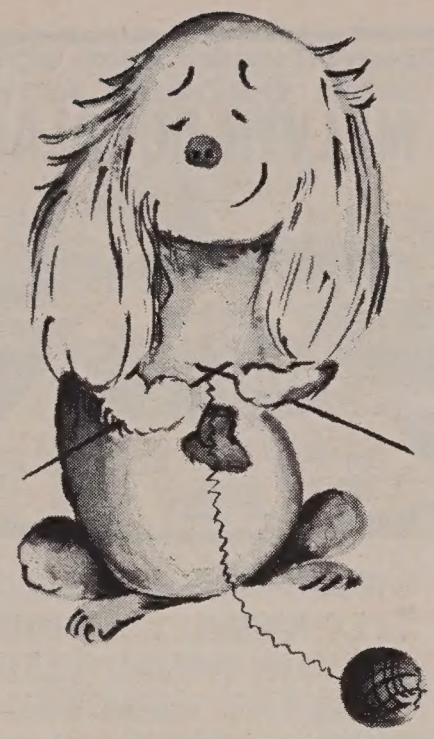

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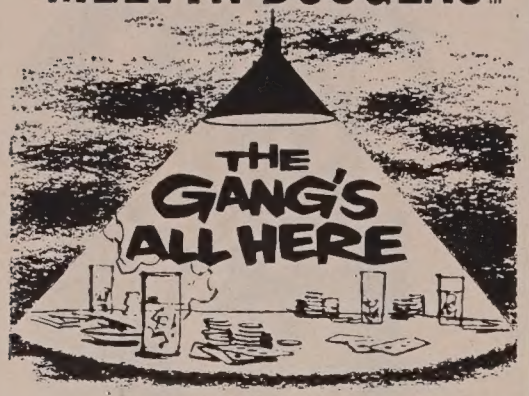

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from the roadside, and it's somewhere on the Appian Way," Mrs. Engel had told the hotel doorman, "so will you please explain to the driver, *per favore*?"

The driver had been Aquilino. He had listened carefully to the doorman and then beamed. "*Hoh*-kay," he had said, and when the Engels were in his cab and he had driven off, he spoke again. "Very good place, very pretty. Very near catacombs. I get you there *subito*."

"You speak English!" Mrs. Engel exclaimed. "What does '*subito*' mean?"

"Very quick—nice and fast," said Aquilino.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Engel, "not too *subito*. We like to go slow and see things."

Aquilino looked around at her in sudden joy, letting his cab take care of itself. "Slow and see things!" he cried. "Is best way, is only way. I go slow now, and show you everything."

"*Tante grazie!*" said Mrs. Engel.

"*Prego, Signora*," said Aquilino, and Mr. Engel closed his eyes as the cab took itself through a cross street and a red light simultaneously.

Once they reached the Appian Way, Aquilino slowed, as he had promised. He stopped to let Mrs. Engel walk on a segment of the original paving, and he glowed at her awe. Driving on, he pointed out tombs and villas and gardens, with catholic enthusiasm, and, reaching the restaurant, he told them the best thing to order. "Chicken all burned up," he explained happily. "Put on leaves, set fire to leaves. Very pretty."

He agreed to wait for them, and after they had lunched he heartily supported Mrs. Engel's reluctance to visit the catacombs just across the road. "People dead," he said. "More nice see people alive." He waved toward a young Italian speeding by on a motorcycle with a girl seated sidesaddle behind him, her starched skirts tucked neatly against the wind, as serenely feminine as a Gibson girl in a canoe.

On the way back, he answered Mrs. Engel's eager questions in a jumble of English and Italian incomprehensible to Mr. Engel, but from which she learned that for generations Aquilino's family had driven and guided visitors through Rome.

From then on, he was her own. Daily, she called him from wherever he stood in his taxi rank, at the head of the Via Sistina, until his companions, ordinarily ferocious in the matter of precedence, became resigned, and simply shrugged at each other when Mrs.

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Engel came in sight. At first, Aquilino took the Engels only where they directed him, but gradually he began to suggest lesser landmarks on less beaten tracks. He took them to a tiny square, tucked away behind a greater one, where a little-known tower bore a clock emblazoned in gold, and the colors of a mosaic Madonna triumphed over the centuries. He showed them markets that thrived in twisted streets where people lived as isolated from the city around them as if they lived on the moon. He produced new vistas, with the air of a conjurer, and sometimes his relish of Mrs. Engel's response was so wholehearted that Mr. Engel would walk a little way off from them until they were restored to some measure of calm. Aquilino took the Engels to the Punch-and-Judy show in the Pincio Gardens, and breathed warmly down Mr. Engel's neck as he stood with them to watch it. He laughed in sympathy with Mrs. Engel's delight in the balloon sellers who drifted among the trees of the park, their wares clustered high at the ends of long sticks so that they rose in the sunlight like explosions of fireworks.

All these were simple things—all harmless things, Mr. Engel admitted. But he would have enjoyed them more if he had known about them in advance. The element of mystery that Mrs. Engel welcomed and invited was only a source of added apprehension to him, as on the night when Aquilino drove them to the Campidoglio. In spite of the floodlit monuments and buildings nearby, the approach seemed eerie, and the night very dark.

"What's he up to?" Mr. Engel asked his wife.

"He wouldn't say," she answered. "He just asked if he could come and get us tonight. It's a surprise. He isn't going to *murder* us," she added. "He just wants to show us something."

"But we've been up here before," said Mr. Engel. "We've been here twice before. Why is he bringing us now?"

Then the cab stopped, and Aquilino got out. His smile, under his clipped mustache, was secret, and he opened the cab door with an air of having his finger on his lips. He helped the Engels out, and then stood a little apart from them. "Look, lady," he said, and pointed up to the palace that stood at the summit of the Campidoglio. Before, by daylight, it had been no more than another historic building, austere and impersonal, but now it was a fairy palace traced against the night sky by can-

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dles—slender false tapers—set outside each window, the very steadiness of their pointed, unflickering lights enhancing the sense of unreality, of something dreamed. "Look, lady!" said Aquilino again, and flung out his arms to the sight as if he had created it.

Now, as Mrs. Engel addressed a last postcard and turned it over to look at it again, she said, "I might never have seen *this* if it hadn't been for Look Lady. All the other drivers take you to the Trevi, but he took us to the Tortoise Fountain, because he loves it himself. He does wonderful things for us, and when I try to speak Italian, he doesn't look bored with me, the way some of the shop people do. He's *delighted*." Her voice took on the slight rise that Mr. Engel knew presaged tears. "He behaves as if we belong to him, and he makes everything seem as if it were there just for us."

"Just for you," said Mr. Engel, striving for lightness. "He always says 'Look, lady.' He never says 'Look, *sir*.'"

Mrs. Engel let her postcards run through her fingers. "Well, you don't always react much to things," she said carefully. "And then, I think he's a little afraid of you. I think he knows you don't really trust him." She took off her glasses and put them on the table and got up. "I'll take these down and get stamps for them," she said, picking up the postcards.

Mr. Engel signed the check, collected his fountain pen and Mrs. Engel's glasses, and followed her to the porter's desk.

AFTER that day, Mr. Engel made an honest effort to stifle whatever qualms he might have about Aquilino. He restrained himself from checking each step with the porter. He tried to believe that Mrs. Engel was right and that Aquilino would never misinterpret her enthusiasm. He followed Mrs. Engel and Aquilino docilely through dim and crumbling crypts, and descended with them to a churchly excavation where daylight was forgotten and the Tiber throbbed angrily beneath treacherous planking. He suffered them to take him into the Colosseum at night, where he kept to himself the thought that even if Aquilino could be trusted, there was nothing to prevent all three of them from being set on from the Stygian recesses behind them. But gradually Naples receded, and Mr. Engel relaxed.

Then, one afternoon, Mrs. Engel engaged Aquilino to take them to the

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Protestant Cemetery—an expedition so normal that Mr. Engel looked forward to it. For once, he knew in advance where he was going, and there was slight chance of sudden surprise. He was almost cheerful, therefore, when they reached the cemetery, and he and Mrs. Engel left Aquilino to wait for them at its gate.

The cemetery was green and still, and its tranquillity touched with comfort what sadness it held. It had rained earlier in the day, and under the soft grayness of the sky the trees and shrubs glistened over the gathered dead. "But here it doesn't seem final for them, the way it does in the crypts and tombs," Mrs. Engel whispered. "They're from so many places, it's as if they were just waiting to go home."

The Engels went slowly up and down the tiered paths, and stood, without speaking, by the grave of Shelley. They went to where Keats lay under his own youthful, bitter epitaph, and Mrs. Engel read it aloud. Then, her hand in Mr. Engel's, they walked out to the taxi.

Aquilino looked troubled when he saw her. "It made you sad, lady," he said. "You like now I take you someplace nice? Someplace funny?"

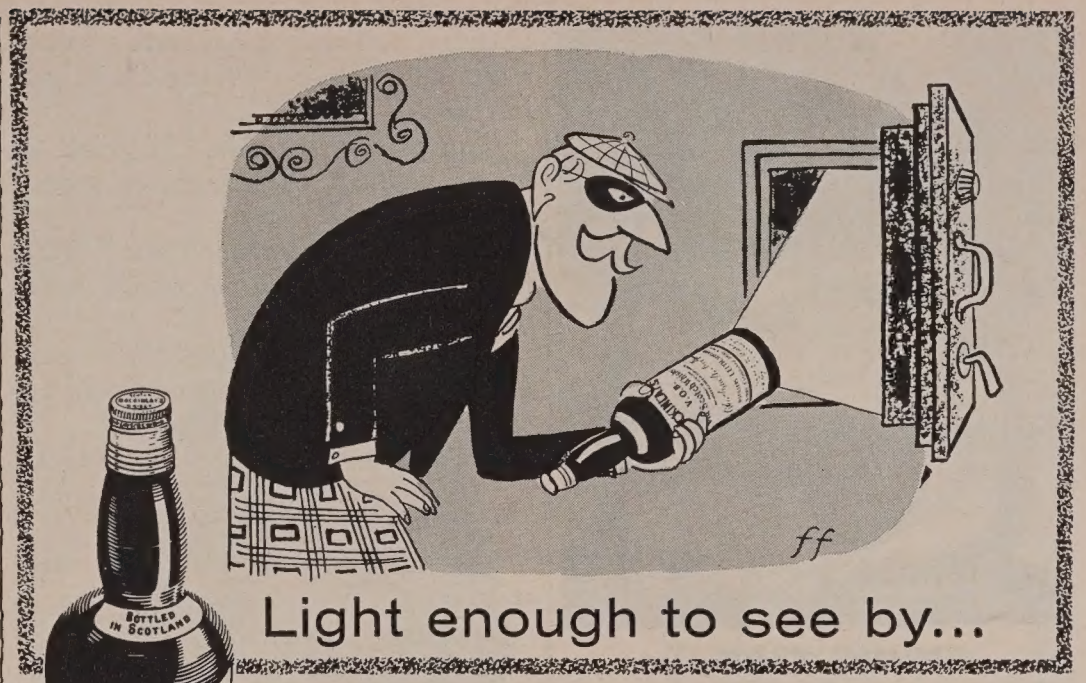
"Oh, yes, Aquilino," Mrs. Engel said. "I'd love to see something nice and funny."

His smile widening to show the two china-white synthetic teeth that made him look like a friendly squirrel, Aquilino bore them off. The sun had come out again, and Rome was responding with a richer gold than ever. They passed the Baths of Caracalla and went on along a rising road, and then up a shorter, steeper one. They passed a convent, Mrs. Engel thought, or an orphanage, and then there was a church and monastery, flanked by a modest park where people strolled and nuns scurried after children who ran, laughing, through the trees. There were small flower beds in the park, and the sunset was beginning to brighten their colors and touch the green about them with a hint of red. Mrs. Engel exclaimed with pleasure, but Aquilino drove on to a square, open and high-walled, and at this hour deserted. Here he stopped and got out. "Look, lady," he said as he opened the cab door. "Now you see something funny."

Mrs. Engel looked out. "I don't see anything," she said.

"Is secret," Aquilino said. "Very funny, very *singolare*. The *signora* must come peep."

Mrs. Engel started to get out, but Mr.



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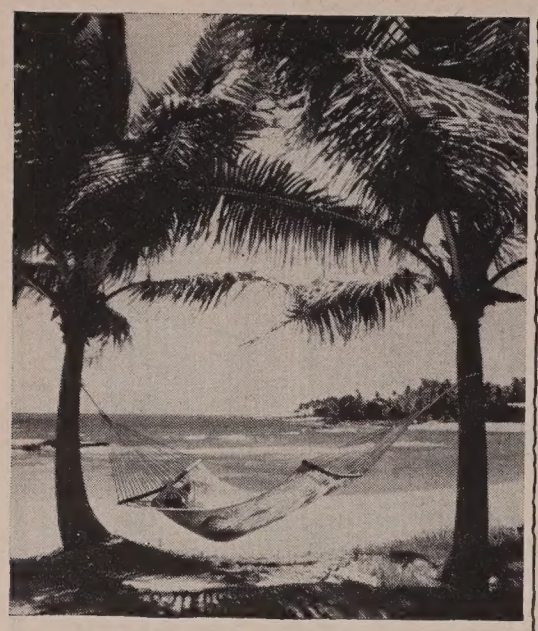

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Engel put a hand on her arm. "Wait a minute," he said. "What did he say just now?"

"*Singolare*," she said. "I think it means singular, or strange, or something."

"No, he said something else," Mr. Engel said. "He said you would have to do something."

"Oh," said Mrs. Engel. "He said I'd have to peep. Like around a corner, or through something, I suppose."

"Peep at *what*?" asked Mr. Engel.

"Why, I don't know," said his wife.

"Ask him," said Mr. Engel.

Mrs. Engel looked at him, and then at Aquilino, who was still waiting, holding the cab door open.

"The *signore* wants to know what it is," she said to him.

Aquilino squirmed. "Please, lady, is a surprise. I tell, then no surprise. Please, you come."

But Mr. Engel sat still, his hand on Mrs. Engel's arm, and Aquilino gave in. "Is keyhole," he said. "Peep in keyhole. Very funny, very *curiosa*."

"Very what?" Mr. Engel asked his wife.

"Very curious," she said lightly, and saw Mr. Engel freeze.

"I told you something like this would happen," he said under his breath. "Well, you're not going to look through any keyhole. Tell him to take us home."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Engel after a moment. "You're thinking of Naples again."

Mr. Engel did not reply to this. "Just tell him the hotel," he repeated.

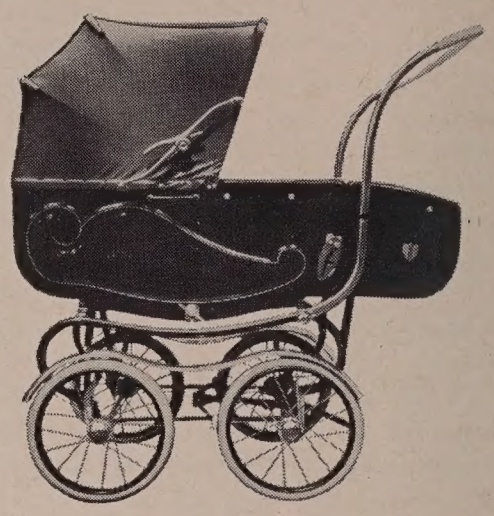
"Hotel?" asked Aquilino, who had caught the word. "We go back?"

"No, wait," said Mrs. Engel, "*un momento*." She turned to Mr. Engel. "Will you look first?" she asked. And before he could reply, she turned once more to Aquilino. "*Prego*, let the *signore* look first. Please, dear," she said to her husband, "just get out and look first."

She sat back and waited. Reluctantly, Mr. Engel got out of the cab. He stood looking down at Aquilino, all the whispers of Naples in his ears. When he spoke, it was awkwardly, but disgust sharpened and colored his voice, and he looked, Mrs. Engel thought, as if he had seen a snake. "All right," he said. "Where is this—this keyhole?"

In themselves the words were nothing, but their tone carried a meaning to Aquilino, and a slow comprehension began to show in his face. Beside Mr. Engel he looked very small, and he seemed to be asking a question without hope of understanding the answer.

handles like a



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A spot of pink came into his cheeks, and he made an odd gesture, half disclaimer, half withdrawal. Then he walked across the square and stopped at a wooden door. Mr. Engel joined him, and Aquilino indicated a round hole cut in the door at about the place where a keyhole would be. Then he stood aside.

Mr. Engel bent and looked into the hole for a moment, then he straightened and signalled to Mrs. Engel. She came without hurrying, and bent to the keyhole in her turn. Set in its circle she saw a long line of tiny trees, their branches meeting to make a minute green arch, and at its very end the dome of St. Peter's was centered against a spangle of sun, reduced, like the trees, by some trick of perspective, to a miniature. It was like a view from a doll's house, she thought.

She stood erect and spoke to Aquilino slowly and carefully, so that he would understand her. "The *signore* wished to look first because he thought it was a thing to frighten me. Like the catacombs. You know how frightened I was about the catacombs? I wouldn't even go in."

Aquilino nodded, but he kept his eyes on the ground.

"But this was beautiful," she said. "Not funny—beautiful. *Bellissima. Tante grazie.*"

"*Prego, Signora,*" he said quietly, and led the way back to his cab.

FOR the next day or two, Aquilino was absent from his place in the taxi rank, but finally Mrs. Engel caught sight of him and hailed him. He seemed reluctant to respond, and when he did he avoided meeting Mr. Engel's eye.

"Someplace different," Mrs. Engel said, almost as if she were pleading. "Something we haven't seen before."

Aquilino hesitated, but obedience was strong in him, and submissively he turned his cab and set off. Presently, he drew up at an unfamiliar building. He led the Engels through the main courtyard, and then through a second, neglected and unswept. Dust and paper blew around Mrs. Engel's feet. "Is *hoh*-kay, lady," said Aquilino, "is better in next one." His voice sounded dull, as though something had been rubbed off, and he still did not look at Mr. Engel.

The third courtyard was a small one. Where there might once have been a garden, there was now only bare earth, but in the center stood a tunnel, open at both ends, like part of an

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outsize toy railway. "Look, lady," said Aquilino, and Mr. Engel went with his wife to the tunnel's entrance.

It was another conceit in perspective, painted and graded to suggest height and length, perhaps originally conceived as a conversation piece, a delicate joke. To emphasize the illusion, a graceful statue, designed to suggest that it was being seen from a distance, stood just beyond the tunnel's exit. "Look, lady," said Aquilino, his voice still dull. "Is big statue, or is little statue?"

Mr. Engel cleared his throat. "It's a big statue," he said before Mrs. Engel could answer.

Aquilino turned to him. "Big?" he asked. "Statue is *very* big?"

Mr. Engel looked into space. "*Very* big," he said.

Life came back to Aquilino. His mustache bristling, his teeth shining, he led the Engels through the few feet of tunnel to the statue. "Is little!" he crowed, patting it on the head. "Is a trick!"

He took the Engels back to his cab and stowed them inside it. Then he addressed Mr. Engel directly. "Was good trick?" he asked, and it was as if he had put out his hand.

"It was *fine*," said Mr. Engel as if he were taking it.

A little later, they passed the Tortoise Fountain, its four male figures reaching to push four tortoises into the gushing waters of its basin.

Aquilino slowed. "Look, lady!" he cried, and paused. "Look, *gentleman!*" he said, and drove on.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

ATLANTA—(AP)—Georgia's three most beautiful political leaders last night denounced what they called the Quislings and traitors in our midst and promised to fight integration "to the bitter end."

U.S. Senators Richard B. Russell and Herman Talmadge and Gov. Ernest Vandiver unleashed a triple-barreled verbal attack on the U.S. Supreme Court and civil rights legislation during a fund-raising dinner of the States' Rights Council of Georgia. —*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

Talmadge is cute, maybe, but that's all.

•

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BOOKS

The Prophet and the Poet

THE publication, by Grove Press, of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" closes a long and unnecessary chapter in the history of amateur smuggling. Never again is one likely to encounter the friend, newly returned from Europe, who displays his ill-printed foreign copy and explains, with quiet pride, how he sneaked it past the customs men in the lining of his mackintosh or cleverly disguised as "Tom Swift and his Electric Blanket." The irrelevant glamour of contraband has departed at last from the D. H. Lawrence novel, and the common reader is free to buy it in the ordinary way at any bookstore. Someday, perhaps, he will be free to read it in the ordinary way. But for the present, it seems to me, "Lady Chatterley's Lover" must be accounted a singularly thorny and unapproachable work of art. Thirty years of suppression have given the novel an extra dimension. It has become a prominent exhibit in the argument against the censorship of literature. The critics, naturally and rightly, have been at pains to deny that the book is pornographic, and almost every review includes some definition of obscenity that serves to distinguish D. H. Lawrence from those shy hacks whose writings are unobtrusively offered for sale at the gates of factories and near the playgrounds of high schools. Perhaps such definitions are necessary. It is certainly true that the book's most powerful and persistent American opponent, a man whose artistic sensibility runs to red, white, and blue mailboxes, appears unable to make this rudimentary distinction for himself. But the education of public officials should not be advanced at the cost of general confusion. And a certain amount of confusion has resulted, I think, from the necessity of defending "Lady Chatterley's Lover" against the censors.

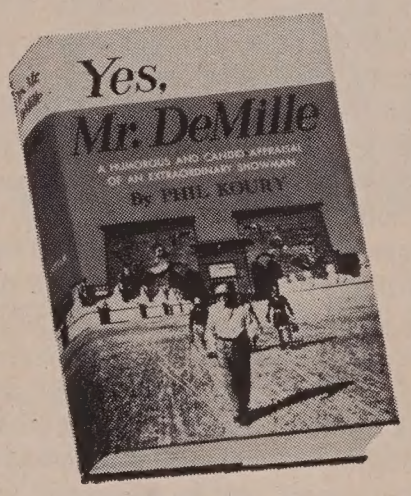
An example in point is the spirited defense of the novel, by Archibald MacLeish, that appears as a preface to the present edition. Adhering to custom, Mr. MacLeish offers a test for obscenity that safely exonerates "Lady Chatterley's Lover," and then he puts the case for publication in these strong terms: "No responsible critic would deny the book a place as one of the most important works of fiction of the century, and no reader of any kind could undertake to express an opinion about the literature of the time or about the spiritual history that literature expresses without making his peace in one way or another with D. H. Lawrence and with this work." I have no wish to appear irresponsible, but it does seem to me that these assertions raise greater expectations than the book can satisfy. The reader who dutifully sets out to make his peace with "Lady Chatterley's Lover," in the innocent anticipation of earning the right to hold an opinion about contemporary literature (hitherto the prerogative of smugglers, it would seem), is likely to be astonished at the amount of careless writing to be found in this touchstone of modern fiction.

Lawrence begins, effectively, with the declaration "Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically." The First World War was a cataclysm, he goes on to say, and "we are among the ruins." But the reader has scarcely attuned himself to this large subject and serious tone when the author's language descends abruptly to commonplaces and his thought to trivialities. Describing the effect of the war on Lady Constance Chatterley, whose husband was horribly wounded in Flanders and paralyzed forever from the hips down, Lawrence says chattily, "The war had brought the roof down over her head." And what lesson had she extracted from her own and the world's disaster? Why, "she had realized that one must live and learn." These lines in this context are, to put it politely, inadequate. They look as if they had been written in a fit of absence of mind. And there are a great many such lapses in the book. Indeed, the deeper one penetrates into the story, the more one is struck by the inconsistency of the writer. A paragraph that is pitched almost at the level of poetry will be succeeded by a slow, blind fumbling with words that

★ He once urged that the motion picture industry unite against *The New Yorker.*

★ "You can have a baby any time," he told Lucille Ball, "but how often in your life do you get a lead in a DeMille picture?"

★ "For God's sake," he roared at an aide, "will you wait until I finish talking before you say yes!"



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might be the work of an entirely different hand. It may be helpful, in fact, to look upon "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as the result of an uneasy collaboration between two very dissimilar writers, one a poet and the other a scarcely articulate minor prophet.

The richly suggestive plot is the poet's work. After the war, Constance Chatterley, "a ruddy, country-looking girl," retires to the dismal industrial Midlands with her crippled husband, Clifford, who busies himself with intellectual friends and with pursuing "the bitch-goddess, success," by writing clever, spiteful short stories. The goddess, in her literary capacity, having graced his exertions, Clifford turns to the depleted coal mines on his estate and sets out to satisfy the "grimmer appetite" of the deity for the "meat and bones . . . provided by the men who made money in industry." He immerses himself in technical papers, and finds them "far more interesting than art, than literature." For "it was astounding the ingenuity and the almost uncanny cleverness of the modern technical mind, as if really the devil himself had lent fiend's wits to the technical scientists of industry." The crippled Clifford begins to feel "a sense of power flowing through him: power over all these men, over the hundreds and hundreds of colliers."

While Clifford is thus inhumanly occupied, Constance falls in love with his gamekeeper, a gentle, proud man called Mellors, who—though educated—is the son of a collier. Mellors was commissioned during the war, and his experience with the "curious rubber-necked toughness and unlivingness" of the upper and middle classes has destroyed all his ambition to rise in the world, even while making it impossible for him to return to the "pettiness and vulgarity of manner" of his own class. He has withdrawn to the woods to escape entirely from modern life and industrial society. And it is here in the green forest, hemmed in and obscurely threatened by the lurid fires of the collieries, that Constance and Mellors begin their precarious love affair, in which each recovers, by degrees, a saving sense of the value of life. For a time, Constance is content to shuttle between Wragby Hall and the gamekeeper's cottage, but at length, upon finding herself pregnant, she asks Clifford for a divorce, and the novel closes with the lovers apart but making wistful plans for a life together in Canada. The scheme of the story permits Lawrence to contrast vividly the life that moves in rhythm with nature and the life that

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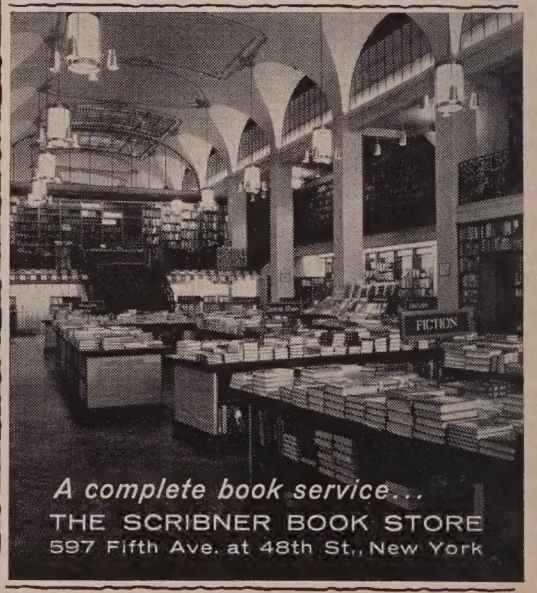

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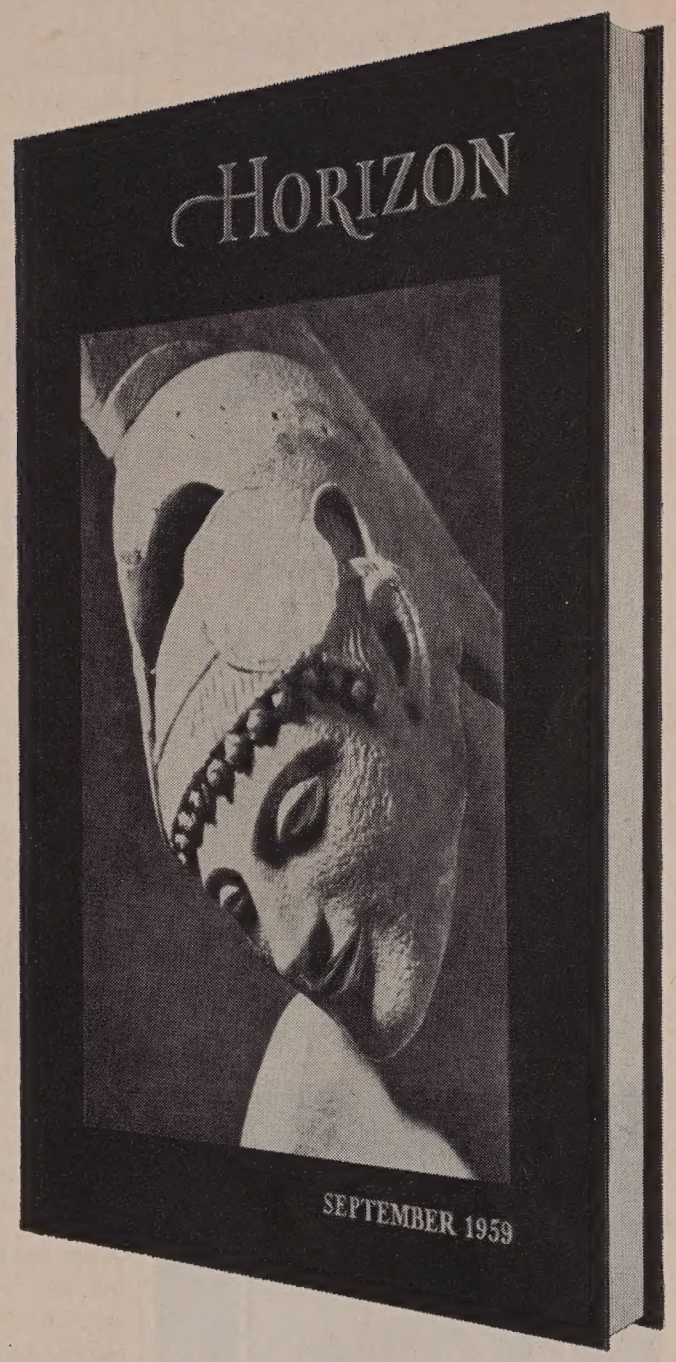

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twitches along at the tempo of machinery, and to set off the sterile exercise of the intellect against the fruitful sympathies of the body. And whether or not one shares the author's conviction that the senses are a more humane and reliable guide to conduct than the mind is, one has to concede that the poet in Lawrence has created a fine, brave, generous view of the possibilities of life. But the prophet in him interferes in four ways with the effective depiction of this view.

First, as I have already hinted, the prophet does not share the poet's concern for good writing. His perpetual interest is to transform the poet's vision into commandments or polemics, and he is apt to seize contemptuously upon the first words that appear to do the job. If the precise phrase does not come to hand, he will indifferently apply a convenient cliché. Rather than attack his thought directly, he will advance behind clouds of indeterminate modifiers. "This," we learn, "was more or less Constance Chatterley's position." Her husband was shipped home "more or less in bits." And presently, dimly, dimly, "the sex thing became more or less inevitable." By and large, the prophet's platform manner is more or less breezy, his tone more or less slapdash:

> Clifford Chatterley was more upper-class than Connie. Connie was well-to-do intelligentsia, but he was aristocracy. Not the big sort, but still *it*.

This not only is disconcerting in itself but also makes the poet appear pretentious by contrast when he attempts to rise on larger wings:

> She was like a forest, like the dark interlacing of the oak-wood, humming inaudibly with myriad unfolding buds. Meanwhile the birds of desire were asleep in the vast interlaced intricacy of her body.

Second, the prophet, with his passion for moral judgments, cannot forbear sneering at those characters he disapproves of. Almost every reference to Clifford, his particular butt and chopping block, is couched in terms of indictment:

> He had previously spent two years at Cambridge. Now he had become a first lieutenant in a smart regiment, so he could mock at everything more becomingly in uniform.

As the novel progresses and such sneers accumulate, there gradually creeps over one an awful conviction that Clifford does not exist—that he is neither a plausible character nor an effective symbol but only the product of a private peevishness.

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Third, the prophet finds it impossible to contain his indignation whenever his more ignoble characters misbehave, and on such occasions he is apt to burst through the fragile tissue of the narrative and give direct vent to his sense of outrage:

> There was Clifford's success: the bitch-goddess! It was true he was almost famous, and his books brought him in a thousand pounds. His photograph appeared everywhere. There was a bust of him in one of the galleries, and a portrait of him in two galleries. He seemed the most modern of modern voices. . . . But [his work] was weird and it was nothing. This was the feeling that echoed and re-echoed at the bottom of Connie's soul: it was all nothing, a wonderful display of nothingness. At the same time a display. A display! a display! a display!

The thoughts may be Connie's, but the finger waggling under one's nose clearly belongs to the prophet. And in his refusal to let the story speak for itself he often prevents it from speaking at all. His shrill outbursts bring the narrative to the level of those temperance tracts, at once overwrought and unpersuasive, that illustrate, with "stories taken from real life," the evil consequences of a misspent youth.

Fourth, and finally, the prophet, with his doctrinaire approach to "the life of the body," intrudes upon some of the poet's finest passages—for instance, those that treat of the love between Constance and Mellors. For it is the prophet, surely, who is responsible for that humorless (and very funny) episode in which the pair solemnly decorate their privy members with flowers. And it must have been the prophet who urged upon the poet the celebrated experiment with four-letter words. He doubtless pointed out (as critics have since pointed out for him) that English, unlike some other languages, does not possess a conventional literary vocabulary for the specifics of love. Why not, therefore, use our speech as we find it? Why not exercise the poet's prerogative of enlarging the meaning of our language and extending the uses of its words? To some such argument as this the poet evidently succumbed, and so committed a major artistic blunder. For the plain fact is that four-letter words had been living a supremely vigorous, subterranean life of their own for a great many years before Lawrence sought to work them into high art. And, like all words, they steadily acquired, through usage, their own peculiar tones and overtones, their own associations, which no man can safely ignore. To employ one of these emphatic monosyllables in a passage that is lofty or lyrical is simply to destroy the pas-

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sage, to dissolve the writer's earnest purpose in the reader's hearty laughter. Is the reader wrong to laugh? With centuries of ribaldry leering amiably down on him? I cannot think so.

It is next to impossible to arrive at a single judgment of a book whose quality is so strikingly uneven. There are moments when the story quickens wonderfully under the poet's touch, and Lawrence seems one of the few wholly sane and gentle men to appear in this brutal century, but there are other—and frequent—moments when the gentleness gives way before the prophet's rage, when the characters dwindle to paint and pasteboard, and lifelessly celebrate the triumph of life. Whether the merits of the novel so decisively outweigh its faults as to support its claim to consideration as "one of the most important works of fiction of the century" is at least open to question. Perhaps we had best wait the century out and see.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DAY OF SACRIFICE, by Fereidoun Esfandiary (McDowell, Obolensky). This novel sets out to demonstrate that the mobbings and assassinations so common in contemporary Asian politics are the product of thousands of individual rebellions against authoritarian families and old-fashioned codes. The book's protagonist, KiaNoush Aryamanesh, is in his early thirties; he lives with his family in Teheran, and, because he is unemployed, is dependent on his father, whom he hates and fears. KiaNoush alternates between depressive indolence and irrational rage, with occasional bouts of guilt and affection. When he acts, he is ineffectual, and he comes to a sad end. Mr. Esfandiary moves his story along at a brisk clip and achieves a double success: he tells an engrossing tale and he proves his point.

THE EMPIRE CITY, by Paul Goodman (Bobbs-Merrill). This is an avant-garde novel, which means that the reader can't expect much help from anybody, least of all the author. The setting is New York City, the time runs from before the Second World War to just about now, and the characters, who include the very rich and the very poor, talk about war and peace, social work and protest organizations, and, of course, sex, with the aid of quotations from everybody—Parmenides to Kropot-

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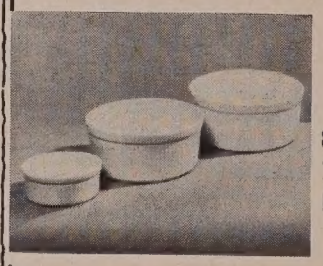

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kin to Nietzsche, and once more around the infield to Freud.

ADVISE AND CONSENT, by Allen Drury (Doubleday). A fat novel about a fight in the United States Senate over confirmation of the President's nominee for Secretary of State. The time is supposed to be the near future (the Russians are landing on the moon), and all the plot elements are derived from the recent past: a foxy President dies in office and the little Vice-President turns out to have a will of his own; an unknown figure testifies that a respected bureaucrat belonged to a Left Wing cell; a brash senator is censured by his colleagues; and so on and on. The book is not so much written as cooked up—a pâté of Alsop and Pearson columns chopped fine and larded with the author's sticky meditations. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE FIRES OF AUTUMN, by Helen Howe (Harper). A group of well-heeled widowed grandmas are spending September and October in their summer houses on Mount Desert Island, meeting daily to offer one another a couple of shots of bourbon. One of them has a visitor, a thirtyish niece, who is the narrator of this novel, and who has come to stay with her aunt in the hope of getting some perspective on her marital difficulties. In between excursions to admire the scenery, she does. She also finds out that all the old women once had love lives, that aging brings problems, that summer people and natives are not terribly friendly, and that many white Protestant Americans of good family have racial, religious, financial, and social prejudices. The heroine, who has not perceived any of these facts before, feels them keenly. She is an undeniably sensitive gentlewoman, but she catches on to everything so slowly that she tries the reader's patience.

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE, by François Mauriac, translated by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). An early (1921) novel, recently and stylishly translated. The book's setting is the upper crust of Bordeaux society—a nasty bunch of wine merchants whose cruel snobbery is not mitigated by the slightest awareness that they have, in fact, nothing to be snobbish about. The narrator and his sister manipulate and then betray a poor boy in order to make their way into this circle; the betrayal brings them public success and private

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despair. M. Mauriac, as he has always done, illuminates some very dark souls, whose progress in sin is marked by the atrophy of all feeling—except, perhaps, the ability to suffer.

NOTE: "The Same Door," a volume of sixteen short stories by John Updike, has been published by Knopf. All the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE WHITE DESERT, by Noel Barber (Crowell). Perhaps the most rigorous voluntary journey ever made by man was the Vivian Fuchs-Edmund Hillary tractor-vehicle crossing of Antarctica in 1957-58. Mr. Barber, a London *Daily Mail* writer, was sent to the South Pole and environs by his paper to describe the trek at first hand. This book, the story of that chilling but inspiring assignment, is an estimable job, setting down the facts—even the touchy subject of the serious quarrel between Fuchs and Hillary in the midst of the icy wasteland—with forthrightness, cogency, and wit. But the book is also much more than a fine adventure story. It is an encyclopedic, almost poetic treatise on the unearthly wonders of Antarctica, including descriptions of the flora and fauna, the topography, the extraordinary weather, the behavior of its transplanted inhabitants, the scientific experiments they carry on, life, death, and, perhaps most interesting of all, the elusive spell that the white desert holds for man.

MAN OF REASON: THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE, by Alfred Owen Aldridge (Lippincott). This sober book attempts to arrive at a just estimate of Paine—no easy job, since Paine made so many eminent enemies that most of his biographers have got entangled in his squabbles and wound up either vilifying or canonizing him. Professor Aldridge does not pretend that Paine was a great man or an original thinker but presents him as a writer with a remarkable talent for direct, pithy exposition, who convinced and amused his literate but not learned public—the men in the eighteenth-century streets. That seems fair enough.

THE RUN, by John Hay (Doubleday). Like the shad and the salmon, the alewife, a species of herring, lives in the sea but spawns in fresh water—apparently, after much wandering, in the creek or pond of its birth. One of these spawning places is the Her-

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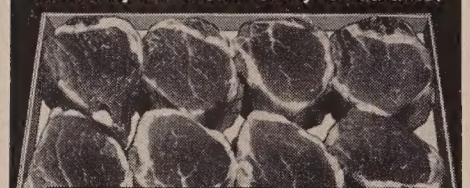

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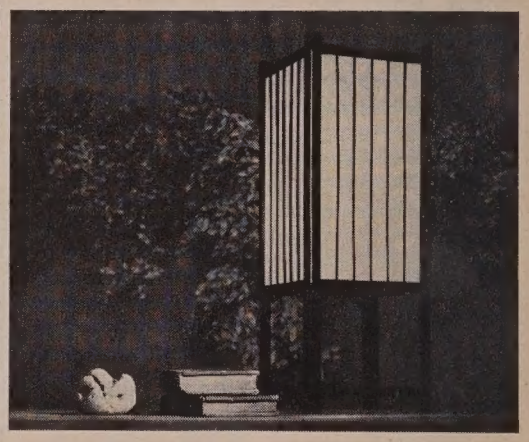

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ring Run, close by the home of Mr. Hay, in the town of Brewster, on Cape Cod. In this book, Mr. Hay, a poet and amateur ichthyologist, describes, from long and enthusiastic observation, the arrival of the alewife hordes in the spring, their purposeful progress inland to their native pond, the spawning ritual, the departure of the adults, the emergence of the fry, and their eventual journey to the unknown sea. He is an excellent reporter and a writer who has a stirring sense of the mystery inherent in his subject, and his book is absolutely first-rate. Illustrated with drawings by David Grose, and an end-paper map.

THE ART OF FRENCH FICTION, by Martin Turnell (New Directions). This book discusses the work of Prévost, Zola, Maupassant, Gide, and Mauriac. (Mr. Turnell devotes only two short chapters to his favorites, Stendhal and Proust, because he dealt with them at length in an earlier book, "The Novel in France.") The author is a thorough critic whose equipment includes wide sensibility and a gift for good, clear writing. He considers ideas—in what sense, for example, is Gide Protestant, or Mauriac Catholic? He studies structure from the largest to the smallest unit—from the form of a novel to the shape of a phrase. His explanation of the development of the French language during the last three centuries, and the effect that its changes have had on writers' styles, is comprehensible even to readers who do not know French. Perhaps Mr. Turnell's greatest charm as a critic is his ability to do so much and still leave room for the reader to do something, too—to sharpen his own perceptions and draw on his own imagination.

THE WANDERING SAINTS OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES, by Eleanor Duckett (Norton). Professor Duckett, who says that she takes a middle way between the rigors of scholarship and the languors of popularization, has synopsized the stories of several dozen peripatetic saints from early medieval literature, distinguishing fact from fancy as best she can. If the exploits of St. Patrick and a few others are fairly well known to us, it is a pleasure to encounter such obscure stalwarts as St. Colman, who used a miraculous mosquito for a bookmark; St. Columban, who gave his monks six strokes of the lash for coughing at their devotions; and St. Willibald, who smuggled balsam

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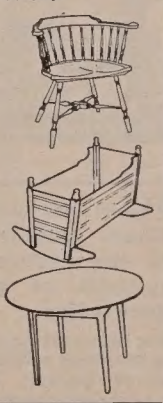

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out of the Holy Land by disguising it as crude petroleum.

THE CLOCK WITH FOUR HANDS, by James Leasor (Reynal). A book based on the recollections of General Leslie Hollis, who was secretary of the Joint Planning Committee of England's Chiefs of Staff during the Second World War. In London, he worked in a supersecret hideout known as "the Hole," a six-acre warren of underground offices that was designed to withstand the blitz, and did. And he regularly attended the big international wartime conferences, at which he glimpsed the great figures who led the coalition against the Axis. A few of his appraisals are original (he is very fond of Beaverbrook, for example), but most are not; he believes that the Americans had little strategic sense and disdained sound British advice, and that Marshall was a quartermaster, Eisenhower a compromiser, and Roosevelt Stalin's fool. All these opinions are stated with a friendly forbearance that could hardly be more irritating.

FLATTOP, by Barrett Gallagher, with a foreword by Admiral Arleigh Burke (Doubleday). A book that reveals, mostly in pictures, what was perhaps the most important naval development to follow Pearl Harbor. The Japanese attack, according to Admiral Burke, Naval Chief of Staff, proved conclusively that "control of the seas would henceforth be irrevocably linked to control of the air." Hence the extensive development of aircraft carriers, which substantially increased American striking power and flexibility in the Pacific. That power will be still further increased, Admiral Burke asserts, in 1962, when the world's first nuclear-powered aircraft carrier will be commissioned. But the pictures are the thing. The book is lavish with them, and they illustrate better than words could ever do the functions and the drama of the mighty carriers, in which the ordinary sailors as well as the senior officers have an essential part.

FIVE FAMILIES: MEXICAN CASE STUDIES IN THE CULTURE OF POVERTY, by Oscar Lewis, with a foreword by Oliver La Farge (Basic Books). Dr. Lewis, an American anthropologist who has specialized in Mexican studies, believes that there is such a thing as "the culture of the poor." In his preface, he suggests that the five families he describes in this book are rep-

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resentative of the poor not only of Mexico but of other countries (including the United States) as well. Dr. Lewis portrays his families by a literary method new to anthropology: on the basis of extensive interviews and observations, he has constructed an imaginary day in the life of each one, which he records as impassively as a naturalist writer. Perhaps the most striking common quality of these lives is lovelessness. Illegitimate children proliferate not because men and women adore each other but because they don't care much about each other. The hedonism of the poor, their "shiftlessness" in spending instead of saving, is the fruit not of simplicity or gaiety but of desperation. Most of these families exist outside the institutions of Church and State, and, except for a yen for consumer goods, do not share the ideology of either East or West. (One man signed up to receive a Russian propaganda bulletin because he saw each copy as a gift of twenty pieces of wrapping paper.) Dr. Lewis's method has an important advantage over statistical roundups and generalizations: his book is crowded with individual human beings. And just when they begin to seem entirely foreign to a middle-class reader's experience (at least as foreign as if the rich and the poor belonged, in Disraeli's phrase, to two nations), somebody appears—a martyr mother, for instance, or her spoiled son—who is entirely familiar. These figures remind us, all at once, of the excellent work the author has done, of the reality of the horrors he reports, and, of course, of the astonishing unity of mankind.

THE WAY IT WAS, by Harold Loeb (Criterion). Literary high jinks in the twenties (in New York, Rome, Berlin, Paris, London, and Pamplona) with the founder and editor of *Broom* and his friends—a cast of hundreds that includes Joyce, Hemingway, Stieglitz, Pound, Gertrude Stein, Man Ray, Malcolm Cowley, Matthew Josephson, Sinclair Lewis, Gordon Craig, Ford Madox Ford, Hart Crane, Dos Passos, William Carlos Williams, Léger, Juan Gris, Gide, André Breton, Kay Boyle, Hans Arp, and Louis Aragon. It would seem impossible to make a tedious book out of such highly caloric material, but Mr. Loeb has almost succeeded in doing so. Photographs.

NOTE: Doubleday has published a volume of fourteen poems by Vladimir

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Nabokov under the title "Poems." Twelve of them were first printed in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOLDFINGER, by Ian Fleming (Macmillan). Another steak-tartare adventure involving James Bond, Agent 007 of the British Secret Service and preternatural consumer of bourbon whiskey and women of all races. This time, the business at hand is a plot to lift the golden heart of Fort Knox. The dead include twenty-seven men (ten unregenerate German Nazis, ten North Koreans, four American gang leaders, two American locomotive engineers, and one Latvian) and three women (two English and one American, all of them beautiful, promiscuous, and ardent).

BLOOD AND JUDGMENT, by Michael Gilbert (Harper). This story of British police procedure is so routine and familiar that it could have been thought up in Hackensack (the body of a young woman is found beside one of London's reservoirs; who is she and who killed her?), but Mr. Gilbert tells it with wit and sardonic detachment. The case is solved by a young detective sergeant who has the temerity and sense to disobey his superior officer, a cocky Scotland Yard superintendent entirely bemused by his own glamour.

OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE, by Dorothy Salisbury Davis (Scribner). General Ransom Jarvis, Mrs. Davis's hero, whose end she recorded a couple of years ago in "Death of an Old Sinner," is a truly comic character, and he seems a little uncomfortable in this rather silly retrospective farce about politicians. The setting is Washington in 1953. The crimes include murder, abduction, moonshining, and the theft of compromising letters, all done at the instigation, or to get in the good graces, of a senator called Fagan.

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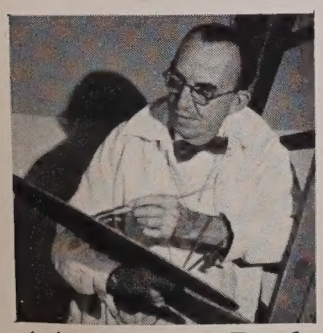

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